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The Survey of London

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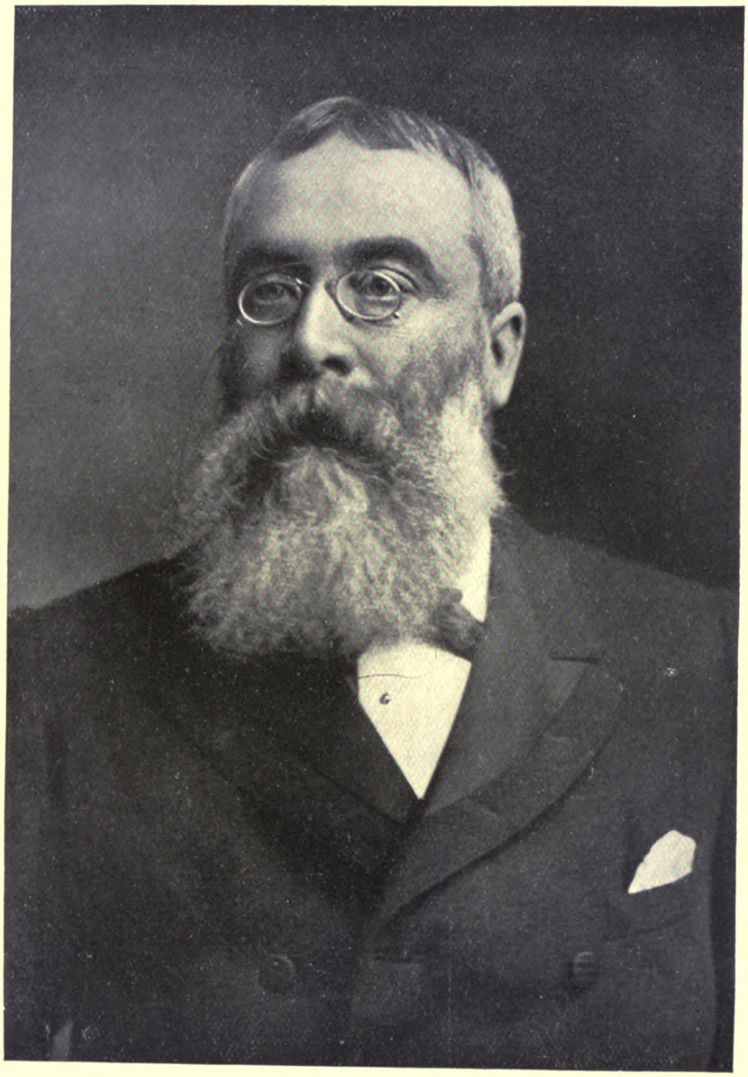
LONDON

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



SIR WALTER BESANT

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LONDON

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

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NOTE

It was my husband's ambition to be the historian of London in the Nineteenth Century, just as Stow had been in the Sixteenth Century; and he projected "The Survey of London," which was to be a record of the greatest, busiest, most wealthy, most populous city in the whole world, as it was from century to century, and as it is at present.

For this great enterprise he had secured the co-operation of many experts in the various special departments of London life and London work, but had retained for his own pen the writing of the general history of London.

This section forms the larger portion of the whole work, and he had practically completed it before his death. It represents the continuous labour of over five years and the active research of half a lifetime. He was wont to refer to it as his *magnum opus*, and it was the work by which he himself most desired to be remembered by posterity.

From this History as a whole, the portion relating to the Eighteenth Century has been chosen for present publication, not only on account of its intrinsic interest, but also because of the fascination that the period had for the author. It will, I think, be pleasing to most readers to find that so much space has been devoted to the Social Life of the period; in fact, the book may be regarded as a social picture of London in the Eighteenth Century, rather than as a detailed history.

The work is given to the world as my husband left it, and I am content to think that his labour has not been wholly in vain.

MARY GARRATT BESANT.

PREFACE

With the accession of the House of Brunswick the necessity of writing a continuous narrative of events in London practically ceases. The Constitution of the City is fixed; there will be no more alterations for a hundred years and more; the points which arise for dispute are of minor importance (such as the question whether the law costs of Aldermen in lawsuits are to be paid out of the City Chest); there will be no more suppressions of the Charter; no more praying the King to grant, out of his great benevolence, a new one; there will be no more putting up, or pulling down, of Mayors and Sheriffs by the King; the rights, privileges, and liberties of the City are secure; and with them those of all other cities in the realm, and those of cities yet unborn.

In religion, toleration at least is won; complete equality has yet to be won. But, on the whole, the old battles are fought out and victory is won. Even George the Third, in his most ambitious dreams of extended prerogative, left the City undisturbed.

The struggle for liberty is not, it is true, completed; the House of Commons has not yet become the voice of the people. But the enemy of liberty is no longer either King or Baron: it is a compact body, part in the Lords, part in the Commons—representing few, indeed, of the old noble houses, which are mostly extinct, but chiefly formed of landowners who, during the last two hundred years, have grown into strength and influence by the growth of their estates, and have become a new aristocracy, not in the least resembling the old class which has passed away.

Another reason why the history of London need be no longer continuous is the changed position of the City with regard to the Crown and politics. The King comes no more to the City for money. Instead of borrowing of the City, he now makes an arrangement with the Bank. This fact, coupled with that of the greatly increased power of the Lower House, reduces the political importance of the City—if the City could be made to understand this—to the expression of her representatives in the House; the City still preserves her ancient right of approaching the throne, but, as we shall presently learn, that right now conveys with it no power at all, should the King think one way and the City another.

The Survey of London during the eighteenth century may be conveniently divided into subjects. Thus, I have considered the City—(i.) in connection with its extent, its appearance, its streets, its paving, lighting, water supply, means of intercommunication, postal arrangements, improvements, etc.; (ii.) in connection with church and chapel; (iii.) in connection with its government and its trade; (iv.) in connection with its manners and customs; (v.) in connection with society and amusements; and (vi.) in connection with crime, police, punishments, and prisons.

I have then ventured to select from the historical episodes of the century, and the events which belong to the national history, those which more peculiarly belong to London. I hope it will be found that the twenty episodes thus selected do illustrate the condition of civic spirit and opinion. They range from the Accession of George I. in 1715 to the Reform Act of 1832. They are intended to illustrate the advance of trade; the condition of religion, education, and charity; the manners, customs, and ideas of the time; and the attempts made by the citizens to solve certain problems forced upon their consideration in the most disagreeable manner possible. These were problems connected with the order of the City; with the alarming growth of violence, disorder, and lawlessness shown in riots and robberies, outrages in the streets, and house robberies of the most daring kind committed in open day, in the sight of helpless citizens. The prevention of these deeds, the arrest and punishment of the criminals, will occupy a large part of our attention in the following pages.

In short, the conditions of life in this century, with most of its difficulties and anxieties and complaints, were based upon this apparently insuperable trouble of the existence of a mob—brutal beyond all power of words to describe, or imagination to understand: so bestial that one is induced to think there has never been in any town or in any age a population which could compare with them.

The passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, the introduction of steamers on the sea, the beginning of railways on land, make so vast a break between the first third and the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, that I feel justified in considering the eighteenth century as lasting down to the year 1837: in other words, there were so few changes, and these so slight, in manners, customs, or prevalent ideas between 1700 and 1837, that we may consider the eighteenth century as continuing down to the beginning of the Victorian era, when change after change—change in the constitution, change in communications, change in the growth and extension of trade, change in religious thought, change in social standards—introduced that new time which we called the Nineteenth Century.

It will perhaps be asked why Literature has no place in these chapters. The answer is that it has been thought best not to confine the survey of literature in London to the eighteenth century, but to devote special chapters to these subjects in a more general manner, including the centuries before and the century after. For, if the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are rich in information and suggestion as to topography, architecture, historical events, literature of all kinds, trade and enterprise, crime and justice, society manners and customs of all kinds, the eighteenth century is far richer. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since I first embodied my studies of this century in fiction (*The Chaplain of the Fleet*, Besant and Rice, 1877). It is thirty years and more since I began to make notes on the social side of London at this period. If it were required to name authorities for any statement advanced, or to give reasons for any conclusion, I could not, probably, do so, since the authority would lie hidden in some obscure history or some long-forgotten, tedious novel.

I must, however, acknowledge my obligations to the latter—the forgotten, the thrice and four times tedious novel of the eighteenth century. One may look in Fielding and in Smollett in vain for all the details of social life, of manners and customs—details beneath the notice of a pen which sought for broad effects and telling situations, and did not stoop to details of apparent unimportance. These I have found in the "twopenny box"; in the limbo of lost satires, forgotten poems, and novels whose authors are not known to lecturers on the period, nor to professors of literature. Their works fill many shelves, the contents of which have all been marked and noted. There is nothing, I may safely say, more tedious than a bad novel of the eighteenth century. There are many points noted in the following pages for which the authority is an allusion, or a statement, in one of these obscurities.

If one may speak with some attempt at precision, it is necessary to name, first of all, the common and obvious authorities, such as Strype's Stow, Maitland, Harrison, Munday, Noorthouck, Malcolm, Lysons, Pennant; maps such as those of Ogilby, Rocque, and Strype; volumes of special histories such as those of Clerkenwell, Islington, and the suburbs; those of St. Paul's, as Longman and Sparrow Simpson; on Westminster Abbey, as Stanley; of foundations, such as Brownlow on the Foundling, Nichols on St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower, Loftie on the Savoy, Douthwaite on Gray's Inn; those on London as a whole, or in part, by writers of the present century, as J. T. Smith, Leigh Hunt, Colquhoun, Hare, Jesse, Brayley, Britton, Cunningham, J. R. Green, Henry Morley, Mayhew, Thornbury, Walford, Buckle, Rendle, Corner, Milman, Norton; with others still living, as Sharpe, Round, Hales, Wheatley, Loftie, Welch, Philip Norman, Price, Gomme, Ordish, Worth; pamphlets of all kinds; MSS. such as those of Place in the British Museum; drawings and illustrations such as those of Hogarth, Scott, the *Vetusta Monumenta*, Strype, Maitland, Pennant, J. T. Smith, Archer, Wilkinson, the Crace Collection, and collections formed during many years by myself.

These are some of the authorities for a book on the City and its people during the eighteenth century.

If any important work or name is omitted in the above list I beg that the omission may be excused as accidental and not intentional.

I have concluded the survey of the century by a brief Chronicle of the principal events.

WALTER BESANT.

1901.

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HISTORICAL NOTES

HISTORICAL NOTES

Under the head of History or Historical Notes, I have arranged a succession of episodes bearing chiefly on the connection of the City with the political events of the time. The social history of the citizens has been treated in the chapters which follow these political notes.

I.—THE GREAT STORM OF 1703

The Great Storm of November 26-27, 1703, has happily had no successor in violence, as it had no predecessor. The hurricane seems to have been traced right across the continent of Europe. In the words of the historian (1769), it traversed England, France, Germany, and the Baltic, expending itself at last in the icebergs of the north. It is, however, difficult to understand the line which begins with England and goes on "through France and Germany." The compiler of the book before me takes occasion to speak of other great storms: that of 1095, when, it is absurdly said, the beams of the roof of St. Mary-le-Bow—27 feet long—were embedded in the ground 23 feet deep, which is impossible unless Chepe was a quagmire. In 1362 there was a great storm in which many steeples and towers were blown down; in 1566 there was a storm in which the wind blew open the western gates of St. Paul's; in 1607 there was a remarkable rising of the waters and an inundation in the west of England; in 1626 there was a storm of thunder and lightning with a water-spout on the Thames; in 1658, on the day of Oliver Cromwell's death, there was a great storm over the whole of Europe; in 1661 there was another which caused great destruction of property.

The following is the account given by the anonymous writer of *The Storm*[1] in 1703:—

"The 26th in the morning it continued to blow exceeding hard, but not to give apprehensions of danger within doors; toward night it increased. About ten the barometers gave information that the night would be very tempestuous, the mercury sinking lower than had been observed before.

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[1] Attributed to D. Defoe.

It did not blow so hard, till twelve o'clock at night, but that most families went to bed, though many of them with some concern at the terrible wind; but about one, or at least by two, few people, that were capable of any sense of danger, were so hardy as to lie in bed; the fury of the tempest increased to such degree, that most people expected the fall of their houses.

And yet, in this general apprehension, nobody durst quit their tottering habitations; for whatever the danger was within doors, it was worse without; the bricks, tiles, and stones, from the tops of the houses, flew with such force, and so thick in the streets, that no one thought fit to venture out, though their houses were nearly demolished.

Such a shock was given to a well-built brick house in the skirts of the city, by a stack of chimnies falling on the next houses, that the inhabitants imagined it was just coming down upon their heads; but opening the door to attempt an escape into a garden, the danger was so apparent that they all thought fit to surrender to the disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect their graves in the ruins of their house, rather than meet most certain destruction in the open garden; for, unless they could have gone above 200 yards from any building, there had been no security; for the force of the wind blew the tiles point-blank, though their weight inclined them downward; and in several broad streets, the windows were broken by the flying of tile-sherds from the other side, and, where there was room for them to fly, tiles were blown above 30 or 40 yards, and stuck from 5 to 8 inches into the solid earth. Pieces of timber, iron, and sheets of lead, from higher buildings, were blown much farther.

From two o'clock the storm continued and increased till five in the morning, and from five, till half an hour after six, it blew with the greatest violence. The fury of it was so exceeding great for that particular hour and half, that had it not abated, nothing could have withstood its violence much longer.

'*Never was known a night of such distraction,*
Noise so confus'd, and dreadful!'—DRYDEN.

'*Fear chills the heart; what heart can fear dissemble*
When steeples stagger, and when mountains tremble!'—HIST. APP. 315.

In this last part of the time the greatest damage was done. Several ships that rode it out till now gave up all; for no anchor could hold.

Even the ships in the river Thames were all blown from their moorings; from Execution-dock to Limehouse-hole, there were but four ships that rid it out; the rest were driven down into the bite, from Bell-wharf to Limehouse, where they were huddled together and drove on shore, heads and sterns, one upon another, in such a manner as any one would have imagined impossible! The damage was incredible!

Together with the violence of the wind, the darkness of the night added to the terror; as it was just new-moon, the spring-tides being then up about four o'clock, made the vessels, which were afloat in the river, drive the farther up upon the shore, of all which there were very strange instances!

About eight in the morning it ceased so much that the fears of the people were enough abated to begin to peep out of their doors; but it is impossible to express the concern that appeared in every place! The distraction and fury of the night was visible in every face; and the first business was to visit and enquire after friends and relations. The next day or two was entirely spent in curiosity in viewing the havock the storm had made, which was universal in London and the out-parts."

He proceeds to speak of the damage done in London:—

"The streets were covered with the slates and tiles from the roofs; practically all the roofs in London were stripped of their tiles; so great was the demand that the price of tiles went up from 21s. to 120s. per thousand, while bricklayers' labour rose to 5s. a day. All the winter long a great number of houses remained uncovered and exposed to the wet and cold, while a great many buildings, such as Christ's Hospital, the Temple, Aske's Hospital, Hoxton, and others, were covered with deal boards, and so continued for some years.

An immense number of chimnies were blown down, many of them falling upon the houses and wrecking them; two thousand stacks of chimneys were thus destroyed; about twenty houses were blown down bodily; the lead on the roofs of churches was simply rolled up like skins of parchment; Westminster Abbey, among other churches, thus lost its leaden roof; a great many turrets on churches were blown down; an enormous number of trees; some thirty or forty persons were known to have been killed, and two hundred maimed and wounded; the guard-house at Whitehall was blown down and nine soldiers injured, but none killed. The damage done to the shipping was beyond the power of calculation; in the river the cables and anchors gave way and the ships, breaking loose, drove about the river and against each other, and on shore one upon the other.

The force of the wind had driven them so into one another, and laid them so upon one another, as it were in heaps, that the whole world may be safely defied to do the like. Those who viewed the place and posture of the vessels, the next day, imagined their situation impossible to describe. There lay, by the best account could be taken, near seven hundred sail of ships, some very great ones, between Shadwell and Lime-house inclusive; the posture is not to be imagined but by those who saw it; some vessels lay heeling off, with the bow of another ship over her waist, and the stem of another upon her forecastle; the boltsprits of some drove into the cabin windows of others; some lay with their stems turned up so high, that the tide flowed into their forecastles before they could come to rights; some lay so leaning upon others, that the undermost vessels would sink before the other could float; the number of masts, boltsprits, and yards, split and broke; the staving heads, sterns and carved work; tearing and destruction of rigging; squeezing boats to pieces between the ships, could not be reckoned. There was hardly a vessel to be seen that had not suffered some damage, in one or all those articles.

Several vessels were sunk in the hurry, but as they were generally light ships, the damage was chiefly to the vessels, but there were two ships sunk with great quantity of goods on board: the Russel galley at Limehouse, laden with bale goods for the Streights, and the Sarah galley laden for Leghorn, sunk at an anchor at Blackwall; she was afterward weighed and brought on shore, yet her back was broke, and so otherwise disabled that she was never afterward fit for the sea. There were several men drowned in the two last-mentioned ships.

Near Gravesend several ships drove on shore below Tilbury-fort, among them, five bound for the West Indies, but as the shore is ousy and soft, the vessels sat upright and easy; the high tides which followed, and were the ruin of so many in other places, were the deliverance of all these ships, whose lading and value were very great, for the tide rising to an unusual height, floated them all off, and the damage was not so great as was expected.

An account of the loss and particulars relating to the small craft in the river, were impossible to collect, otherwise than by generals.

The watermen reckoned above five hundred wherries lost, most of which were not sunk only, but dashed to pieces against each other, or against the ships and shores where they lay. Ship boats without number were driven about in every corner, sunk and staved; of which about three hundred were supposed to be lost. Above sixty barges and lighters were found driven foul of the bridge, and sixty more sunk or staved between the bridge and Hammersmith. Abundance of lighters and barges drove quite through the bridge, and took their fate below, whereof many were lost."

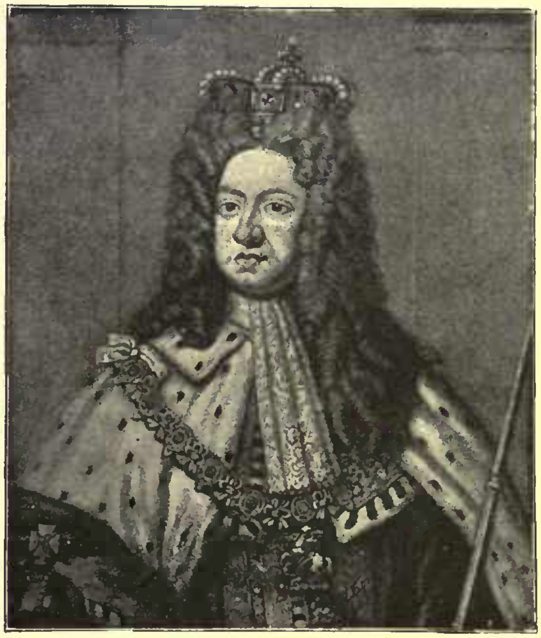
II.—THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE I.

THE City received King George on his arrival with loyalty designedly exaggerated, in order to show Jacobites on how solid a foundation the throne rested, their own delusions and illusions notwithstanding. The Jacobites, however, knowing what was coming, were not persuaded. The order of the procession reads like a reception of Richard the Second, so stately and so magnificent was it.

The loyal addresses of the City, and His Majesty's gracious reply, may be taken here as read.

More assurances of loyalty on the one hand, and of grace and favour on the other, followed when, on Lord Mayor's Day, the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales dined with the City at the Guildhall. The King on this occasion gave £1000 for the relief of poor debtors. It was a picturesque form of charity, usual and expected when the King dined in the City. On January 20, 1715, a day of rejoicing for the King's accession was appointed.

Early in the same year the citizens of London took the very unusual step, which afterwards became more common, of drawing up a table of instructions for their representatives in the House. They were ordered to ask and to ascertain "by whose advice everything had been done during the last five years." It is not, however, stated whether such inquiries resulted in any information, or whether they were ever made. The Rebellion of the same year probably made it inconvenient to raise the question as to the Queen's advisers during the former reign.



GEORGE I.

After Sir Godfrey Kneller.

There were so many Jacobites, professed or suspected, in the City, that great anxiety prevailed when the Rebellion broke out as to their power and their line of action. The City, through its Corporation, professed a sincere loyalty, and promised to suppress any seditious attempts or tumultuous risings. None, however, of any importance occurred. Probably the Jacobites were cowed by the strength of the Loyalists. Several persons, including the Earl of Oxford, Lord Powis, the Earl of Scarsdale, and Sir William Wyndham, were sent to the Tower, and certain members of the House of Commons were committed to custody. Three men were hanged at Tyburn for enlisting recruits for the Pretender; three more were executed in the same place for high treason. After the suppression of the Rebellion the chief prisoners were brought to London and, being pinioned at Barnet, were ignominiously led through the streets, to the confusion and rage of the Jacobites. The Lords were sent to the Tower; the rest to Newgate, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure were executed on 24th February 1716; Lord Nithsdale escaped; General Forster escaped; the estates of Lord Derwentwater were appropriated to Greenwich Hospital.

III.—THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

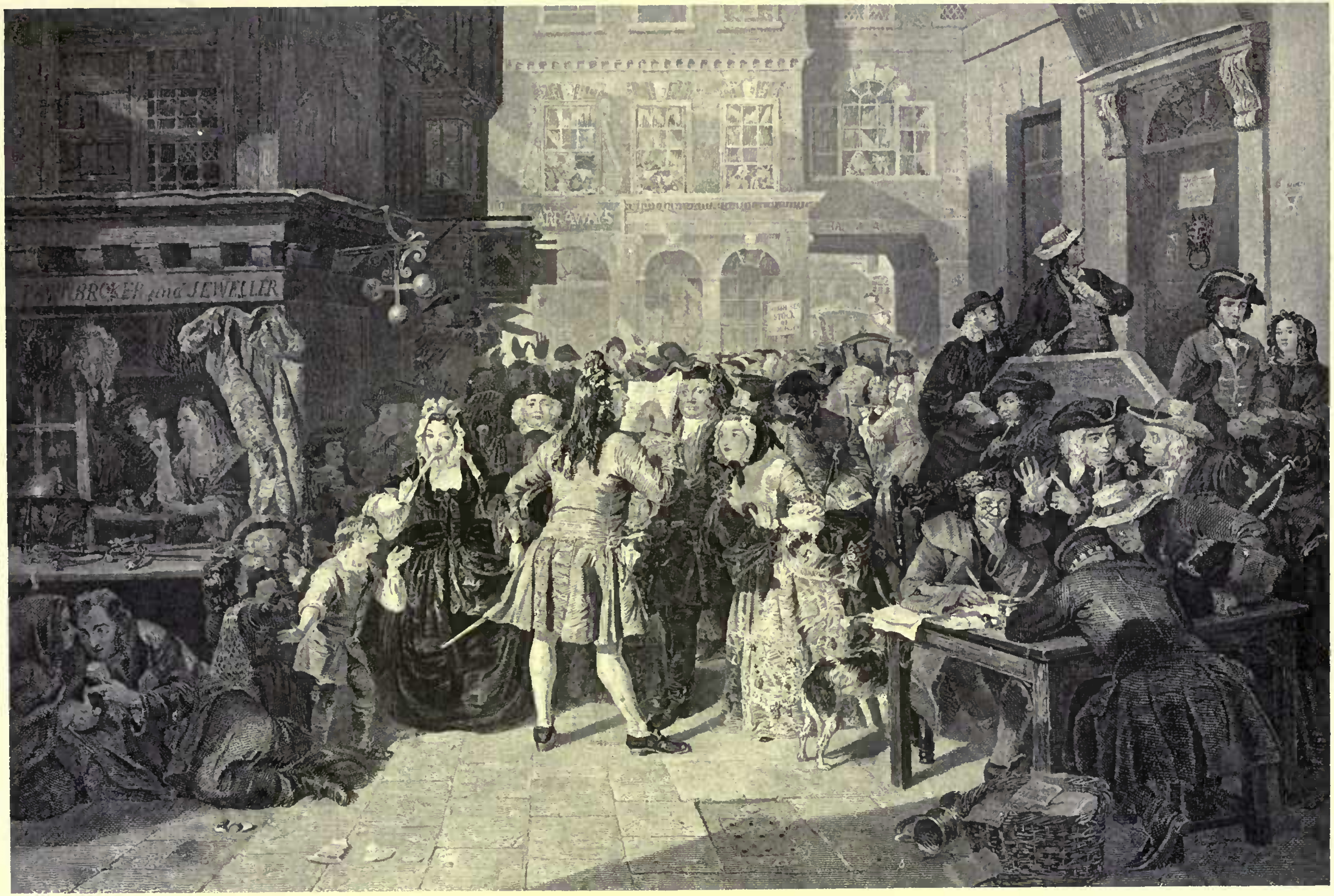
The amazing history of the South Sea Bubble has been narrated by many writers. It must be told here with brevity.

What was the South Sea Company, and what were its aims? It was a trading company formed in the year 1711 with the object of trading with Spanish America, *i.e.* Central and South America, if, which was uncertain, *the Spaniards would permit any foreign trade in their possessions.* After the Treaty of Utrecht some limited rights of trade were conceded. These rights were so limited that they cannot in the slightest degree account for the madness and blind possession with which the people, like the swine, rushed down a steep place into the sea. Indeed, without the clearest evidence, it would be difficult to believe the wild rush which followed, were it not for the example of a similar rush for shares which happened in France in the year 1719. That rush was followed, as in London, by a panic. But before the panic had well begun in Paris, the French example was followed in London.

Nobody knows exactly what strange exaggerations, what strange beliefs, what rumours and reports, enabled the people to believe in the Mississippi and the South Sea schemes. To the French Company a vast country, called Louisiana, lying west of the Mississippi, was assigned. To the latter, nothing but an extremely limited permission or privilege to trade. Even if we take into account the profound ignorance of Englishmen as to the geography, the extent, the resources, of South America, it is wonderful that they should dream of inexhaustible mines of wealth to be got at when the Spaniards during two hundred years had found no such mines. Probably they did not estimate the South Sea Company in this way; they regarded its shares like the shares of all the smaller bubbles, just as a means of making money by buying cheap and selling dear. The whole world was engaged in a cut-throat conspiracy to run up the prices of shares—of all shares; it was as if we were all, at the present day, to turn gamblers and promoters of bogus companies.

> "There is a gulf where thousands fell;
>   Here all the bold adventurers came;
> A narrow sound, though deep in hell;
>   'Change Alley' is the dreadful name."

All the stocks went up—daily they climbed higher. The South Sea stock led the


BROKER and JEWELLER

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

From an engraving of the painting by E. M. Ward, A.R.A.

way; it rose until it reached and passed 1000. Other shares went up in like manner. All classes rushed headlong into the pursuit of sudden and, if they knew it, ill-gotten wealth. Threadneedle Street and Change Alley were turned into counting-houses and blocked with desks and clerks. It was said that the King himself did not disdain to traffic in the shares; his two mistresses, it was notorious, made fortunes by their gains; the Prince of Wales was Governor of one company, by which he made £60,000; the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos directed two other companies; noble lords and great ladies jostled petty clerks and hucksters in Threadneedle Street. The usual effects of inflation were observed. Swift is told by the Duchess of Ormond that the King adopts the South Sea and calls it his beloved child . . . that some of her friends are deep in it, and she wishes that "Swift was too." Prior says: "I am lost in the South Sea; the roaring of the waves and the madness of the people are justly put together. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream." Smollett writes: "Luxury, vice, and profligacy increased to a shocking degree. The adventurers, intoxicated by their imaginary wealth, pampered themselves with the rarest dainties and the most costly wines; they purchased the most sumptuous furniture, equipage, and apparel, though with no taste or discernment. Their criminal passions were indulged to a scandalous excess, and their discourse evinced the most disgusting pride, insolence, and ostentation. . . . All party distinctions, religion, sex, character, and position, were swallowed in this yawning abyss, or in some similar money trap. Gambling was the sole profession."

Again, in the *London Journal*, it is stated:—

> "The hurry of stock-jobbing bubbles has been so great this week as to exceed all ever known. Nothing but running about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and subscribing without knowing what the proposals were. The constant cry was, 'For God's sake let us subscribe to something; we don't care what it is.'"

The craze was not without its satirists and poets:—

"In London stands a famous pile,
And near that pile an Alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And wisdom stoops to folly.

Here stars and garters too appear
Among our herds, the rabble:
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.

Our greatest ladies hither come,
And ply in chariots daily:
Or pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley.

Longheads may thrive by sober rules
Because they think and drink not;
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
Who only drink and think not.

What need have we of Judean wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.

Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring us wealth—'tis granted;
But lodge these treasures in the clouds,
To hide it till 'tis wanted."

The collapse of everything, when all the bubbles burst at once, and the South Sea stock, which had reached 1100, sunk to 135, was overwhelming. A great national disaster, it was discovered, had been brought about by the madness of that summer. Ruin and bankruptcy were universal. Then came the inevitable cry against the Directors. One does not understand how far they were simply borne along with the stream. Did they by any false representations or needless promises create the rush? Did they by any words of caution try to diminish the madness? No reproaches, however, were too bad for the Directors. Lord Molesworth said in the House that they ought to be tied in a sack and thrown into the sea. Two of them, Jacob Sawbridge and Sir Theodore Janssen, were expelled the House and committed to the Tower, while their firm—Janssen was a partner of Sawbridge—had to disgorge a quarter of a million. The Earl of Sunderland, First Commissioner of the Treasury, resigned on being charged with receiving £50,000 stock without any consideration. Craggs, Secretary of State, and Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, were convicted of taking bribes. Craggs died of smallpox during the inquiry, but his estate was confiscated. Aislabie was sent to the Tower. Gibbon's grandfather, one of the Directors, had to give up £50,000 out of an estate worth no more than £60,000. The final collapse of the South Sea scheme was really brought about, or hastened, by the action of the Directors themselves in calling for the prosecution of other bubbles. The smaller bubbles burst as soon as they were pricked; with them burst, to their dismay, the great Bubble itself. The Directors fell into poverty and obscurity; some of them into absolute poverty. John Law himself, the great leader of Rainbow Finance, died in want a few years later. Some of them found themselves, after all their grandeur, in a debtor's prison.

" Behold a poor dejected wretch,
Who kept a South Sea coach of late,
And now is glad to humbly catch
A penny at the prison gate.

Fools lost where the Directors won,
And now the poor Directors lose;
And where the South Sea stock will run,
Old Nick, the first projector, knows."

Some, of course, were fortunate in their dealings. Among them was Guy, the bookseller, at the corner of Lombard Street and Cornhill. A part, not all, of his fortune was made by lucky speculation in this stock. Among those who lost were Gay, the poet, who had £1000 in South Sea stock, which rose to £20,000; he was advised to sell out, but would not, in consequence of which he lost the whole. The Duke of Chandos had £300,000; he, too, lost the whole. Eustace Budgell lost; Prior lost; and "Tom of Ten Thousand" lost not only his shares but also his reason.

The City supported the action of Parliament in a remarkable petition which may be found in full in Sharpe's *London and the Kingdom.*

IV.—THE CITY AND THE CONSTITUTION

Of civil disputes and constitutional questions the eighteenth century furnishes many examples, but not of the vital importance of those we have already considered. Thus, the Corporation Act of 1661 provided that all municipal and other offices should be held on condition of subscribing a declaration against the Solemn League and Covenant. This Act had been practically forgotten or neglected. It was, however, still possible, even for a constitutional king, to raise the point whether things done by officers who had not subscribed this declaration were legal. The citizens therefore petitioned George I. on the subject, and obtained the repeal of the Act.

"I shall be glad," said the King, who knew how to be gracious on occasion, "not only for your sakes, but for my own, if any defects which may touch the rights of my good subjects are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you and all my people an indisputable proof of my tenderness for their privileges, and how unwilling I shall ever be to take advantage of their mistakes."

Close upon this victory for the City followed the famous case in which the rights of Aldermen and the Common Council in elections and towards each other were brought under the consideration of Parliament. A custom had grown up for the City, in whatever disputes or actions at law the Aldermen were involved, to pay their costs. During the whole of 1718 a case of disputed election occupied the Courts, and in 1719 was going before the House of Lords, when the City agreed to a compromise. The House of Lords, however, passed a resolution to report on the management of the City treasury and to inquire into the jurisdiction possessed by the Common Council in elections.

A Committee was appointed in accordance with this resolution, which presently met, did its work, and reported. The report was to the effect that in eight years the City had paid £2827 : 10s. on account of law expenses for defending Aldermen. As regards the right of the Common Council to determine matters of disputed elections, the Committee found that such right was based upon a Resolution of January 1642, which had been disclaimed in 1683. Then the House of Lords passed a resolution to the effect that in maintaining suits at law between citizen and citizen in cases of disputed elections, the Common Council (Sharpe, *London and the Kingdom*, iii. p. 14) had abused their trust, and been guilty of great partiality, and of gross mismanagement of the City treasure, and a violation of the freedom of elections in the City.

This resolution was not passed unchallenged (Sharpe, p. 14). Sixteen peers entered a vigorous protest on the several grounds: (1) that no evidence had been taken on oath, and that without such evidence they conceived that so heavy a censure ought not to be passed on any individual, much less on so important a body as the Common Council of the City, which had done good service on pressing occasions; (2) that the Common Council had not had due notice given them; (3) that the resolution of the House might be construed as prejudging matters which might come before the House judicially; and lastly (4) that had the Common Council been heard they might have shown that the money had been expended in defence of their ancient rights and privileges, and in order to prevent any encroachment thereon.

When, immediately afterwards, the next dispute arose over an election, the Aldermen refused to allow any interference from the Common Council.

Meantime, disputed elections followed each other in quick succession, and there seemed no probability of any settlement by mutual concession and agreement. The citizens therefore presented a petition to the House of Commons in December 1724, setting forth that at elections by the liverymen of the City many voted who had no right to vote; that those who were not freemen claimed the right to vote at Wardmotes on the ground that they contributed to the charges of their respective wards, while they refused to take up their freedom because the customs of the City limited the testamentary power of a freeman—the wife, by the custom of the City, was entitled to have one-third of the personal estate and the children another third; with other points on which they prayed for the relief of the House and the settlement of their rights, privileges, and forms of election. In reply, a Bill was brought in "for regulating of elections within the City of London, and for preserving the peace, good order, and government of the said City."

This Bill was vehemently opposed both by the Aldermen and the Common Council. However, it passed, with some amendments, both Houses, and received the Royal assent. By the Bill the Aldermen were confirmed in their right of veto in Acts of the Common Council; but this right was abolished twenty-one years later. Payment of scot was defined; and the restrictions as to testamentary dispositions were abolished.

After the passing of the Bill by the House of Commons, while the minds of the City were still greatly exercised upon it, an abstract was drawn up and circulated in the City. This abstract, in itself sufficiently long, is preserved in Maitland.

In the year 1722 one of the many alarms which seized the country during the eighteenth century fell upon London. It was an alarm which had very little foundation. Yet there was some; the Jacobites, among whom were many of the High Church party, all the Nonjurors—and, in the minds of the people at least, all the Catholics,—were ceaseless in their activity, conspiring, devising schemes, reckoning forces, and estimating chances of success. As we can now understand, they never had a chance, not even when Charles Edward got as far as Derby. The Protestant interest in the country all along was strong enough to assure the throne of King George. Still, it is in the nature of a defeated faction to conspire. The Jacobites, looking round them in 1721, the year after the catastrophe of the South Sea Bubble, saw London confused, bewildered, half ruined, not knowing which way to look. This time of confusion appeared to be the Jacobites' opportunity. Moreover, the birth of an heir, Charles Edward, fell happily to fan the party's enthusiasm. They asked the aid of France. The Regent refused. He did more: he informed the English ambassador in France that an invasion was in contemplation. On May 8, 1722, the King informed the Lord Mayor that another rising was contemplated; that the plot was unsupported by any foreign power; that he had little to fear of the results, but that he looked to the Lord Mayor to secure the City. The Court of Aldermen drew up and presented a loyal address. Next, all Papists, reputed Papists, and Nonjurors were ordered to leave the City, and not to reside within twenty miles of it. Pope, in one of his letters, mentions this order, which he, as a Catholic, had to obey. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and troops were kept ready all the summer. So that the conspiracy, for which Bishop Atterbury was arrested, came to nothing.

In 1769 the Common Hall passed instructions to its representatives. These instructions were drawn up under fourteen heads. It will be observed that already, fifty years before the Reform Act of 1832, the City was advocating Reform. The following are the more important points in the "Instructions":—

1. The proceedings in cases of libel and other criminal matters to be confined to Rules of Law, and Constitutional Tribunals.
2. A jealous watch over the Habeas Corpus Act.
3. Privilege of Parliament and Rights of Electors.
4. No meddling with Petitions.
5. No use of public money in Elections.
6. No "constructive" Treason.
7. The interests of Trade.
8. The preservation of Public Faith.
9. The independence of the Magistracy.
10. Jealousy of Military Power.
11. A standing committee on Public Expenditure.
12. Jealousy over the National Debt.

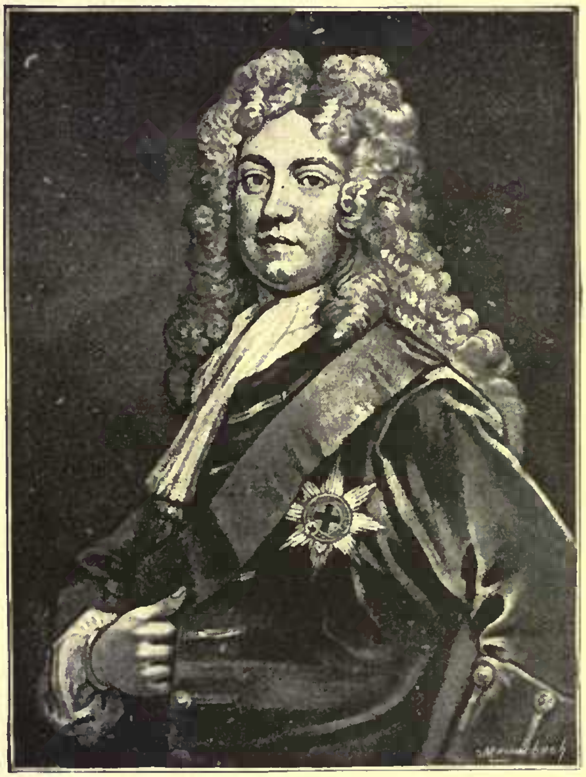
13. Against Placemen in Parliament and the Bribery of Members.
14. Shorter Parliaments.

Similar instructions were drawn up by the electors of Southwark to their representatives. During this year and the next the City was wholly occupied with the case of John Wilkes and the questions arising out of it.

In 1773 the case of the City against certain companies was decided. The goldsmiths, grocers, and weavers refused to obey the Lord Mayor's precept for a Common Hall. The Common Council submitted for counsel's opinion these questions:—(1) The power of the Lord Mayor to call Common Halls; (2) the obligation of companies to obey their precepts; (3) the methods of punishment in case of refusal. The opinion of counsel was wholly in favour of the Lord Mayor's authority. The City solicitor, therefore, filed informations of disfranchisement in the Mayor's Court against the masters and wardens of the three companies concerned. They took the case out of the Mayor's Court and into the Court of the King's Bench. Here Lord Mansfield gave his opinion that every Corporation was the sole judge of its own rights and franchises; and that the Corporation of London had the right of determining the present case solely in its own hands. The City solicitor, therefore, signed judgment of disfranchisement against the masters and wardens of the three companies. The Recorder, however, set the judgment aside, in order to give the parties an opportunity of trying the merits of the case.

On July 14, 1773, the case was heard and decided against the companies. In 1775 this judgment was reversed, and no Lord Mayor has since been able to compel obedience to a summons for a Common Hall.

The agitation against the Excise Bill of Walpole belongs perhaps to this part of civic history. The Bill proposed to change the duty on wine and tobacco from a customs duty, payable on importation, into an excise duty. The goods were to lie in bonded warehouses until taken out for home consumption, when they were to be sold at licensed shops only. Seven revenue officers were to possess the right of search in any house and at any time. This form of tax was peculiarly odious, and met with the most vehement opposition from the citizens of all classes. Walpole himself could not understand the opposition, but then Walpole never could understand the mind of the people. He called their opposition an "epidemic madness," and waited to see it subside as quickly as it had arisen. He was mistaken; this kind of opposition would endure as long as the cause of it. When the mob marched about bawling, "No Slavery; no Excise; no Wooden Shoes," coupling excise with the French and the Pretender, they were capable of going on indefinitely. When the Bill was introduced, the doors of the House were besieged by a noisy crowd whom Walpole, in a moment of irritation, called "sturdy beggars." Sir John Barnard, one of the City members, sprang to his feet to repudiate the charge: "The honourable gentleman," said he, "talks of 'sturdy beggars'; I do not know what sort of people may be now at the door, because I have not lately been out of the House, but I believe they are the same sort of people that were there when I came last into the House, and then I can assure you that I saw none but such as deserve the name of 'sturdy beggars' as little as the honourable gentleman himself, or any gentleman whatever." The Bill was read a first time, but, owing to the clamour which was still maintained, Walpole thought fit to postpone it for two months. On the day of its withdrawal, Walpole was hustled by the crowd, and pretended that it was a deep-laid scheme for murder. The right of searching private houses was the thing most hateful in excise duties; any one found with dutiable goods in his house was liable to heavy fine and imprisonment. The liberty of the subject, therefore, was practically in the hands of the excise officers, who could swear away a man's liberty as they chose. Thus it was well known that there was a case in which a man had been confined in a debtors' prison for forty years—until he died, indeed—for having once been in possession of a few pounds of tea. Presumably he had been fined and had been unable to pay the fine. Hence, a lifelong imprisonment. And yet Walpole could not understand this "epidemic madness" of hatred and rage. Did he think, then, that the people liked imprisonment for life?



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Finally the Bill was withdrawn. One good effect was produced by the demonstrations outside the House, viz. the passing of resolutions that it was a high crime and misdemeanour to menace or assault a member on his way to or from the House; or to assemble in a threatening and tumultuous manner outside the House; or to incite to such disorderly assemblage.

V.—SALE OF PLACES

A practice which we have agreed to condemn and to prohibit, or make impossible, that of selling places, largely prevailed during the whole of the eighteenth century. Sharpers advertised places for sale; countrymen were caught by the offers and came up to town with money to buy them,—of course they lost it all. The scandal of Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York is well known. The Lord Mayor looked to the sale of offices during his year of office to recoup some of his expenses, —*e.g.* the office of Coal Meter was sometimes sold for as much as £6000. The following story shows how the sale of places was used as a means of fraud and robbery:—

A certain person—he was in holy orders—inserted advertisements in the daily papers, offering to procure comfortable situations under Government, provided he received an adequate reward for his own services and introduction. Though this mode of swindling was not altogether new, the liberal offers of the advertiser procured him a multitude of applications; and for some time he preyed on the credulity of his customers. At last two of the sufferers by the imposture, a Mr. Willy and a Mr. Rolfe, pursued him to Harwich, whence he was about to embark for the Continent, and brought him back, with all his luggage, to the Dundee Arms, Wapping. Mr. Willy stated to the magistrate that the prisoner had promised to procure him a place in the Ordnance Department; that he produced an instrument with fictitious signatures, which he pretended was the warrant for his appointment; and that he actually carried him to the Court of Exchequer, and made him take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance before the Barons, preparatory to entering upon office. Mr. Willy paid the prisoner £212 for this appointment. The complaint of Mr. Rolfe was of the same nature; he had been defrauded of £98 under similar circumstances. The prisoner was a well-known preacher in London.

VI.—THE REBELLION OF 1745

The threatened invasion of 1744 promised to be a far more formidable affair than the actual invasion of 1745.

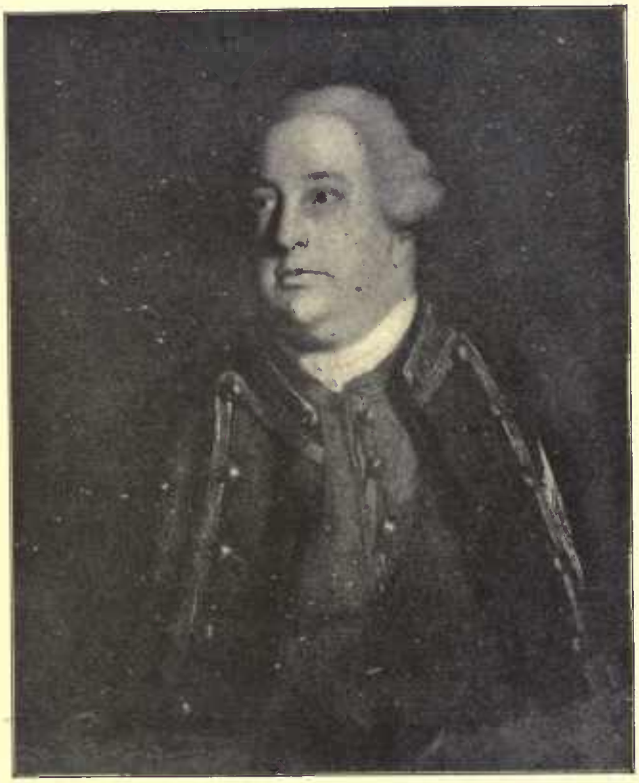
Dunkirk was the centre of the preparations, the port where the convoys were assembled, the store-ships, the transports, the munitions of war. What assistance the King of France had promised in the form of troops was also to be sent to Dunkirk. The City proved its loyalty again. The merchants, 543 in number, sent in a separate address; the Bishop of London and his clergy an address of their own; and another was sent in by the Nonconformist congregations of London and Westminster. Here we have a remarkable proof of the leading of London. The City magistrates, the leading people, the clergy, the Nonconformists, all hasten to assure the King of their loyalty. Do the magistrates, clergy, and Nonconformists of York and Norwich, of Dublin and Edinburgh, take the same steps? or are they satisfied to let London speak for them?

It promised to be a very serious invasion indeed; an invasion more serious than any in history, except that of Philip with his great fleet. Happily, the elements once more declared for the Protestants. A storm came—an opportune, welcome, and most useful storm, which destroyed the French transports and made the invasion impossible, except at the cost of another fleet of transport and store ships.

We breathed again. We declared war, however, against France; and we waited events. Since Prince Charles could not get French auxiliaries, he would do without. We know what happened in 1745. When news came that the Pretender's standard was hoisted in Scotland, the City again hastened to assure the King of their loyalty. But what else did they do? For the moment, nothing. They trusted, it would appear, in the army under Sir John Cope. The business of Prestonpans settled that illusion; there was a run upon the Bank of England which was only saved by the efforts of the leading merchants; a camp was formed at Finchley (see Hogarth's famous "March"); subscription lists were opened which were not too zealously filled up.

Then the news came that the Pretender was already at Derby, only 150 miles from the capital. This news arrived on Friday, 6th December—"Black Friday." Instantly all became activity and bustle. In case the Duke of Northumberland should fail to intercept the rebels at Northampton, there was to be the massing of forces north of London ready to meet them. The Royal Exchange became the barracks of the train-bands; Bridewell was a guardroom for the night-guard; the two City marshals were to visit the night-watches in the ward, and to see that the constables did their duty. The King was to take command of the Guards; the weavers of London offered him 1000 men; the lawyers formed themselves into a regiment, anticipating the "Devil's Own," and volunteered to form a bodyguard to the Royal Family during the King's absence.

All these precautions, however, did not put a stop to the panic. There was another run upon the Bank of England, met by a simple ruse, that of employing agents who presented notes and asked to be paid in sixpences. Fortunately, this condition of anxiety and agitation lasted a very short time. It was learned that Charles Edward was retreating north, and the City breathed once more; the Guards returned, the Volunteers went home, and the City constables resumed their former habits.



Walker and Cockerell.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in National Portrait Gallery.

The most important duty, after Culloden, was to make another rising impossible, at least in the lifetime of those who remembered the year 1745. This duty, it seems, was performed with little mercy by the Duke of Cumberland. They called him the "Butcher"; but we ought, surely, to consider that, after his severity, though Jacobites continued in the land, there was never any whisper of another rising; and that the country was freed from conspiracies and the suspicion of conspiracies. If by cruelty to rebels this great result was achieved, then surely was "Butcher" Cumberland justified. The City thought so, certainly, for they thanked the King in an address (May 3, 1746) for appointing the Duke to command — "whose conduct and bravery have, by the blessing of the Almighty, produced this our happy deliverance: a glory reserved for one of your illustrious family, endowed with those princely qualities which render him amiable to those under his command, and formidable to his enemies."

VII.—LONDON AND THE SPANISH WAR

To the City belongs the credit, or the reverse, of forcing on the war with Spain. The London merchants, on their side, had so long disregarded the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht which limited the British trade with Panama to one vessel of 600 tons in the year, that they resented the claim of Spain to the right of search for smuggled goods. This clause was, in fact, another proof of the folly of limitations which cannot be enforced. As might have been expected, there were complaints: the Spaniards boarded and searched the ships with brutality; they ill-used the crews; and when one Captain Jenkin came home with an ear in his pocket—the said ear cut off by a brutal Spanish *guarda costa*—the wrath of the country mounted high and boiled over. Later on it was said that the whole story was an invention; that Jenkin had undoubtedly lost an ear, but it was in a less heroic cause—that, in fact, he had lost it in pillory. Perhaps, however, the story was true after all. A petition was presented to the House of Commons, pointing out the merchants' grievances, and the arbitrary conduct of the Spaniards. The petition was introduced on 3rd March 1738, by Alderman Percy, who obtained leave to read it. The City were undoubtedly right in their protest. If the Spanish right of search was allowed, where was the limit? Were they allowed to board and to search ships bound for every port in America? In that case, as they pointed out, "the trade of His Majesty's subjects to America will become so precarious as to depend in a great measure upon the indulgence and justice of the Spaniards, of both which they have given us for some years past such specimens as we humbly think this nation can have no cause to be satisfied with."

The House learned further, with indignation, which Walpole vainly endeavoured to assuage, that there were no fewer than twenty English sailors languishing in Spanish prisons. After long and spirited debates the House of Commons addressed the King on the subject. Their action was followed by the House of Lords. To both Houses the King returned his customary answer, with assurances of his care to obtain satisfaction and security. Walpole, meantime, anxious to avert war, was ready to accept an understanding with Spain. When, however, the articles of the Convention concluded (January 14, 1739) became known in the City—they left the question as to the right of search unsettled—the Court of Common Council was summoned immediately, and a resolution, unanimous, except for three "placemen," was passed for preparing a petition against the Convention. The petition is interesting from many points of view, and especially as showing that English trade was still conducted much in the old spirit—of war, and piracy, and murder. It may be found in full in Maitland.[1]

This petition gave occasion for a debate, sharp and acrimonious, in both Houses. Finally the Convention was accepted, first by the Lords with a majority of twenty-one,—but thirty-nine of them protested. In the House of Commons the Convention was carried by 262 contents against 235 non-contents—absentees 61. It was remarked that of the 262 contents, 234 were "placemen," whose places amounted annually to £212,956 : 13 : 4, or an average of nearly a thousand pounds each. These lofty moralists, in fact, had sold themselves to the Minister. Would it be possible, one asks with curiosity, to purchase supporters in the House at the present day on those terms?

One fact connected with this persistent agitation of the City for war with Spain is curious, as it illustrates the return of that contempt for trade which was common under Henry the Third; which vanished when the City proved its power in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; which was changed into respect and honour under the Tudors. A German court; the increased power of the House of Commons, where the members nearly all represented the country interest; a long succession of wars calling the younger sons to the pursuit of arms; the severance of the old connection of the landed gentry and the City; the establishment of two camps, so to speak—that of the nobility in the new quarter, which we call the West End, and that of the merchants in the City and the suburbs, north, east, and south, but not west; the increase of wealth among the country gentry, so that yeomen during this century became squires, and squires became the territorial nobility: all these things together contributed to raise up a barrier not to be passed between trade and gentility. The Ministers expressed this feeling in a manner which seems to us to demand no other word than that of "brutal." They represented the merchants and the Common Council as a contemptible body of tradesmen and mechanics, who could know nothing about affairs of State. They printed lists of the Common Council, with the addition of their callings and their companies; these lists they dispersed about the avenues of both Houses, and sent about the country by post, with the following verses from the *Book of Ecclesiasticus* (xxxviii. 27, 31, 32, 33):—

> "27. So every carpenter and workmaster, that laboureth night and day; and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to finish a work:
>
> 31. All these trust to their hands; and every one is wise in his work.

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[1] *Hist. of London*, vol. i. p. 593.

> 32. Without these cannot a city be inhabited; and they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down:
>
> 33. They shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit on the judges' seats, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice and judgment; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken."

This method of warfare was not likely to make the City more kindly disposed towards the Ministers: they showed their opinion of Walpole by refusing to nominate Sir George Champion as Lord Mayor, because he had voted for the Convention. They took this strong step without haste or temper, and followed it with a document which showed that, tradesmen or mechanics though they were, they could still act with dignity and a full sense of responsibility. The City, in fact, prevailed. The King declared war against Spain. On October 22, 1739, the formal proclamation took place at St. James's, Charing Cross, Chancery Lane, Wood Street, and the Royal Exchange. The proclamation was welcomed with extravagant joy; with the burning of bonfires and the ringing of bells. "They ring their bells now," said Walpole bitterly; "but before long they will be wringing their hands."

In 1742 the merchants presented another petition to both Houses, praying for stronger convoys, and pointing out the loss of valuable cargoes and vessels in consequence of insufficient protection.

The petition was referred to a Committee of the whole House. It is gratifying to find that at a time when the House of Commons was filled with a horde of venal placemen, always at the command of the Ministers, the electors of the City had the courage and the intelligence to draw up another paper of instructions for their members begging them to guard against the packing of the House with placemen.

VIII.—THE EARTHQUAKES OF 1750

On February 8, 1750, between twelve and one o'clock in the day, a very distinct and smart shock of an earthquake was felt throughout London and Westminster. In the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery, then being held in Westminster Hall, the barristers and judges stopped the case before them and ran out, in terror, thinking that the building would fall upon their heads; in the West End houses the furniture shook; the pewter on the shelves rattled (remember that, as yet, except in the best houses, the plates were all of pewter); in Southwark a hay-loft over a slaughter-house was thrown down; chimneys fell in Leadenhall Street, in Billiter Street, and in Horselydown. It is needless to add that the terror naturally caused by a phenomenon so threatening, so entirely beyond control, of which no one knows when it may occur again, or with what increase of violence, was abundantly indicated by what was said and done by the Londoners under the first impression of trembling awe. It was understood as a Divine warning against the sins of the City and the West End; many admirable exhortations to repentance were solemnly pronounced from the pulpits; such organs of opinion as then existed were inundated with meditations, reflections, prophecies, and pieces of the Higher Morality.

But what were the terrors of the first experience as compared with those of the second? For, exactly four weeks later, but early in the morning, when most of the people were still asleep in their beds, at half-past five, another and a more dreadful earthquake was felt. Those who were already up observed that the open ground, as in St. James's Park, visibly moved; lightning flashed in all directions; even the fish, it was said, showed their alarm by jumping high out of the water—but considering the very small number of visitors to the Park at five on a cold March morning, the report may be said to require confirmation; while the dogs, who are always terrified by anything outside their experience, howled in a most melancholy manner. China was upset and broken; pewter, which could not be broken, was once more thrown off the shelves; the bells were set ringing; from the West Towers of Westminster Abbey stones were dislodged; one girl was reported to have been thrown out of bed, getting a broken arm; chimneys and coping-stones were thrown down. In a word, there occurred a second earthquake, more violent than the first, yet not so violent as to cause any serious damage.

It was soon learned, to the general consternation, that the second, like the first, was confined to London and its environs. What could prove more convincingly that the warning, thought to be directed against London by the first attack, was really and certainly Divinely so intended? The Bishop of London hastened to accept this view, and issued an address upon the subject, in which he improved the occasion with great plainness of speech. One hopes that the Bishop's address did good. One is inclined to think that it might have been productive of a great improvement of morals had it not been for the unlucky craze which followed. Meantime, a good many people—those who could afford it—were running away out of town. The *Evening Post* remonstrated with these runaways. It was not the place, said the *Post*, but the people, who were warned; it was necessary, for instance, if people must needs leave London, to leave their vices behind them. And, in their hasty flight, it was greatly feared that the vices had been packed up with the shirts. Other papers declared that the visitation was not supernatural at all, but quite natural, and in accordance with the phenomena of nature—perhaps only "an airquake." The theory of this extraordinary kind of quake, which has never since returned, probably reassured the sinful, who stayed where they were, and, so far as one can learn, in the renewed enjoyment of all their vices.

Then there arose a new report, which spread like wildfire, running into every house by one door and out by the other; filling every street, every lane, every court; insomuch that there was no place or part of London which had not heard it.

This rumour was a prophecy that the two last earthquakes were but forerunners, warnings, indications, of what was to follow; and that on the 8th of April would take place an earthquake, a third shake far worse than its two predecessors, which would completely destroy the whole of London and Westminster and the suburbs. This belief, in the excited state of the popular brain, found immediate and universal credence. Those who did not believe it, acted as if they did. The prophecy was subsequently traced to a private soldier in the Horse Guards. Now, one must not understand by this a private soldier of the Guards, such as we know him at the present day. The private soldiers of the Horse Guards were people who followed all sorts of occupations or callings: and especially the minor, less considered, unclassed professions, which were generally ill paid. For instance, they were draughtsmen; surveyors; calculators for builders; designers; teachers of mathematics, languages, fencing, fine writing, fortification, and the Art of War; accountants; statisticians; and so forth. Their pay was not nearly enough for the maintenance of their families—for they were mostly married men; but it supplemented their earnings. Moreover, as a Guardsman could not be arrested for debt, there were always in the ranks certain broken tradesmen who, but for this sanctuary, would have been languishing in the Fleet. It was, no doubt, one of these learned and professional gentlemen who, by dint of comparing texts and manipulating verses out of that prophet of Israel who has done so much for the modern Prophet and Interpreter, arrived at the conclusion that London must inevitably, and by Divine order, pronounced thousands of years before the event, perish by earthquake on the 8th day of April 1750.

When the day drew near, the people began to run out of town. When the evening of the 7th arrived, there was not a single person, it is stated with that kind of exaggeration which proves the case, save the bedridden and the sick, who was left in the houses. One may imagine the agonised terrors of those who were left to await, alone and forsaken, the earthquake in their beds. The whole of the City of London, the City of Westminster, the Borough, the suburbs, the West End, were out in the streets, or out in the fields, during that awful night. Many thousands lay in boats on the river—all the boats were engaged for the purpose; many thousands lay in the fields outside the town—they were then very easy of access,—for instance, the district between the Tottenham Court Road and the Foundling Hospital, north of the British Museum, was all fields; people paid enormous sums for lodgings in the country; great ladies sat in their coaches, crowding the roads; all night long they sat thus, waiting in terror and suspense, expecting every moment the thunder and rumblings and roarings and the agitation of the world, when the proud pinnacles and spires of London should topple and fall and lie levelled in one common ruin.

The earthquake was to happen on the morning of the 8th. Morning means, at longest, from midnight to midday. They waited, therefore, all that time. When midday arrived, nothing at all had happened. The Prophet of the Guards had therefore, fortunately, proved a false prophet. The world went home again and took its breakfast—a morning draught of small-beer with a crust and a lump of salt beef—and presently went to work again, the earthquake forgotten; and the great ones of the town, once more, without further reproach, fell to practising and prosecuting their vices; and so two good earthquakes were thrown away and wasted. The Bishop of London's address, meantime, had circulated 40,000 copies; and one feels certain that had it not been for the unfortunate craze and panic, followed by a sense of full security, repentance and amendment would have ensued. They put the Guardsman into prison for being a false prophet, and so he disappears from history.

IX.—DEATH OF BYNG

On the loss of Minorca the Common Council drew up another letter of instructions for their members. They were to demand a strict inquiry into the causes of the recent disasters in Minorca and North America; they were to urge the dismissal of the foreign mercenaries; they were to vote for no supplies till this was done; they were to demand a reduction in the number of places and placemen; to restore, if possible, triennial parliaments; with one or two other points. The paper is interesting as showing the resolution of the City to reform the House of Commons if that were possible.

Above all things, however, the City demanded the execution of Byng. He had been tried and had been found guilty of not having done what he might have done to save the island. The City clamoured for his death; papers were posted up on the Royal Exchange—"Shoot Byng, or look out for your King." Byng was accordingly shot on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* at Portsmouth. One is ashamed of the panic wrath shown by the City on this occasion: in its madness of humiliation it demanded the death of some one. There were two on whom punishment might fall—the Admiral and the Minister. It is always possible to say of a defeated commander that he might have done more; it is not possible, except in the pages of history about to follow, to say that a Minister might have done more. Therefore, Byng was made the victim.

X.—TEST AND CORPORATION ACTS

The Test and Corporation Acts could be made, and were sometimes made, the means of gratifying intolerance and oppression. Thus, in the year 1742, a Dissenter named Robert Grosvenor, on being elected to the office of Sheriff, declined to take the Sacrament by the Anglican rite in order to qualify. The Corporation cited him before the Court of King's Bench, which decided against his claim for exemption. The Corporation, therefore, passed a bylaw which imposed a fine of £400 upon any one who should decline to stand for the office after being nominated, and a fine of £600 upon one who should refuse to serve after election. They then proceeded deliberately to choose and nominate Dissenters in order to fine them. It seemed as if the City proposed to bleed the Nonconformists slowly to death, and in six years they had amassed the sum of £15,000 by these fines, which went towards the building of the Mansion House—a fact which is little known or remembered among the guests of the Lord Mayor at this day. In 1754 the Dissenters resolved to fight this intolerable claim, from which they had now suffered for twelve years. The occasion chosen was the election of George Streatfield and Alexander Sheafe, both Dissenters, as Sheriffs. Both refused to serve; both were fined; both refused to pay the fine; and against both were proceedings, in consequence, instituted. The Sheriffs' Court decided against them; that was to be expected; they appealed to the Court of Hustings, which also decided against them. That, too, had been expected. They appealed to a special commission of five judges, who in 1762 reversed the previous decisions. Then the Corporation took the case up to the House of Lords, where it was heard in 1767, and judgment was given in favour of the Nonconformists, who were henceforward exempted from taking office, without having to pay fines. In 1779 Dissenting ministers and schoolmasters were relieved of the necessity of signing the Thirty-Nine Articles. It was not until 1812 that the Quakers' Oath Act, the Conventicle Act, and the Five Mile Act were repealed; while Unitarians were only tolerated by law in 1813, when the statutes of William III. and George III., which made it blasphemy to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, were finally repealed.

XI.—JOHN WILKES AND THE CITY

The career of, and the long-continued contest carried on by John Wilkes, belong to the national history, even more than to that of London. There are, however, certain points and episodes in his life which concern the City especially. Thus, the arrest of Wilkes, his publisher and his printer, for the famous "No. 45," under a "General Warrant," was a most iniquitous and unconstitutional proceeding. Wilkes, it will be remembered, was released in accordance with the judgment of Chief Justice Pratt.

When one Williams, bookseller of Fleet Street, was put in the pillory for republishing *The North Briton*, the people maintained, during the whole time of his standing before them, a continuous roar of acclamation. When Wilkes first stood for

Middlesex, the mob paraded the town and broke the windows of everybody supposed to be his enemy. When Wilkes was sent to the King's Bench Prison, the mob took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it themselves to the other end of London.

The arbitrary invasion of the rights of electors in refusing to admit Wilkes as member for Middlesex was met by meetings of the electors and by petitions showing the encroachments upon the liberties of the people by the Ministers. These petitions came from the Freeholders of Middlesex, from the City, and from Westminster. The King gave no answer. The City, however, exercised their right of personally calling upon the King. This meant that they demanded an answer. They got one in the shape of an assurance that the King would not invade any of their rights. But he did not promise to redress their wrongs.

Another remonstrance was offered by the City. It was on this occasion that Beckford made his famous speech. The King's reply to the remonstrance was as follows :—

"I should have been wanting to the public as well as to myself, if I had not expressed my dissatisfaction at the late address. My sentiments on that subject continue the same; and I should ill deserve to be considered as the father of my people, if I could suffer myself to be prevailed upon to make such a use of my prerogative, as I cannot but think inconsistent with the interest, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom."

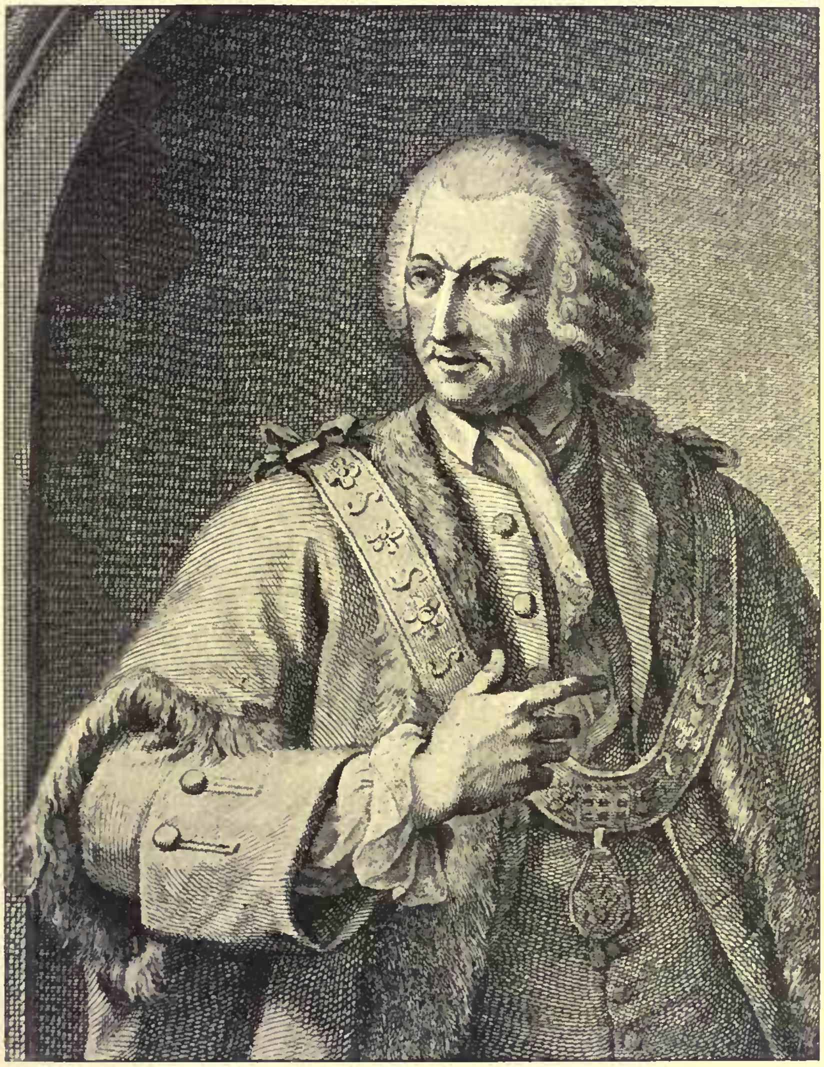
Then the Lord Mayor, Beckford, made the spirited reply which has immortalised him :—

"Will your Majesty be pleased to so far condescend as to permit the Mayor of your loyal City of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty's person and family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown.

We do therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, more earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, some prospect, at least, of redress.

Permit me, sire, farther to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour by false insinuations and suggestions to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary Revolution."

The King made no reply. When the matter was referred to the Common Council, Beckford produced his speech and read it. Therefore, one observes, it was premeditated, composed, and written before the presentation of the remonstrance. The Court passed a formal vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for vindicating at the foot of the throne the loyalty and affection of the citizens of London.



LORD MAYOR BECKFORD

Beckford was succeeded by Brass Crosby, a man of equal patriotism and courage. In the first month of his office there arose the question whether the Lords of the Admiralty had the power to issue press warrants to be executed in the City. Wilkes, naturally, was the Alderman who raised the question. It was a question of very great importance, because it seemed to touch the City's right to be subject to no other magistrate than one of their own choice. The following queries were laid before counsel, with their opinion, as subjoined (Maitland, *Contin.* p. 120).

Query 1. May the Lords of the Admiralty of themselves, by virtue of their commission, or under the direction of the Privy Council, legally issue warrants for the impressing of seamen?

Query 2. If yea, is the warrant annexed in point of form legal?

Query 3. Is the Lord Mayor compellable to back such warrants? If he is, what may be the consequence of a refusal?

The Lord Mayor further informed the Court that no one was to be arrested within the City except by a constable; that he had furnished the lieutenants of the pressgangs with lists of all the constables; and they were not to arrest any freeman or the servant of a freeman. In order to induce sailors to enter without impressment, the Court offered a sum of forty shillings for every able seaman, and twenty shillings for every ordinary seaman, over and above the bounty granted by His Majesty, not exceeding one month from the date of the order.

The Court returned to the grievance in the right of election, and it was resolved that another petition and remonstrance should be drawn up. They were by this time used to strong language, and therefore did not hesitate to express themselves plainly.

"We have seen the known law of the land, the sure guardian of Right, trodden down; and, by the influence of daring Ministers, arbitrary discretion, the law of tyrants, set up to overthrow the choice of the electors, and nominate to a seat in Parliament a person not chosen by the people.

Your Majesty's throne is founded on the free exercise of this great right of election; to preserve it inviolate is true loyalty; to undermine it is the most compendious treason against the whole constitution."

The King coldly replied that he saw no reason to change his opinion already indicated upon these points. Then followed the great contest in which Brass Crosby stood out manfully for the liberty of the press. It had of late been the custom of the papers to publish, under fictitious names, the speeches in the House of Commons. The printers of the *Middlesex Journal* and the *Gazetteer*, John Wheble and R. Thompson, began to publish the speeches with the names. The House, indignant at this breach of privilege, addressed the throne, asking for a royal proclamation offering a reward of £50 for the apprehension of the two men. This was granted, and, on the strength of the proclamation, one Carpenter arrested Wheble, and brought him before Wilkes, the sitting Alderman. Never before had Wilkes obtained an opportunity so excellent for annoying his enemies. On the ground that there was no other reason than the proclamation for arresting Wheble, Wilkes ordered him to be discharged; he then bound over Carpenter to answer for his offence; and he wrote to Lord Halifax stating what he had done, because such an arrest was a direct violation of the rights of an Englishman and of the chartered privileges of the City.

At the same time Wheble addressed a letter to the Speaker. He said that he had found a piece of paper on which he had asked for counsel's opinion. The importance of the case is so great that the documents are here produced in full (Maitland, *Contin.* p. 127):—

"CASE FOR MR. MORRIS'S OPINION

Feb. 21, 1771.

'Ordered, That J. Wheble do attend this House upon Tuesday morning next.

Ordered, That the Service of the said Order, by leaving a Copy of the same at the usual Place of Abode of the said J. Wheble, be deemed equal to personal Service, and be good Service.

J. HATSELL, Cl. Dom. Com.'

THE above Writing, which is by some supposed to be a Copy of an Order, or pretended Order, of the House of Commons, was left, upon Friday, February 22nd, 1771, at the House of Mr. John Wheble, within the City of London, being put into the Hands of one of his Servants by a Person who stiled himself Messenger to the House of Commons.

Upon Thursday, February 28th, a Person called at Mr. Wheble's house, and shewed a Paper Writing, which he pretended to be some Warrant or Authority from the Speaker of the House of Commons, directing him to take John Wheble into Custody, for his Contempt in not obeying the Orders of the House for his Attendance on that House.

Upon Saturday, March 9th, a Paper, in the Form of a Royal Proclamation, appeared in the *Gazette*, intituled, by the King, A Proclamation for apprehending John Wheble and R. Thompson.

Mr. Wheble did not appear to the above Summons, neither has he been apprehended upon the pretended Warrant of the Speaker, or the pretended Proclamation.

QUESTIONS

I. Suppose the Paper Writing first above mentioned to be a Copy of a genuine Order of the House of Commons, is John Wheble, at whose House the same was left, by Law requirable to attend agreeable to the tenor thereof?

II. If John Wheble is so requirable to attend by Law, he having neglected to do so, what Penalties is he liable to, and by what Means would it have been legal to proceed against him?

III. If the pretended Warrant of the Speaker is authentic, was John Wheble obliged to pay Obedience thereto, by surrendering himself a prisoner to the Person who carried with him the same, and called himself a Messenger of the House?

IV. Taking the Paper which appeared in the *Gazette* really to be the King's Proclamation, is the same a legal Process, and a sufficient Warrant to such as may venture to act under it?

Upon the whole, Mr. Morris is desired to give his Opinion on the above stated Case to Mr. Wheble, and as Counsel to advise what Conduct he ought by Law to observe upon this occasion.

COUNSEL'S OPINION

I have attentively perused the above-written Case.

To the first Question, I am most clearly and decisively of Opinion, that Mr. Wheble is not compellable by Law to attend the House of Commons in pursuance of the written Order above stated.

2nd Qy. The first Question being answered in the Negative, the second requires no consideration; but if the Attendance was legally requirable, pursuant to the above Order, it would not be difficult to shew what Penalties the refusing Party would be liable to upon resort to the legal Courts of Justice, which would have Cognizance of such offences.

3rd Qy. If the Summons be invalid, the subsequent Warrant by the Speaker must necessarily be invalid also; for the Defects of the Summons were not cured by any appearance of Mr. Wheble. A form of a Warrant no more makes a legal authority (for so much the Word imports) than a Constable's Staff makes a Peace-Officer. If the Warrant were legal, a Messenger of the House is not a proper person for executing it; but only the Sergeant at Arms, and the Deputy-Sergeant.

But these are Trifles with Respect to the Question; for the Answer is most plain and positive, that the Speaker of the House of Commons is no more a Magistrate appointed to issue Warrants of apprehension, than the House itself is a Court of Justice appointed to punish.

4th Qy. This Question admits of no Hesitation or Dispute. The pretended Proclamation of the King is clearly illegal. Proclamations have no intrinsic Force in this Country; nor have they any at all but by special Act of Parliament.

Upon the Whole, I do advise Mr. Wheble to pay no Attention or Obedience either to the above-mentioned Summons, Warrant of Apprehension, or Proclamation. All are equally unjust and illegal. Mr. Wheble will be protected in his Resistance by Magna Charta, and by numerous Statutes which confirm our invaluable Code of Liberties. The Proclamation, moreover, seems to me to levy a Cruel War upon two Individuals without Colour of Law; and I do give it as my Opinion, that Mr. Wheble may well institute an action upon the Case, against the Counsellors, Promoters, Aiders, Abettors, and Publishers thereof.

R. Morris."

Lincoln's Inn,
March 14*th*, 1771.

The arrest of Thompson, the other offender named, was in the same way pronounced illegal, and the man discharged. The House of Commons then tried the arrest of a third printer, one Miller of the *Evening Post*, by a Speaker's warrant sent by a messenger of the House. He was brought before the Lord Mayor, the Court being attended by the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms to demand, in the name of the Speaker, that the man Miller should be given up to him. The Mayor refused; it was contrary, he said, to the laws and constitutions of the City, that a freeman should be arrested on any warrant without the signature of a magistrate of the City.

No more flagrant violation of the privileges of the City had ever been attempted by Crown, Lords, or Commons. The City was deeply indignant. When Crosby and Oliver the Sheriff drove to the House by order of the Speaker, they were followed by hundreds of people, who, on their return, took out the horses and dragged the carriage themselves. Crosby, who was suffering from gout, had only time to say that he had acted according to his oath in protecting the Charters of the City. He was then obliged to sit down, and was carried out. Wilkes, for his part, refused to attend except as member for Middlesex. This was on March 19, 1771. The Court of Common Council moved a vote of thanks to the three, and resolved to stand by them. The King and the House were furious. On the 25th of March Crosby was sufficiently recovered to go out again. Once more he was escorted by thousands. Again he was compelled by pain and feebleness to go home. The House, therefore, proceeded to the case of Oliver, whom they ordered to the Tower.

The Common Council answered this order by resolving upon keeping a table for Oliver during his confinement.

On the 27th the Lord Mayor once more attended the House with half the City. He was, like Oliver, ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower. The mob, meantime, held all the approaches to the House. Lord North and Charles Fox were assaulted, and the former narrowly escaped. At the Court of Common Council held next day Crosby declined the favour of a "table" at the City's expense; and Oliver wrote a letter, in which he spoke very openly,—but plainness of speech no longer did any good.

JOHN WILKES

"The last ten years have afforded the City of London, in particular, every instance of neglect, unkindness, insult, and injury; their petitions have been rejected, slighted, ridiculed; their property unjustly conveyed to others; their charters violated; their laws contemned; their magistrates imprisoned. The power that consumes us has the plainest and most odious marks of despotism, abject abroad and insolent at home."

For some reason the House proceeded no further with Wilkes than to summon him three times; each time he refused to attend except as member for Middlesex. On May the 10th, when the House rose, the two prisoners came out of the Tower. They were welcomed with a discharge of the Artillery Company's guns, and the City was illuminated. The mob also broke all the windows in the Speaker's house, lest there should be any doubt as to their opinions. A few days later, when the case of the messenger of the House of Commons was considered, a *Noli Prosequi* was obtained on the ground that it was unbecoming to use the King's name for prosecuting a messenger of the House of Commons.

The Court of Common Council passed a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen Oliver and Wilkes. They also voted a silver cup, value £200, to the Lord Mayor, and two others, value £100 each, to Oliver and Wilkes.

They then, undaunted by repeated rebuffs and snubs, proceeded to draw up another remonstrance and to court another rebuff, which they duly received.

In March 1771 the City drew up yet another remonstrance—drawn up and presented to receive another snub. It is incredible that the City did not by this time understand that their remonstrances were absolutely futile. Wilkes did not attend with the Mayor. In April he claimed his seat again and was again refused. The City understood by this time, however, that the only way of getting reforms was through the House itself, and it is a proof of the isolation of English towns at that time that no attempt seems to have been made to create a patriotic spirit in the boroughs of the country or to ascertain the feeling of the electors. As regards the members for the City, they were made to sign an engagement to use their best endeavours to shorten the duration of Parliaments; to exclude pensioners and placemen from the House; to establish a fair and equal representation of the people in Parliament; and to redress the grievances and secure the constitutional rights of their fellow-subjects in Great Britain, Ireland, and America. Also solemnly to promise not to accept from the Crown or its Ministers any place, pension, contract, title, gratuity, or emolument whatsoever.

In October 1774 Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor; and in the same month he was again returned for Middlesex. The House gave way; the long battle of ten years was over: the man who had been expelled the House, who had been outlawed, who had been fined and imprisoned, who had been four times running expelled, who had defied the House when it imprisoned his friends, who had been successively elected Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor,—now entered the House supported by half a dozen members of his own nomination, and invested with the insignia of the first magistracy in England. No one opposed him; he took his seat without a word of opposition. More than this, he was able to cause the various resolutions as to his own expulsion to be expunged.

XII. REVOLT OF THE COLONIES

The factious spirit which prevailed in the City is shown by the unseemly quarrels among the Aldermen over an election during Wilkes's year of office. We need not linger over this trouble. A far more important matter, that of the Revolt of the American Colonies, next occupied the attention of the City. Had the Government the right of taxing any part of His Majesty's dominions which was not represented in Parliament? The answer, to us, is perfectly plain and simple. By every upward step in freedom; by the lessons of 1643-49; by the deposition of James; by the conduct of William; by the constitutional reigns of George the First and George the Second;—this great law of English liberty had been asserted, claimed, and granted. We are amazed that it was not acknowledged by George the Third and his Ministers; yet Lord North, while he repealed all other taxes on the Colonies, maintained that on tea, in order to assert his pretended right to tax the Colonies without their consent.

The majority in the new House of Commons, to which Wilkes was elected, a House, like its predecessor, of placemen and obedient voters, was in favour of upholding this right, even at the risk of civil war with colonies united for the first time in defence of their liberties—the one and only cause in which colonies so widely different could be expected to unite. Happily, the City at this juncture behaved with so great a sense of true patriotism and so deep a responsibility as to their own duty, that one regrets the political impotence into which London had now fallen. They might have learned by the ill success of their late remonstrances that, though the King received their petitions, he was not in the least degree moved by them; nor had they the least effect in creating or changing public feeling. Outside London, one asks whether there were any country towns, or municipalities, which ever heard, save by private letter or by report, of the Common Council's struggle for the liberties of the nation?

Chatham, as is well known, spoke to the House of Lords with burning eloquence against the conduct of the Ministers. The House of Commons passed a Bill for shutting out the Colonists from the Newfoundland fisheries; the Common Council in vain protested against a law which could not be enforced and would only madden those at whom it was directed. The City then drew up another remonstrance. Apart from commercial considerations and the ruin of manufacturers, they referred the question to the liberties of Englishmen.

This remonstrance was presented by the Lord Mayor. The City members, the Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and the Livery also attended in a body. The King received them, and replied by expressing his astonishment that any of his subjects should encourage the rebellious spirit of the Colonists. The next day, however, the Lord Chamberlain wrote to Wilkes saying that the King would receive no more addresses on the throne save from the body corporate of the City. Wilkes replied, urging the ancient and uncontested right of the Livery to present addresses to the King on the throne; he also pointed out that the answer of the King to the City's remonstrance would probably be taken by the Americans as a fresh proof of his anger against them.

The Committee of Association of New York addressed a letter to the City of London, urging it to use all its efforts for the restoration of honour and peace. A copy was sent to every member of the Court. At the next meeting of the Court resolutions were passed condemning the Ministers for their advice to the King, and adopting a new remonstrance. This, which was stronger and more outspoken than any of the preceding, the King refused to answer except at levee. The Common Council, therefore, published their remonstrance without presenting it. They then proceeded to consider the letter from New York, and, in reply, drew up another remonstrance praying the King to suspend hostilities in America. This was received, and obtained the usual reply. Next, the Committee of Philadelphia appealed to London as the "Patron of Liberty" to mediate in the restoration of peace. What was to be done? The City had appealed to the King, time after time, with no result. The majority in the House of Commons, as was said in the last remonstrance, were "notoriously bribed to betray their constituents and their country"; it was worse than useless to address such a House; that great and venerable guardian of the nation's liberties was degraded into an instrument for trampling them down. It was decided, therefore, to address the electors of the whole country—a step which should have been taken as soon as the obstinacy of the King and the determination of the Ministers to destroy the liberties of the people were understood. This address pointed out most clearly that the country could get nothing out of the war, even if it was successful: nothing at all, except certain injury to trade, certain loss in commercial relations, enormous expenditure, and the establishment of arbitrary power over the Colonies.

> "We lament the blood that has been already shed; we deplore the fate of those brave men who are devoted to hazard their lives—not against the enemies of the British name, but against the friends of the prosperity and glory of Great Britain; we feel for the honour of the British arms, sullied—not by the misbehaviour of those who bore them, but by the misconduct of the Ministers who employed them, for the oppression of their fellow-subjects; we are alarmed at the immediate, insupportable expense and the probable consequences of a war which, we are convinced, originates in violence and injustice, and must end in ruin."

At the same time the City sent petitions to both Houses, with no result; and the war continued.

On October 31, 1776, in the House of Lords, upon the motion for an address of confidence to the King, an amendment was moved by the Marquis of Rockingham and seconded by the Duke of Manchester. The amendment was an earnest protest against the folly and wickedness which led to the Rebellion of the American Colonies.

The protest was lost by 91 to 26; and so a great opportunity of concession and conciliation was thrown away. The City was consistent with itself and persistent in its action. In March 1776 the Common Council implored the King to suspend hostilities in order to attempt a reconciliation. George replied, evidently in that amazing ignorance as to the real questions and the real issues at stake which is the only explanation of his obstinacy, that he was ready to extend clemency "as soon as the rebellion was at an end." Only three months later the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Early in 1778, when public subscriptions were asked for in support of the war, the City of London refused to give anything. Conciliatory measures were advanced, and perhaps, even at that late period in the contest, peace might have been arranged. But France now entered into alliance with America, and the war became one which must, for the sake of honour, be fought out to the end. Spain joined France. There was no longer any thought of peace. The conduct of the war belongs to the history of the country.

On February 27, 1782, General Conway carried a resolution that the use of force to put down the Colonies was impracticable. Lord North resigned. Rodney's victory over De Grasse, and Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar, somewhat soothed the national humiliation; and on September 3, 1787, the Peace of Paris was signed, and on the 6th of October was proclaimed in the City. And so, at last, we closed the most discreditable chapter in the whole history of England; in which London was from the outset—it is a most honourable and even a most glorious fact—on the side of justice and liberty; in which the King, his Ministers, and a complaisant House of Commons were on the side of tyranny and illegal oppression. Unfortunately, the City had lost her old, and had not yet acquired her new, authority.

XIII.—LONDON AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Many persons—among them the most intelligent and the most reflecting—looked upon the early steps of the French Revolution with an eagerness of hope and expectation which they did not try to conceal. Who could believe that a revolution which began with so much promise should lead to such wholesale massacres of innocent blood? Who could believe that a chivalrous nation would descend to such infamies as the unspeakable treatment of the Queen and the slow murder of the Dauphin? Who could foresee that a movement which seemed at first to set free a great people, would lead to a military despotism and an attempt at universal domination?

The eighteenth century prepared itself slowly and unconsciously for the events of its last decade; scholars, historians, and philosophers considered and discussed continually the questions of constitution, government, rights, and liberties. Its travellers wandered over the whole of Europe and elsewhere, observing and reporting on the condition of the people. Everywhere they found kings whose rule was absolute: everywhere they found intolerance in religion; prohibition of free thought; a press muzzled and fettered; judges subservient and corrupt; privileged classes who paid no taxes; the people ground down by exactions, without a voice in the government, without representatives. When they published, or narrated, these things at home, the examination of their own institutions, if only by comparison, was inevitable. They found in this, the boasted land of liberty, a king always trying to filch something more for his prerogative: whose stupid obstinacy in taxing people without representatives had lost England's most magnificent possessions; a civil list blackened by crowds of pensioned favourites; not a tenth part of the people represented; intolerance of free thought; the common people rough and ignorant to the last degree; the army and navy maintained by a barbarous system of flogging which had no parallel even in the Middle Ages; merchants enriched by a trade in slaves far more extensive and more cruel than that formerly carried on by the Saxons; the press rigorously watched; free expression called blasphemy; Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews still under disabilities; a penal code so terrible that juries refused to convict, even with the clearest evidence; and a House of Commons which was the mere tool—the paid, purchased, ignoble tool—of the Government. Worse still, this despicable body prided themselves on being gentlemen and affected to despise tradesmen. Was there ever a worse time for England? Looking around him, the English philosopher could not possibly admit that the British Constitution was the best of all possible constitutions. And when the French Revolution began, undertaking the most sweeping reforms, he could not choose but believe that this was a movement rich in promise, full of generous and noble and humane endeavour, and that this movement would serve as an example to his own country. The frightful excesses which followed damped his ardour. Yet there remained some who continued faithful to their first hopes; and even the long war of twenty-three years which followed, when, for a time, the very existence of Great Britain was in danger, when the Conqueror marched north and south and east throughout a prostrate continent, calling all his own,—even these things failed to extinguish in these men the ardent love of liberty which had moved their hearts at the outset: moved their hearts to the very depths: moved all that was in them of generosity and nobility.

In November 1789 the "Revolution Society" was constituted. In the present condition of our liberties, the Society does not seem very formidable. But at that time, not only was the House of Commons a sham, but every attempt at free thought or advocacy of reform was treated as a case of treasonable libel. Thus, the following propositions seemed audacious and threatening to the last degree. To us they only seem ill-timed and brought forward at a time when all conservatives were trembling with terror at the uprooting of everything they held precious, in France. As yet the Reign of Terror had not begun. The Society sent an Address of Congratulation to the National Assembly (*Annual Register*, 1789):—

> "The Society for commemorating the Revolution in Great Britain, disdaining national partialities, and rejoicing in every triumph of liberty and justice over arbitrary power, offer to the National Assembly of France their congratulations on the revolution in that country, and on the prospect it gives to the two first kingdoms in the world, of a common participation in the blessings of civil and religious liberty. They cannot help adding their ardent wishes of an happy settlement of so important a revolution, and at the same time expressing the particular satisfaction with which they reflect on the tendency of the glorious example given in France to encourage other nations to assert the unalienable rights of mankind, and thereby to introduce a general reformation in the Governments of Europe, and to make the world free and happy."

On July 10, 1790, the same Society passed a resolution rejoicing in the complete success of the French Revolution. On November 4, 1790, at a dinner, the President, Dr. Richard Price, who had received the freedom of the City for his *Observation on the Nature of Civil Liberty*, announced that he had received letters and addresses of respect and fraternal affection from many cities, towns, and societies in France, addressed to the Revolution Society of England. On November 4, 1791, the Society reported more expressions of friendship from French cities. By this time the glorious Revolution had begun to thirst for blood.

Hitherto the friends of the French Revolution had firmly believed that it was making for a period of universal peace:—

> "Brave and generous Frenchmen!" (the Society writes), "who not only make the utmost bounds of your own empire partakers of the common bliss, but invite England to help in liberating the whole world! Hearts thus expanded with goodwill to mankind are worthy of freedom. The Great Original considers you as such while (at the cost of but little blood) he gives unto you a great portion of liberty, and at her shrine has caused the grand monarch to bow, the nobles to fall, and, though last and reluctant, the priests to yield to her sway. Our wish, our hope is, that the gift may be permanent, enduring to the end of time. With a nation thus exalted, England shall esteem it her high honour to be allied; while their joint efforts shall be to teach neighbouring nations to know their own worth, and cultivate among them peace and goodwill."

The Revolution Society, in its enthusiasm for the French Revolution, was followed by the "London Corresponding Society," by the "Society for Constitutional Information," and by the "Friends of the People." There were also numerous clubs in London and Westminster established for the purpose of "disseminating seditious principles," *i.e.* of advocating reform. Societies with the same objects were also founded in the principal towns of the country. The Government was greatly alarmed, but obstinately resolved not to yield to any importunity. On November 18, 1792, the English residents in Paris held a grand banquet of sympathy with the Revolution. The toasts included "The Republic of France"; "The Armies of France"; "Perpetual Union between the Free Countries of England, France, America, and the Netherlands"; "The Abolition of Hereditary Titles"; and many others. Sir Robert Smith and Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the spot laid down their titles.

The Association in Support of the Constitution was founded to counteract these revolutionary societies at the end of the year 1792. The strength of the existing Constitution was also demonstrated by the support of all the leading merchants and bankers in the City. There followed, however, a series of addresses, remonstrances, and representations for and against. Meantime, the Government resolved on prosecuting Thomas Paine as "a wicked, seditious, and ill-disposed person," the author of a libel against the Government, called *The Rights of Man*, 2nd part. The life of Paine, of which this action is a single episode, and not one of great importance, does not belong to the history of London. While the action was preparing, the defendant received the intelligence that he had been elected by the Pas de Calais their member at the National Convention. He therefore left the action to take care of itself, and quitted England to join the Convention. The case was tried in his absence (December 8, 1792), and in spite of a spirited speech from Erskine, Paine was found guilty and sentenced to banishment. The result was certain from the outset; the action was evidently intended to intimidate the revolutionary societies, some of whom had gone so far as to send delegates with letters of congratulation to the National Convention sitting at Paris.

Looking back with a larger power of surveying the whole ground, it becomes truly amazing that in the year 1792 any one should be so ill acquainted with the country as to be capable of believing a Republic possible. There might be a prolonged riot, with the destruction of a great many buildings; it would become a riot like the Gordon Riots, without a single respectable man on its side; the whole of the rank, wealth, intellect, religion, law, the whole of the army and the navy, would be ranged on the side of the King, the Church, and the Lords. No mere riot can be successful in the long-run; an orderly Government, resting on the suffrages of a whole united, intelligent, and educated people, was ludicrously impossible. Never was there a time when a Republic was less possible. Where was that intelligence—that union? In the country the villagers were totally illiterate, horribly poor, absolutely under the rule of squire and parson. In London the craftsman, driven out of the City to make room for warehouses and quays, lived apart, no longer cared for by his employer, his former company, or his former parish. He had ceased to belong to any company; there were no schools for his children; he went to no church; the Government was represented in his eyes by the hangman and the cat-o'-nine-tails; his condition had never in the whole history of London been so low, not even when he first crossed the sea and landed on the coast of Essex, a wild fighting-man, ignorant, if you please,—yet with a religion which he understood, laws which he obeyed, institutions which he maintained, freedom for which he fought and was ready to die. The East Saxon was a man far, very far in advance of the eighteenth-century working-man of London; so was the Londoner of the after age who ran to the Folk Mote at the summons of St. Paul's bell, and chose his portreeve or his sheriff; so was the Londoner of the fifteenth century who went out to depose the Prodigal King; so was the grave and sober Puritan, Anabaptist, Fifth Monarchy Man, of Cromwell's time. In every age, except that of the eighteenth century, the working-man of London had been a responsible individual, a separate factor. He was no longer a person to be considered at all; he had no longer a vote for anything; three generations of gin-drinking had reduced him to a besotted condition, in which he was no longer able to think, or to reason, or even to combine in the simplest manner for his own interests.

Yet there were two mobs in London, and one was intelligent. King, Church, Landlord, Capital, are still strong among us, whether for good or for evil. A hundred years ago they were one hundred times as strong; and their strength was chiefly used for what seems to us, who cannot perhaps put ourselves in their place, influence in a wrong direction. At least, however, they could keep order and could repel the enemy; it is certain that had the "Friends of the People" got their way, there would have been no order at all, but a misrule worse than that in France, and perhaps as tigerish. It is, however, the besetting weakness of generous souls to believe that the rest of the world is as generous as themselves. In other words, the classes in power had the strength to keep in power, while the classes out of power had no strength to make themselves even felt.

The Court of Common Council, on the 29th of November 1792, passed a strong resolution in support of King and Constitution. The Corresponding Society was regarded by the Government with greater anxiety than any of the other bodies. This society had numerous branches scattered about the country; among its members were many of the better sort, the educated middle-class. Their publications were numerous; their meetings were earnest; their objects were definite, well known, and were very rightly considered dangerous. They met at taverns where debating societies were held, and under the disguise of some question connected with ancient Greece or Rome they carried on their arguments and proposed their schemes for reform in the state of Great Britain. Thus, for instance, a meeting was called for a certain evening at the King's Arms, Cornhill, nominally in order to discuss some question of ancient history; really to talk what was then called treason—we now call it Reform. On this occasion, when the orators arrived, they found that the peace-officers held the place, and refused access to the room. At a meeting of Common Council a few days afterwards, the Mayor, Sir James Sanderson, received the thanks of the Court for his conduct on that occasion, though there were some who murmured that it was arbitrary and illegal.

The massacres of September frightened the whole world, and effectually destroyed in this country any hope of reform, parliamentary or otherwise, for forty years to come. All moderate men drew back in alarm, but the young and enthusiastic, and the hot-heads, continued to meet and circulate papers and to talk reform—not treason and rebellion. In order to defeat these people, whose real power was enormously exaggerated by suspicion and ignorance, the Government appointed paid magistrates in Westminster and in all the suburbs. Then the friends of Government organised a society called the "Crown and Anchor," the avowed purpose of which was "the protection of liberty and property against the daring attempts of republicans and levellers." This society proceeded to deny that any alteration was necessary or desirable in the existing conditions of the State, and hunted down with the greatest jealousy the pamphlets and papers circulated by the Corresponding Society and other associations.

After this there followed such a panic as had not been seen in the City since the year 1642, when they thought that Charles was marching upon them. Perhaps the whole business was purposely organised by the "Crown and Anchor." The wildest rumours were afloat: the French were coming up the Thames, and would burn, sack, and destroy the City; there was to be an insurrection of the disaffected, comprising all the members of the Corresponding Society; there were to be risings of the mob simultaneously in every part of the City; not only would the City be sacked, but the Church would be overthrown, the Throne abolished, and the King treated after the manner that had been dealt out to Louis the Sixteenth. Nothing, in fact, was too wild to be believed at this moment. Great preparations were made for the defence of the Tower; the fortifications were strengthened; more cannon were mounted; barricades were erected; warlike stores were laid in; soldiers were stationed in the villages round London; and a company of militia was to be on guard day and night in case of an alarm. During this alarm the principal merchants met together and drew up a resolution, declaring their intention of standing up for the Constitution. The resolution was in a few hours signed by 8000 persons, including all the leading citizens. It greatly strengthened the hands of the Government, who could now rely on the popularity of the war upon which they were about to embark, and upon the firm support of the City. No doubt, too, it was taken into consideration that whatever cause the City espoused was sure to win in the long-run. The citizens certainly understood this point. They might remind the King that, only sixteen years before, they had most solemnly, and time after time, remonstrated with him on his treatment of the American possessions. And where were those possessions now?

This support of the City also encouraged the Government in their prosecution of various members of the Corresponding Society and others. When we read the trials of these reformers born before their time;—the gross unfairness; the bullying; the straining of weak points; the exaggeration of the meaning of words;—we must remember that judge, counsel, and jury alike firmly believed in their own minds that the prisoners were ready and eager to hand over the City and the country to pillage, fire, and murder; that they wanted to set up a Republic and to maintain it by the guillotine; that they wished to destroy not only the Church established, but all religion as well. This fact, I say, should be borne in mind when we read of the trials that followed. War was declared. The Court of Common Council presented an address to the King, assuring him of their loyalty. They also offered a bounty of fifty shillings to every able seaman, and twenty shillings to every able landsman, who should enter the navy at Guildhall. Yet the immediate consequences of the war were highly disastrous to the City in the shape of a great number of bankruptcies and a general stagnation of trade. For the assistance of trade, exchequer bills, to the amount of five millions, were issued for the relief of such persons as might apply to the Commissioners. Then the prosecutions began. They belong to the national history.

Pitt proposed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, which was carried in spite of opposition, especially that of Sheridan, who declared that no treasonable practices existed in the country; that the Ministers knew this; and that their object was to create a panic and so gain increased power over the people. The Act was suspended; John Horne Tooke, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, John Thelwall, Bonney, Richter, Corbett, and others, were arrested on the charge of high treason. This was in May. They were not brought to trial till the late autumn. Meantime a change took place in men's minds—the City mind. The panic subsided; there were no indications of any treasonable designs; there was no rising of the mob. The consequences might have been determined: the whole nine prisoners, one after the other, obtained a verdict of Not Guilty.

XIV.—THE FRENCH REFUGEES

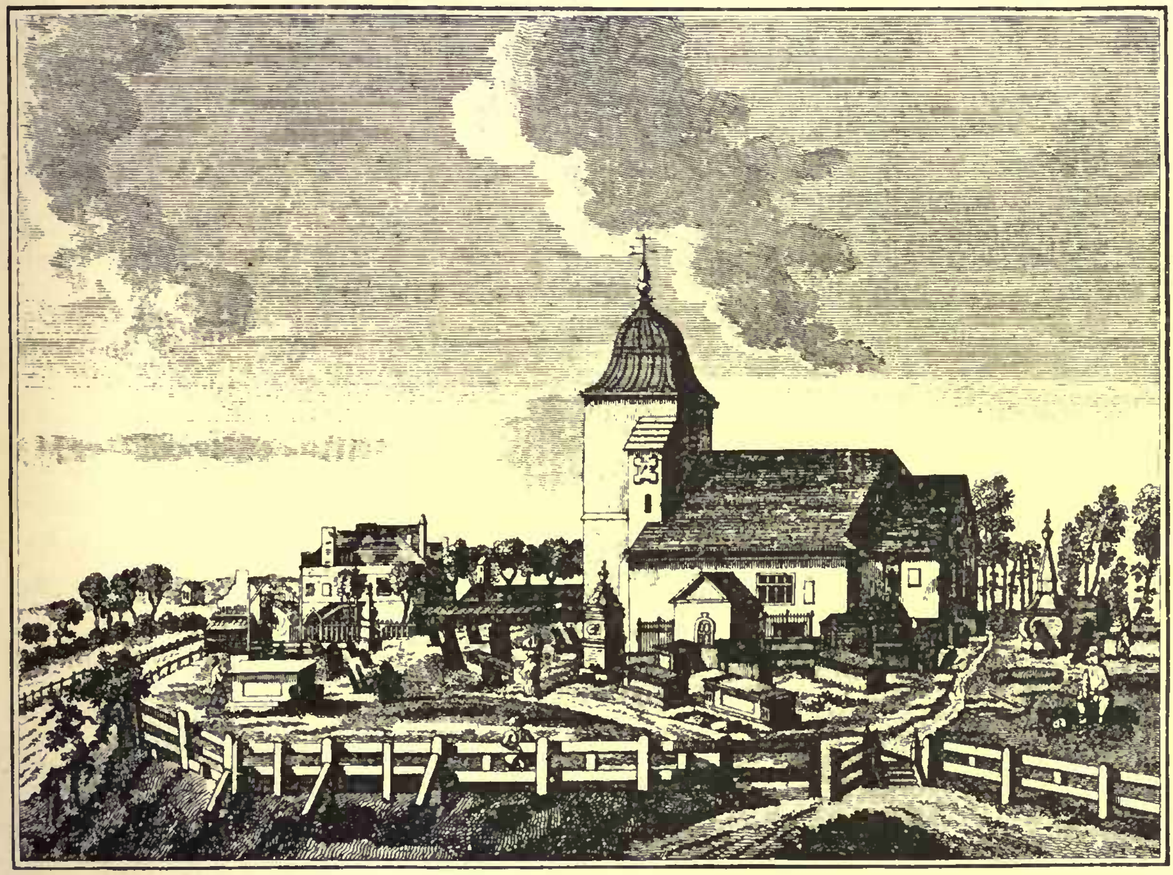
In 1792 arrived an enormous number of fugitives from France. They got over in all kinds of ways. For instance, an English fisherman after lobsters on the French coast picked up two boats loaded with fugitives; they were bruised and battered with stones thrown at them from the patriots, their countrymen; they were obliged to swim to the boats; and they implored the fisherman to take them over. He did so, and landed them at Southampton a day or two later. The Brighton packet from Dieppe brought over 500 emigrants; among them were the Bishop of Avranches, the Dean of Rouen, and 72 priests. They had fled from Rouen to Dieppe on foot. Here they took refuge in a hotel. The news of their arrival ran through the town, and the people were assembling with the purpose of murdering them all, when the fugitives learned that the tide was up and that there was just time for them to get on board the packet and escape.

The "case" of the unfortunate French clergy in England was drawn up for them by Edmund Burke. The following is an extract (*Annual Register*, 1792, p. 122):—

> "It is well known that a cruel and inhuman persecution is now, and hath for some time past been carried on by a fraction of atheists, infidels, and other persons of evil principles and dispositions, calling themselves philosophers, against our brethren, the Christians of France.
>
> In this persecution a vast multitude of persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and particularly the clergy, have suffered in a grievous manner. Many of them have been, with circumstances of great barbarity and outrage, put to death, and their bodies, according to the customs lately prevalent in France, treated with savage indignities.
>
> Several women, of whom some were of rank, dedicated to religion, in the peculiar exercise of a sublime charity, by an attendance upon the sick in hospitals, have been stripped naked, and in public barbarously scourged. Thousands of other respectable religious women, mostly engaged in the education of persons of their own sex, and other laudable occupations, have been deprived of their estates, and expelled from their houses, in which they had purchased a property by the portions given to them by their parents. These respectable women are many of them far advanced in years, and labouring under great infirmities; the major part are near the declining period of life, and all are utterly inconversant in the affairs of the world, and in the means of procuring themselves any subsistence. They by whose charity they scantily subsisted under every species of insult, vexation, and oppression, before their expulsion from their houses by the cruelty of the philosophic faction, are now, for the most part, themselves obliged to fly their country, or are reduced to almost an equal degree of penury with those they had been accustomed to relieve.
>
> Many thousands of the parochial clergy, after having been driven from their livings and houses, and robbed of their legal property, have been deprived of the wretched pensions which had been by public faith stipulated to be paid to them when that robbery and expulsion were ordered; and have been exposed to perish by famine. Others, in very great numbers, have been arbitrarily thrown into unwholesome and incommodious prisons, and kept there for a long time without any redress, against all law, and against the direct orders of the supreme magistrate of their new constitution, whose duty it was to see that no illegal punishment should be executed.
>
> At length, after a tedious imprisonment (suffered with a mildness, a patience, and a constance,

which have not been denied by their very persecutors, whose rage and malice, however, these examples of Christian virtue have failed in the least degree to mitigate), the municipal bodies, or the factious clubs who appoint and guide them, have by their proper authority transported into a foreign kingdom a considerable number of the said prisoners in slave-ships.

At the same time, all the rest of the clergy, who by lying hid, or flying from place to place, have hitherto escaped confinement, and endeavoured in private to worship God according to their consciences and the ancient fundamental laws of their country, are hunted out like wild beasts; and a decree of the National Assembly itself has now ordered them, in terms the most insulting and atrocious ever used by any public assembly, to quit the kingdom within fifteen days, without the least preparation or provision, or, together with those imprisoned and not yet exiled, to be instantly transported to the most wild, uncultivated, and pestiferous part of the whole globe, that is to Guiana in South America.



OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCHYARD

From an old engraving made for *Walpoole's New and Complete British Traveller.*

All this has been done without calling upon one single person, of the many thousand subjects to this severe and iniquitous sentence, as well as to all the cruel preceding oppressions, to answer to any specified offence or charge whatsoever.

Several of the said clergy (some of whom are aged and infirm persons) to avoid imprisonment and the other various vexations above mentioned, and, in many cases, to prevent the commission of further crimes in the destruction of their respective flocks for their attachment to their pastors, have been obliged to fly their country, and to take refuge in the British dominions, where their general exemplary behaviour has greatly added to the compassion excited by their unmerited sufferings.

> They have hitherto received charitable assistance from the voluntary bounty of some worthy individuals; but this resource becoming daily more and more inadequate to the increasing number and wants of those whose sufferings claim relief, it has been proposed to open a general subscription in their favour; especially as at the present moment the effect of the late horrid decree must be expected to render such a measure more than ever necessary."

A meeting was called and a committee appointed, of which Mr. John Wilmot, one of the Masters in Chancery, was chairman. A very large subscription was raised by this and by other committees formed for the purpose.

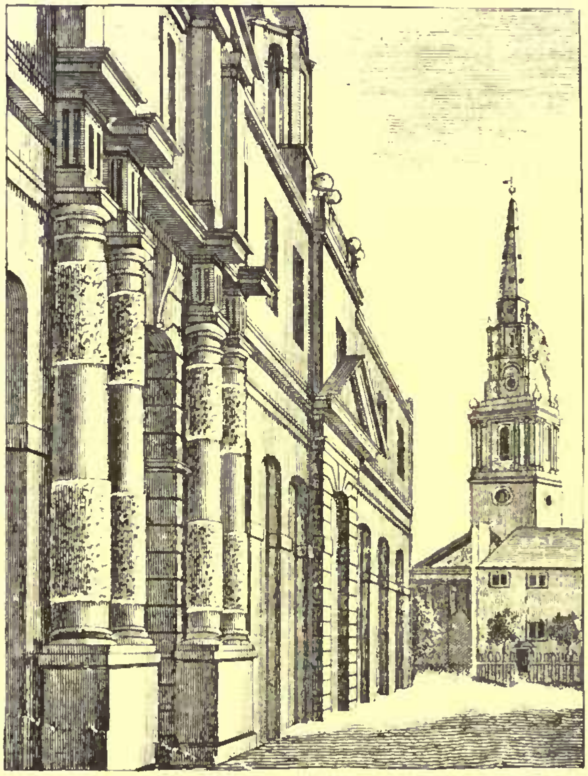
These refugees remained in England until the re-establishment of religion enabled them to return. Many remained until 1814. Some remained altogether. They formed colonies and settlements in London; there was a large colony of them in the Brill, St. Pancras; many lie buried in Old St. Pancras Churchyard. There was another large colony at Hampstead; the Roman Catholic church there was built for them. Their poverty, their devices to earn a livelihood, their shifts and their miseries, may be found in Chateaubriand's autobiography.

XV.—LONDON AND THE GREAT WAR

The war began with a declaration by the French Republic. The Court of Common Council presented an address of loyalty to the King; assuring him "of the readiness and determination of the citizens to support the honour of the crown and the welfare of the kingdoms."

An evil custom prevailed of allowing the recruiting-offices to be at the town taverns—they were too often brothels as well. Here the country lads were inveigled by women and persuaded first to drink and then to enlist, generally when they were too drunk to know what they were doing. Once enlisted, they were not allowed to go out of the house until they were marched off to their respective regiments or depots. Any tales, however improbable, were believed of these places. At the beginning of the war there were riots, in which the mob destroyed the recruiting-offices in and around London. Depressed trade, scarcity of work, dearth of provisions, also combined to make the war unpopular. The King was greeted with cries of "Peace! Peace! Give us bread! No Pitt! No Famine! No War!" Stones were thrown at his carriage windows. When he had alighted at St. James's, the carriage, on its way to the King's Mews, was demolished by the mob with stones and bludgeons. The King went back to Buckingham Palace in a private carriage with only two footmen. He was recognised, however, and beset by ruffians, who might have proceeded to any extremity, but for the arrival of a troop of Horse Guards. Three or four persons who had been conspicuous in the hooting were arrested, and one, at least, was sentenced to a period of five years' imprisonment and pillory. He had also to find security at the end of five years for £1000. His name was Kyd Wake, and it is not known whether he found that security at the end of his time. It is significant, however, that he was sent to Gloucester Gaol. There was no desire to court another Gordon Riot and another destruction of Newgate.

The negotiations for peace which were opened in March 1796 continued off and on during the whole of that year. They ended in nothing, the British Ambassador being ordered to leave Paris in December. Then it was that Pitt raised £18,000,000 by his famous "Loyalty Loan." What happened illustrates the difference between the time when London was the King's Chamber, and the eighteenth century. Pitt sent a letter to the Common Council on the 1st of December pointing out that a cordial response to the proposed loan on the part of the Common Council would probably produce an excellent effect throughout the kingdom. The Mayor replied stating that he had already considered the subject of an aid to the Government, and had called a Council for the 5th of December. But Pitt had written to the Bank of England at the same time, or one day before. The Directors did not wait for the five days. They opened the subscription on the very day — December the 1st. At two o'clock the subscription began; at half-past eleven the list was closed; the loan was fully subscribed; the Common Council, chagrined at having to take the second place, subscribed £100,000. Other loans and advances, absolutely necessary for the conduct of the war, so far crippled the City that the Bank remonstrated with Pitt. More demands upon them, they said, would be ruin. In February 1797 an Order in Council was passed prohibiting the Bank from making any payment in specie, and in consequence the Directors issued a notice that they intended for the time to pay in notes; in order to make this possible, the Government authorised the Bank to issue notes for sums lower than five pounds and made these notes legal tender in every case except for the payment of the army and the navy.



KING'S MEWS
From an old print.

In the same year, frightened no doubt by the prospect of a long and perhaps unsuccessful war, and by the panic over the bank riots, the Common Hall passed a vote praying the King to dismiss his Ministers as the first step towards obtaining a speedy, honourable, and permanent peace. The King refused to receive the remonstrance except at a levee; the Livery refused to send it except to the King upon his throne, a right which they claimed. Another resolution against the Ministers was drawn up. On the other hand, a declaration of confidence in the Ministers received the signature of 2096 Liverymen. A meeting in favour of peace was next held in Palace Yard, Westminster, when a remonstrance was adopted even stronger in words than that of the Livery.

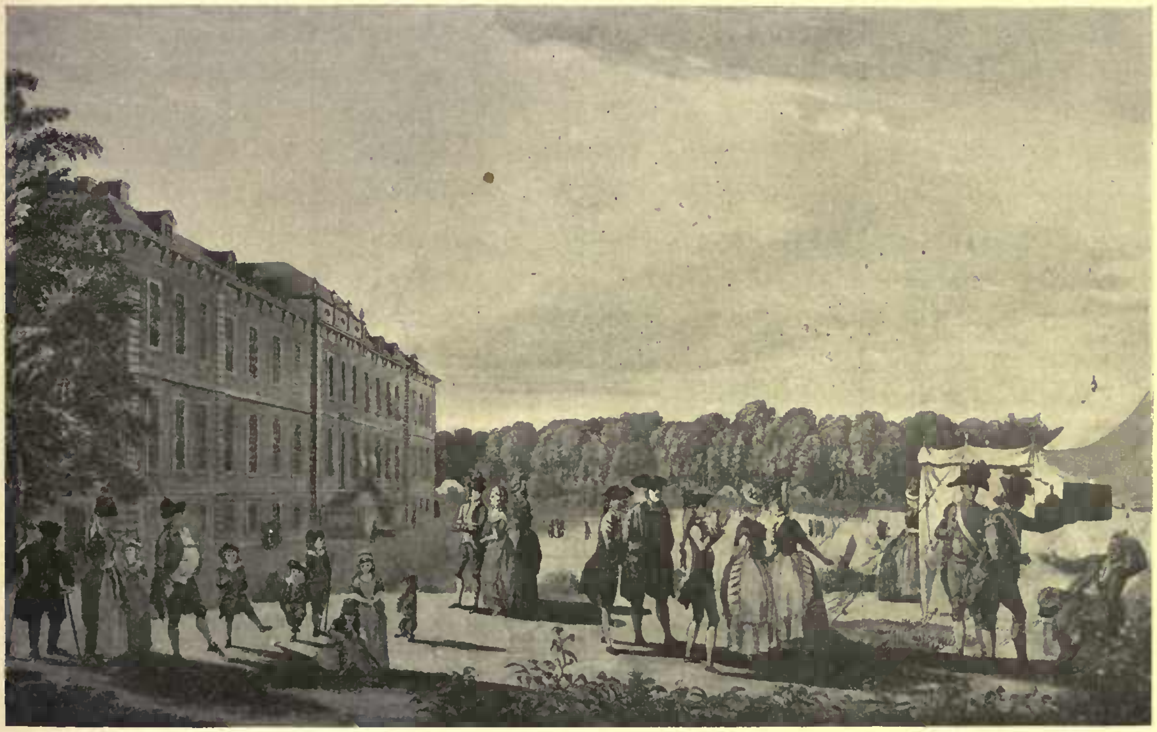
Dark indeed was the prospect and gloomy the situation in this year—1797. For now, not only were the French destroying the commerce of the country, but the very defenders, those on whom we most relied—our sailors—turned upon us. The mutiny of Spithead, followed by that of the Nore, was enough to make one believe that the sun of Great Britain had set for ever.

The City had yet to learn that they were in the hands of a most obstinate, tenacious, and powerful Minister serving under a monarch equally obstinate and tenacious. They continued to draw up petitions and to forge remonstrances. The Corresponding Society held another great meeting at Somers Town with the intention of passing resolutions and drawing up petitions. There was an immense assemblage; but although the people were orderly, the Riot Act was read and the soldiers dispersed the meeting without bloodshed. Again, when Pitt proposed increasing the assessed taxes, there were resolutions and meetings against the Act from the Common Hall, from the City of Westminster, from the wards and parishes of the City, condemning the measure. Yet Pitt passed it.

All this proved that the heart of the people was not with the war. They felt their own losses, and they had as yet little in the way of success in arms to cheer them on. Therefore it was wisely resolved to make a display and to create enthusiasm by a show of triumph. There had been three admirable naval victories: that of Lord Howe in June 1794; of Sir John Jarvis in February 1797; that of Admiral Duncan in October 1797. A day was therefore appointed for a National Thanksgiving, when the King and Queen, the Royal Family, the Officers of State, the Houses of Parliament, and the Mayor and Sheriffs attended a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's with a procession finer than had been seen in the memory of man. Such a manifestation could not fail of producing its effect. A voluntary subscription for the service of the country was opened. About two millions were raised in this way.

The air at this time was thick with rumours and threats: the French were about to descend upon our coasts; they would land in Ireland; the Irish were ripe for rebellion; it was necessary to increase as much as possible the defences of the country. The London Volunteers of this time were formed, practically of every able-bodied man in the City. The spirit of the City was rising. When the news arrived of Nelson's victorious action at the Nile, a public subscription was opened for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen. Nelson himself presented to the City the sword of the surviving French Admiral, which was ordered to be placed in the most conspicuous position in the Court of Common Council. The thanks of the Court, with a sword worth two hundred guineas, were voted to Nelson, and the freedom of the City, in a box worth one hundred guineas, was presented to Captain Berry.

Caricaturists have made capital out of the London Volunteers of 1798, but it is certain that great efforts were made to render them as efficient as was possible. They were trained and drilled; they numbered, in London alone, over 12,000; they were reviewed by the King, and performed all the evolutions required of them creditably.



A VOLUNTEER ENCAMPMENT

From a print published by P. Sandby, St. George's Row, London, May 1783.

On December 6, 1799, a meeting was held at the London Tavern to consider the relief of the poor, whose distress was very great. There had not been a general subscription for the purpose since the year 1795, when about £4000 had been collected. This money was spent in establishing soup-kitchens and giving gratuitous meals. The number of persons relieved was 40,000; the number of meals distributed was 750,000. It was resolved to renew the subscription of 1795.

The high prices of flour and corn caused, in 1800, certain serious riots at the

Corn Exchange. On September 15, about 1000 persons assembled and began to hiss and hoot the cornfactors and the mealmen. Some they hustled and some they pelted with mud. One they rolled in the kennel, and when he took shelter in a house they broke the windows. The Lord Mayor went in person, accompanied by one of the Sheriffs and an Alderman, to address the people and persuade them to disperse. In this laudable attempt he was only partially successful. A court of Aldermen was held, in which it was pointed out that violence only defeated its own object; that if prices could not go down, no dealers in corn would have orderly access to the Exchange. A royal proclamation against these riots was issued on the following day, which dealt with this as well as many other riots all over the country. The proclamation produced no effect in London, while tumults and riots against corn-dealers, butchers, bakers, cheesemongers, and all dealers in provisions continued for several days longer. The mob was kept down by the efforts of the City Volunteers. At the same time the Common Council thought the condition of the poor so serious that they addressed a petition to the King on the subject.

The King received the address graciously, and informed the Mayor that he had already convened the Parliament. Meetings were held by the freeholders of Middlesex on the same subject. They were unanimous in protesting that the principal cause of the scarcity and the high prices was the war, and that their representatives should be instructed to vote against its continuance whenever they found it possible.

Among the many addresses presented by the City to the King is one which should not be passed over, on the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Their sentiments are as follows:—

> "We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, approach the throne with the liveliest sentiments of congratulation on the very important event of the legislative union of your Majesty's kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Unshaken as we are in our firm allegiance to the best of kings, we contemplate with peculiar satisfaction every circumstance which, in its design or operation, can tend to the security and honour of your Majesty's crown, and thereby to the declared first object of your Majesty's heart, the welfare and prosperity of your people. The accomplishment of this great measure, founded in wisdom, and demonstrative of that paternal regard which your Majesty has ever evinced for every class of your subjects, the union of the two kingdoms, particularly affords, at this momentous crisis of public affairs, the gratifying prospect of consolidating the joint interest, energy, and resources of the empire, and of confirming, by a mutual participation of the peculiar blessings of each, the prosperity and happiness of both kingdoms."

The eighteenth century closed upon London more dismally than can be well understood. A tedious and exhausting war abroad; the trade of the country carried on by the protection of convoys; French privateers swarming in the Channel; bankruptcies everywhere; and, to crown all, a succession of cold and rainy summers causing a failure of the harvest, and wheat running up to more than £7 a quarter. The distress, indeed, was very terrible. A placard was put up on the Monument calling on the people to rise. Soup-kitchens were opened at which, in the winter of 1798, over 40,000 persons were relieved; the Archbishop of Canterbury moved in the House of Lords that every one should resolve not to consume more than one quartern loaf a week; bakers were forbidden to sell bread that was not at least twenty-four hours out of the oven; the distilleries were stopped; the importation of rice and fish was encouraged; the culture of potatoes was recommended; it was forbidden to make starch of wheat. There were riots, with the sack and wreck of certain houses. The felons of Cold Bath Fields Prison rose in revolt. The Volunteers, however, put down the tumults without bloodshed.

To those of us who are accustomed to think of the spirit of the people as indomitable and courageous in the highest degree, it will be disagreeable to discover that there was a general feeling at the end of the century that the country had seen her best days and was entering upon a period of decline. The ill success of the military operations in the war of 1793-1802 assisted to strengthen this belief. Colonel George Hanger (1798) says:—

> "When first I trod the paths of pleasure in this gay town, my country was arrived at the very height of national grandeur, and was not as yet on the decline. She was powerful, and respected all over the world; both her fleets and armies were victorious wherever they went; the country was rich, from many years' peace, after a glorious seven years' war. It was then that Great Britain, in the hour of her insolence, drew the jealousy and vengeance of the European powers. There was abundance in every part; the necessaries of life were at a moderate price; the people were happy, joyful, and contented; the middle man then lived well; the nobility and gentlemen were in general in a state of opulence; and there was scarcely such a thing to be seen in the land as a poor gentleman."

It was, perhaps, partly this prophetic feeling of decline which made Colonel Hanger desire an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the United States:—

> "Should I live to a good old age, I am confident that I shall hear of the northern and southern powers in America waging war with each other; when one party will solicit assistance from France; the other from Great Britain. It will then depend on the judgment of those men who, at that period, may be at the head of the French and British Councils, whether or not they will interfere in American disputes. In my humble opinion, it would be better for both countries to let them settle the matter amongst themselves. I will be so bold as to offer another opinion. We should give up Canada and Nova Scotia to the Americans, provided we could make this sacrifice the foundation of an alliance offensive and defensive with the United States; then we never should be obliged to send the prime of the British army to die like rotten sheep in the West India Islands. In America we could recruit forces for the West Indies with men inured to an hot climate, who would not suffer death and sickness in any degree equal to the new levies sent from England; with the additional advantage of keeping our army entire and in full vigour at home. I anxiously hope and trust I shall live to see the day when an alliance, offensive and defensive, will be formed between the two countries, as Great Britain and America may together defy the united powers of all Europe."

On October 10, 1801, General Lauriston arrived from Paris with the ratification of peace. The news was received with the utmost joy. Peace was not, however, proclaimed until April 29, 1802.

A great crowd gathered before the house of M. Otto, the French Minister, in

Portman Square. He had arranged an illumination with the word "Concord," a word unknown to them, which they confused with "Conquered," clearly a French insult. M. Otto, therefore, substituted the word "Amity." The crowd next discovered that there was no crown over the letters "G.R." M. Otto expressed his regret at the omission, which was promptly rectified.

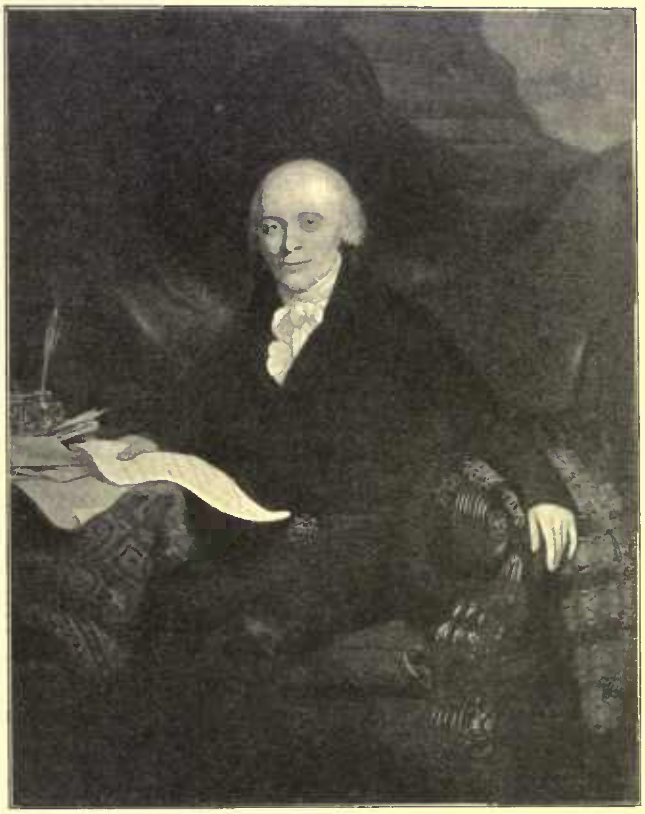
On November 17, 1802, the French Ambassador, M. Andreossi, arrived and was welcomed in London.

After little more than a year, the war began again, to be continued for twelve long years. At first an invasion was threatened; to meet that danger the King was empowered by the House to levy the whole people *en masse*. The London Volunteers were increased from 12,000 to 27,000. A patriotic fund for relief, aid, and reward amounted to £18,000. After the battle of Trafalgar, the body of Lord Nelson was brought home and buried in great state in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Once more the Livery endeavoured to get at the King with a remonstrance; once more the King refused to receive it, except at a levee.

It seems as if the constant reiteration of these remonstrances deprived them of whatever importance they might have had. It was ridiculous to keep on remonstrating to no effect. Moreover, the effect of the remonstrances was greatly impaired by the repeated assurances of loyalty and fidelity to the throne. What was the use of telling King or Regent that he had been trampling on the liberties of the country, violating rights, keeping Ministers in place who were destroying trade, when the next day the Mayor appeared with an address assuring His Majesty of their cordial support? Such, however, was the practice of the City. Had they refused any loyal address until a remedy of grievances was under consideration, they might have received a respectable attention from King and Ministers. Looking back, also, at the situation, we can understand the difficulties of the Government; we can well understand that the time, in the midst of the longest and most difficult war in which the country was ever engaged, was inopportune for the discussion of grievances. We can hardly expect to find Parliamentary Reform brought forward in the midst of a great war. The chance of bringing it forward arose from the House committing to prison a man named John Gale Jones for publishing an attack against its proceedings. Sir Francis Burdett publicly questioned the right of the House to commit any man to prison. Consequently the House proved its right by committing Burdett himself to the Tower. He refused to obey, and was therefore taken there by armed force. The Government apprehended a riot, and applied to the Mayor for permission to place troops in the storehouses along the river. The Mayor replied that he would keep the City quiet, but that the troops could only come on the express understanding that they were under the orders of himself or the City Marshal.

There was, after all, a riot, and the soldiers were roughly handled by the people, and at last, being forced in self-defence to fire, they killed a man named Ebrall and wounded others. Nothing, however, was done in consequence. The Livery called a special Common Hall to protest against the assumption by the House of Commons of the power of committing to prison the people of England for offences cognisable in the usual courts of law. They therefore drew up a petition, or remonstrance, to the House, which was couched in stronger words than had ever been used before. No good came of this remonstrance; none was expected; the great thing was to get it passed by the Common Hall and made public. They sent in another petition to the same effect, which was received in the same manner.



Walker and Cockerell.

RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL

From the painting by George Francis Joseph, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

On the commencement of the Regency the Court of Common Council drew up an address, a remonstrance, and a petition on the subject of parliamentary reform. Nothing came of it. There was no more chance of reform under the Regent than under the old King. The murder of Spencer Perceval, however, put a stop to agitation for reform; and the cheering events of the next two years,—the retreat of the Grand Army; the break-up of Napoleon's power; the revolt of Holland; the exhaustion of France; the abdication of May 1814,—made even the Court of

Common Council—even the Livery in Common Hall—acquiesce for the moment in existing evils, even in the evil of such a House of Commons.

At this time it was believed that peace would follow immediately, an expectation which proved unfounded; it was not till after four months more of fighting that Bonaparte resigned. The restoration of peace was accompanied by the arrival of the Czar and the King of Prussia. On this occasion, when all the world was mad with joy, loyalty, patriotism, and gratitude,—when the conduct of the Ministers and the memory of the remonstrances were put away and covered up,—the City was equal to the occasion, and distinguished itself by giving such a feast as should illustrate to these foreign potentates its own wealth and magnificence. This dinner cost, in fact, £20,347 : 5 : 2. When the Kings had departed the City remembered the Duke of Wellington, and on the 19th of July gave him, too, an entertainment. Rejoicings for peace were also celebrated by a great outdoor *fête*, at which there were fireworks, balloons, and a sham fight on the Serpentine. To crown all, the war with America was concluded. Happily for Britain, too, the last action at sea terminated in the striking of the American flag—the *President*—to the British frigate, the *Pomone*.[1]

The escape of Bonaparte from Elba, and the short war ending with Waterloo, do not seem to have caused much anxiety in London. In the House it was stated that the Allies were prepared to place a million of men in the field; it was known that France was exhausted; nothing could establish the power of Bonaparte except a quick succession of victories. Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June. On the 23rd of November news of the restoration of peace arrived; and the customary illuminations followed.

Such, briefly, is the history of London in connection with the great war. The citizens witnessed its commencement with a kind of dismay. They must choose between war, they were told, or massacres and riots such as those of France. If they chose war, then they must expect sacrifices, losses, bankruptcies, the capture of noble argosies, the expenditure of treasure incalculable. If peace, then the triumph of the man whom they associated with anarchy would be allowed and encouraged. They were between the devil and the deep sea. They chose the sea—it was a natural choice for an Englishman,—and after many years and much buffeting by storm and many wrecks, they put into port again, triumphant and successful. As for their trade, it grew and expanded during this time as if it had been a period of peace; the British possessions in India and the Far East were consolidated and strengthened; and the French power in the Indian Ocean was greatly injured by the taking, and the keeping, of the Mascarenhas group—yet we foolishly gave back the island of Bourbon. The wealth of London, despite taxation and the burdens of the war, actually increased during the war.

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[1] The *Pomone* shares the credit of this exploit with the *Endymion*, whose captain boarded her simultaneously with that of the *Pomone*.

XVI.—LONDON AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

In one respect London, at the close of the eighteenth century, was certainly inferior to that of a hundred years before. The political power of the City decreased during the whole of the century. We have seen the City presenting remonstrance after remonstrance, with no result whatever ; the opinion of the City was unheeded, either by King or by Ministers. We have observed and recounted many reasons for this decay of power and influence. We must take into account certain social reasons. Thus, we must remember the great change introduced into London by the yearly influx of the country gentry. For six months in the year the great majority of the country gentry were living at the West End—which was not the City. Next, the House of Commons, at this most miserable period in our constitutional history, was, as we have seen, the mere servant of the Government. Half the members were nominees, place-holders, place-seekers. Then, again, the character of the Corporation itself was lowered. Formerly the Aldermen and the Common Council had been, on the whole, merchants of the very highest repute and standing in the City ; they were also men of good family, as has already been pointed out more than once ; they were either the younger sons of ancient families—such as Whittington, Brembre, and Gresham—or they were the sons of these younger sons, as is manifest from their coats-of-arms. Towards the end of the last century they were too often retail tradesmen of humble origin — illiterate, ill-mannered, the contempt alike of the scholar and the aristocrat.

The younger sons had long ceased to enter the City ; the continual wars of the century demanded their services in the army and the navy ; the gentleman and the merchant became divided during this century by a chasm difficult to bridge over. The country yeoman, meantime, his estates increasing in value, had become a country squire ; the country squire looked down upon trade and the City ; the country clergyman, even, himself often a younger son, looked down upon trade. It was considered that a gentleman could only take money when it came in the form of rent, and could only traffic in land. The London merchant ceased to be educated at Eton and Cambridge ; what he was in 1815 may be learned from Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*. Now, Thackeray himself represented the point of view of a gentleman.

The Corporation of London has now been changed again ; it is once more composed for the most part of educated and cultured gentlemen : Alderman Gobble is no more ; he lies under a pyramid of granite at Kensal Green. The City has ceased to make remonstrances and to send up petitions for redress ; the business of grievance and redress, they now understand, belongs to the House of Commons.

It must, however, be clearly understood that in the eighteenth century the social position of the City, the social consideration of the citizens, went steadily lower and lower, and that part of the decay in power was due to the decay in social consideration. I have elsewhere dwelt again upon this point, which is of the greatest importance in the history of the City. Meanwhile the seditious feeling, which most excited the fears of the citizens in 1792, was dead, so far as could be discerned, in 1815. The Friends of the People and the Corresponding Societies had disappeared. The country had passed through the furnace of disaster and affliction, and had come out of it strong in the upholding of the Constitution established, of King, Church, Lords, and Commons. There remained, however, a few in whom the desire for reform was kept alive. Of these the world was to hear more in good time.

XVII.—AFTER THE WAR

Whether a war ends in glory or humiliation, victory or defeat, at the conclusion cometh the hour of reckoning. Then we understand, for the first time, the penalties we have to pay for the excitement and the glory of war. Then the country begins to realise the treasures which have been lavished, the blood that has been spilt, the heavy price which has been paid — never fully understood until the declaration of peace. Then it realises the price which has still to be paid, the price which no one considers when the country plunges into war. The heavy burden of debt, in this case a burden which many reflecting men feared would become intolerable and make Great Britain a bankrupt among the nations; the sudden cessation of the enormous demands for the armies and the fleets which in time of war create activity of trade; the consequent collapse of trade; the fall in prices of agricultural products; the swarms of discharged soldiers and sailors—after the year 1815 there were thousands of foreign seamen who, having entered our service and being dismissed at the close of the war, were literally starving in the streets; the discontents, riots, robberies, accusations, recriminations: these were among the penalties paid by the country for her struggle of two-and-twenty years. And the people had looked forward with so much hope to the return of peace and the halcyon days when the sword should be turned into a reaping-hook! Those who were children when the war first began had grown into manhood while the war continued. Those who were young men when the war began were in middle age before the war ended. The burdens of the time were terrible; all day long and every day the voice of war cried continually, "Bring out your young men." But still they fought on. There is not, I think, any story in the world's history more wonderful than that of Great Britain during this long war—now single-handed, now with this combination of allies, now with that, contending against the greatest captain and the greatest conqueror of any time, and beating him in the end.

The country consented to go on because the people hoped that peace would come at last. It came; but alas! it brought not the expected halcyon days. The destitute sailors crowded to the Mansion House for relief; they came to the number of two hundred a day. In the country ricks were fired—there was an epidemic of this mischief.

The high prices of agricultural produce in the war times had been of immense benefit to the landowners. In the towns, of course, these high prices had been a corresponding burden and grievance. The peace opened the ports to foreign grain, and the price of wheat went down; the first Corn Law was passed, against the protests of all the manufacturers and merchants, who protested that the trade of the country and the industries would go across to France and Holland.

The Government suspended the Habeas Corpus Act and proceeded to make arrests on charges of sedition. It is reasonable to suppose that the Regent and the Ministers did really believe that the distresses, the discontents, the riots, and the outcry for reform were due to natural causes only, unavoidable on the termination of the long war. They were sincere, we must believe, in thinking that if agitators could only be kept quiet the people would speedily settle down; as for the representation, it is quite certain that there were then a great many, as there are a few even now, who sincerely believed that the people have no right to interfere at all with the Government of the country, and that such a constitution as was then in force, which gave the conduct of affairs to a few families, and reduced the House of Commons to a body composed of servile nominees and placemen, was the wisest and the fittest that could be designed.

Moreover, because we cannot believe that the Regent and his Ministers really desired mischief to the country, we must remember that the French Revolution, with all its crimes, was fresh in the memory of men still young. They thought of the massacres; of the Reign of Terror; of a king, whose only fault was stupidity, sent to a shameful death; of the White Lily who laid her poor head upon the guillotine after treatment which, when one considers it, makes us wonder that all Frenchmen do not perpetually hang their heads for the shame and the disgrace of it; of an innocent boy tortured into insensibility. They could not but remember these things: of the real lessons taught by the rude upheaval they could not judge; it was too early in the century. We ourselves have hardly arrived at the power of reading clearly and impartially those lessons.

I mean, in a word, that we may credit both the Regent and the two Houses of Parliament and the Ministers with holding the sincere conviction, founded chiefly on what they called the lessons of France, that reform was revolution; that it was massacre; that it was the destruction of religion, and the sweeping away of the

Crown. Finally, they believed that the power was really and constitutionally vested in themselves—in the caste—and that the people had no claim to any power at all.

In consequence of the dangers disclosed by the Spa Fields Riot, the Common Council presented an address to the Regent setting forth the condition of the country and praying for reform. The Regent said, in reply, that he received the address with surprise and regret, and that the condition of things, though no doubt distressing, was due to natural and unavoidable causes. In return the Court protested against this theory of "unavoidable causes." When the Regent opened Parliament in January, stones were thrown at his carriage, one of its windows being broken.

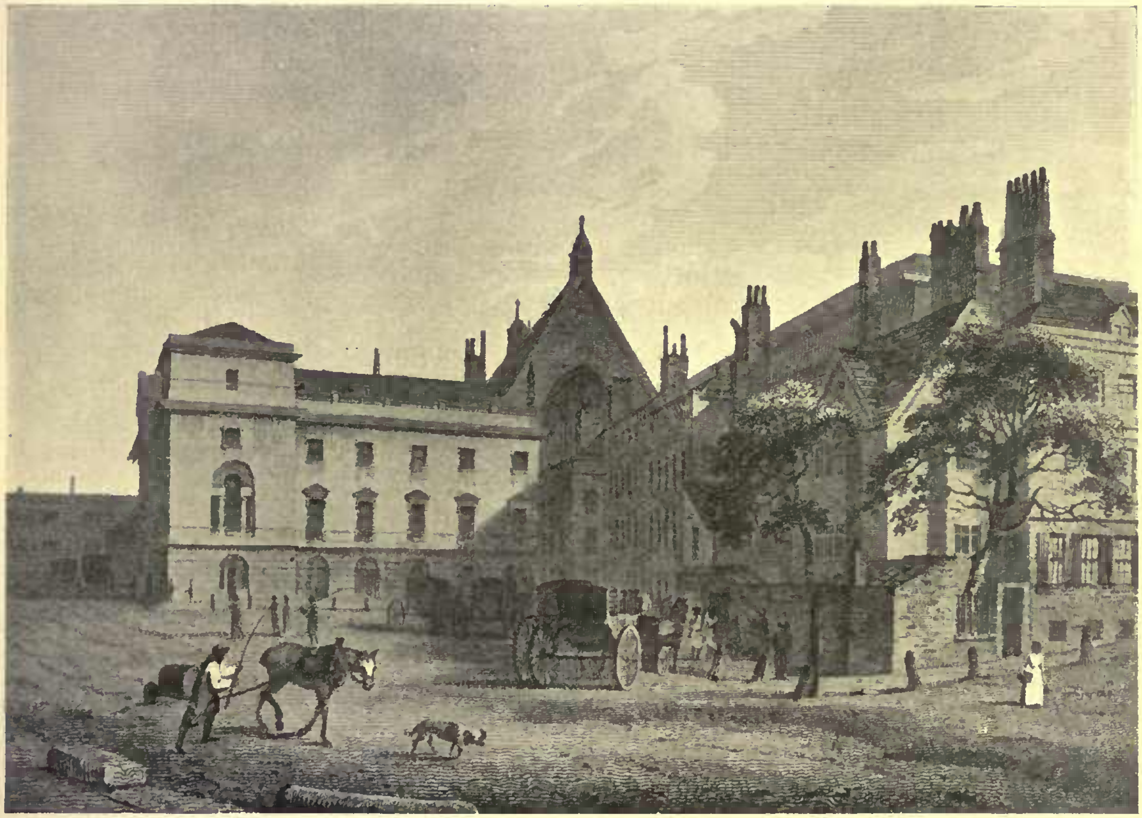
When Parliament resumed its sittings, the House of Commons must have been delighted at being told by the Common Council and Livery of the City of London that the "corrupt, dependent, and inadequate representation of the people" was the cause of all the national calamities—"the huge debt, the enormous military establishment, the profusion of sinecures, and the lavish expenditure of public money." They must have been encouraged—this house of bought placemen, nominees, and younger sons—at learning that all the City wanted was "an honest organ of the public voice controlling the servants of the Crown, and not an instrument in their hands to oppress the people."

It seems difficult now to understand this blindness to the reading of history; this deafness to all the lessons taught by the seventeenth century. Yet we must remember the difficulty of escaping from beliefs and prejudices learned from childhood upwards. The members of the House of Commons had seen, as if it was quite the natural and constitutional order of things, the rule of Great Britain by a caste. What had the people to do with power? How could the multitude rule?

It is seventy years since the caste began to be turned out of the House of Commons. Since then, the Upper House has received hundreds of families from the class below; the feeling of caste has been scotched, yet not destroyed; there are still some branches of the service which remain in the hands of the caste: the diplomatic, for instance; Court appointments; the Treasury; and a few other branches. There are no longer any placemen in the House; there are no longer any nominees; there are no longer any pocket boroughs; there are no more perpetual pensions; it is no longer pretended that the House is an aristocratic club. But there is no bitterness or jealousy felt by the middle class towards the caste which supplies all the ambassadors; there is a wide extension of the meaning of gentility, that is, as carrying with it social equality; younger sons are coming back to the City and crowding into the professions; and the number of professions is multiplied tenfold.

This anticipation of seventy years will perhaps help us to understand the truly monstrous conditions against which the City carried on a battle so long and so persistent. I believe, to repeat, that the King, the Lords, the House of Commons, and the Ministers held sincerely the belief that the disasters of the time were only natural and unavoidable accidents in the progress of the nation under the best of all possible Governments, where the rough and untrained voice of the people could never be heard. It was in order to make their opinions felt that the Ministers suspended the Habeas Corpus Act.

There was a certain bookseller named Hone—his books, *The Year Book* and *The Every Day Book*, are in every library. This man was arrested and tried on three several charges of publishing blasphemous pamphlets. He was acquitted on each one in turn. The City was indignant at this and at other arrests of a similar character. "They declared" (Sharpe, iii. 308), "that they had viewed with indignation and horror the vindictive cruelty with which Ministers had exercised their power since the suspension of the Act. Individuals had been torn from their wives and families, dragged to distant prisons and kept in irons, and afterwards released without being brought to trial, or even knowing the nature of the charges against them.



OLD PALACE YARD

From a print published by Colnaghi and Co., No. 132 Pall Mall, April 1, 1796.

The country had been flooded with spies and informers in the pay of the Government, and these inhuman wretches had endeavoured to incite simple and deluded men into acts of outrage and treason."

These are, doubtless, the words of exaggeration and of passion. But let us think what the condition of the country could be when such things could be declared and written down by the Folk Mote of the greatest city in the land!

The "Peterloo" massacre, as it was called, created the greatest interest and excitement in London. The largest meeting ever known in the north of England, gathered together in St. Peter's Field, Manchester, was dispersed, trampled upon, and ridden down by a body of yeomanry cavalry, without even, it is alleged, the reading of the Riot Act. Eleven persons were killed and many hundreds wounded. The principal speaker, Hunt, was arrested for high treason.

In London, meetings of indignation were held in Smithfield, in Palace Yard, Westminster—at which Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse spoke,—at the Guildhall, and elsewhere, denouncing the conduct of the Government. A letter addressed to the electors of Westminster on the subject was made the cause of a prosecution against Sir Francis Burdett. It was found necessary to relinquish the trial of Hunt, who drove from Manchester to London in one long triumphal procession. On entering London he was received by 200,000 persons. The Corporation presented an address of remonstrance to the Prince Regent, who received it with a reply which could scarcely be called encouraging to the friends of Reform.

XVIII.—QUEEN CAROLINE

The case of Queen Caroline belongs to the history of the Empire. In this place I consider only that part of it which concerns London.

Caroline Amelia Elizabeth (the second daughter of Charles, Duke of Brunswick), who had the misfortune to marry George, Prince of Wales, was born on the 17th of May 1768. She was married on the 8th of April 1795 to the Prince of Wales. Her daughter, Princess Charlotte, was born on the 7th of January 1796. The unhappiness of the marriage; the separation of the pair; the charges brought against the Princess; the famous "Delicate Investigation"; the breakdown of the case against her; the Secret Committee of 1820; her trial; the Bill of Pains and Penalties; her exclusion from the Coronation ceremony; the enthusiasm of her supporters;—all these things are well-known matters of history. What follows is less-known matter concerning the action of the City.

The temper of the people was shown after the proclamation of George the Fourth, when the streets of London were placarded with the following bill:—

"Long live the King,
His Majesty George the Fourth,
and the Queen Consort,
Her Majesty Caroline;
May they reign together
For ever and ever.
Huzza! Huzza!"

In the case of the unfortunate Queen, the City, from the beginning, saw nothing but a persecuted and innocent and deeply wronged woman. She was separated from the Regent and made to reside, almost like a prisoner, at Blackheath. A private inquiry into her conduct was set on foot by the House of Lords. The Livery of London presented her with an address of sympathy, and the Common Council congratulated her on her escape from a "foul and atrocious conspiracy against her life and honour." This address was not allowed to be published in the *Gazette*. The Court of Aldermen held aloof. In 1813 she left England and remained on the Continent until the death of the old king, when she returned.

A second secret inquiry into her conduct was held by the Lords, and a Bill was brought in the House of Lords for depriving the Queen of her title and dissolving her marriage. The Queen was put on her defence; every one knows how Brougham conducted it to a successful issue. London was illuminated; addresses of congratulation were poured in; the freedom of the City was given to her counsel.

The Common Council addressed the King, urging upon him the dismissal of his Ministers, and pointing out with great boldness that the late proceedings against the Queen had drawn forth "the reprobation of the great body of the people."

The following notes show the feeling of the Londoners. The first is a scene which took place at Drury Lane Theatre during the performance of *Othello*. In the fourth act Emilia speaks:—

"*Emilia.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.'

She was interrupted by loud applause from all parts of the house.

"*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!'

Thunders of applause.

"*Emil.*—Why should he call her whore?"

Immense applause.

"Who keeps her company?
What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?"

The pit stood up and cheered.

"The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west."

The pit stood up again, the men waved their hats, and the women their handkerchiefs; the acclamations throughout the whole house were loud and general, and lasted for several minutes.

The Queen's reception in the streets, whenever she appeared, was enthusiastic in the highest degree. The City was illuminated when the Bill of Pains and Penalties against her was abandoned.

After these rejoicings the Queen paid a visit in state to St. Paul's Cathedral.

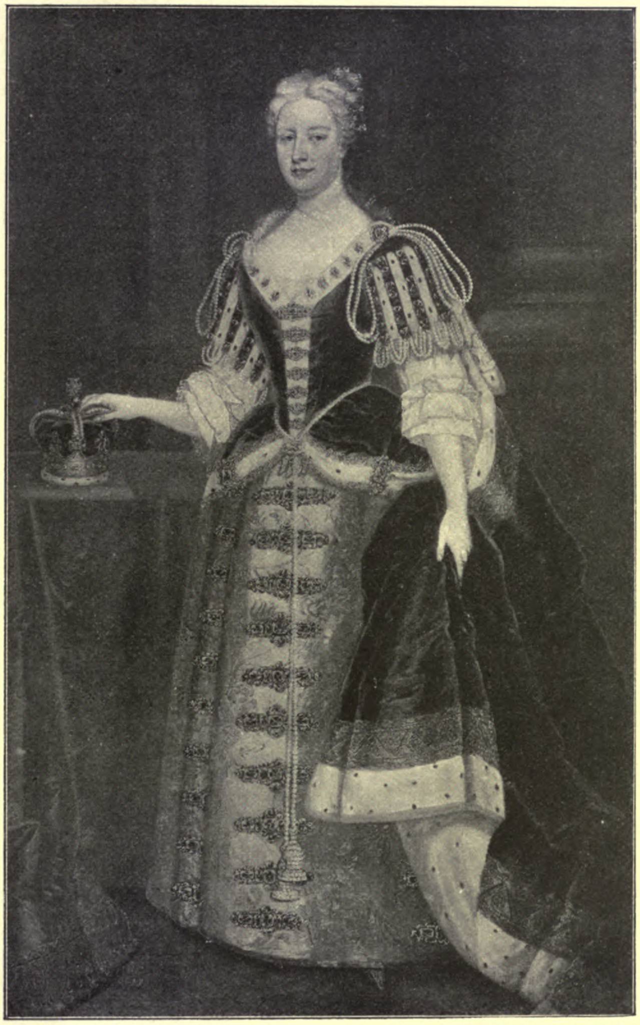
In January 1821 the Common Council petitioned both Houses for the restoration of the Queen's name in the Liturgy, and for making a proper provision for her. It also demanded an inquiry into the manner in which her prosecution had been brought about. There was no inquiry into that manner, because everybody knew perfectly well at whose instigation it was set on foot. But the House of Commons granted the Queen an annuity of £50,000.

In August of that same year she died, and the opinion of the City as to her treatment was shown unmistakably at her funeral. It is a truly wonderful illustration of the weakness of the Executive at that time.

In order to prevent any attempt at a popular demonstration, it was resolved that the procession should avoid the City altogether; a route was laid down from Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, where the Queen died, through Kensington, Park Lane, Oxford Street, then Uxbridge Road, Tottenham Court Road, the New Road, the City Road, and so by Mile End to Romford, after which it would proceed through Chelmsford and Colchester. The mob, however, were equally resolved that the procession *should* go through the City. They therefore blocked every turning and every road except those which led into the City.

Observe that this blockade must have taken many men a great many hours; the obstructions were serious and not such as could be set up, or removed, in a few minutes. They were outside the jurisdiction of the City, yet there must have been magistrates in Westminster to learn what was going on. No one seems to have interfered, however; no one seems to have told what was going on. Yet here were barricades consisting of carts and waggons, paving-stones, and whatever else could be found. And at every barricade a company to guard it.

The procession started, followed by an immense multitude hooting and crying. A company of Life Guards accompanied the *cortège.* When they arrived at Kensington Gore they found the gates of the Park closed, and the people behind shouting, "To the City, to the City!" Park Lane was blockaded; they therefore crossed the Park to Cumberland Gate. This was closed, and only opened after a fight between the soldiers and the mob. The latter hurled stones at the soldiers; when several men had been hurt, the soldiers fired, killing two men and wounding others. However, they got through the gate and proceeded down Edgware Road



Walker and Cockerell.

QUEEN CAROLINE

From the painting by Enoch Seeman in National Portrait Gallery.

and the New Road as far as the Tottenham Court Road, where the mob were so determined that the conductors gave way and actually did take the procession through the City at the bidding of the mob. After going through the City the funeral pursued the rest of its intended route to Romford and to Harwich, where the body of the unfortunate Queen was taken on board and carried to the Continent. She lies among her own people in the Cathedral of Brunswick.

The Court of Common Council, in an address to the King (December 7, 1820), once more urged the dismissal of the Ministers. They were so ill advised as to mention the case of the Queen. The King informed them that he received their address with "the most painful feelings," and that it would serve no other purpose than "to inflame the passions and mislead the judgment of his subjects and to aggravate his own difficulties."

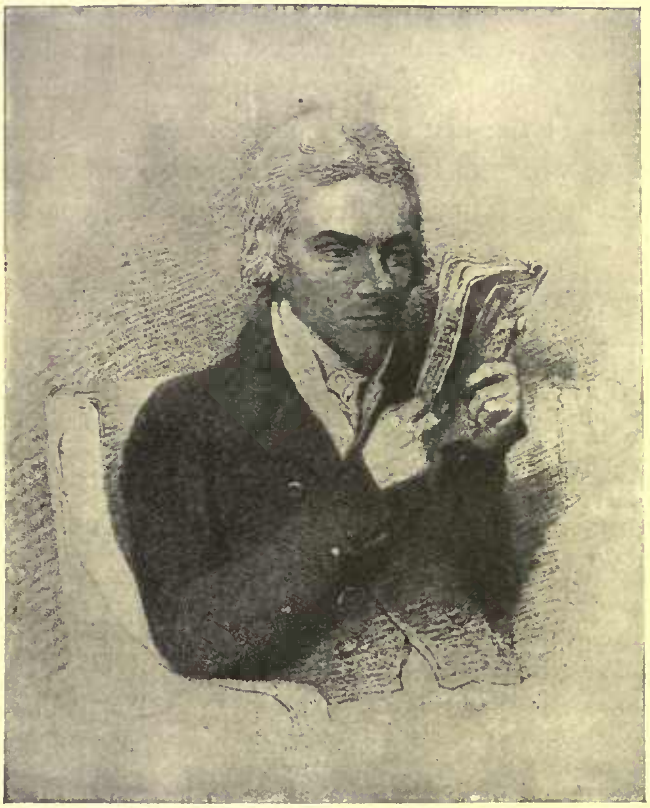
XIX.—THE SLAVE-TRADE

The part taken by London in the slave-trade was very considerable. In the earlier part of the eighteenth century the Royal African Company considered the slave-trade as the principal part of their business. They carried away, says Strype, from the Gold Coast, gold, gold dust, elephants' teeth, hides, ambergris, wax, redwood, Malagutta or Guinea pepper, "besides the great quantities of negro slaves for the supply of our American plantations; by whose labour and the planters' industry, the King and his subjects are very much richer." Public opinion was slow in awakening to a sense of the terrible cruelty and savagery of the trade.

It was at Edinburgh, on June 15, 1778, that the Lords of Session, by a majority of ten to four, gave judgment in favour of the freedom of negroes in this country. This was the first general decision on this great question. There had been special cases tried before, as whether the master of a negro in Britain was entitled to take a legacy left to the negro—given against the master. Or whether the master could put a negro in fetters and send him beyond seas—given against the master. By this general decision, however, the freedom of every negro was assured him from the moment of his setting foot on British ground.

The cases of Strong and Somerset are the best known on the slave question in English Courts. In the former case the man's master found him at large in the streets of London and brought him before the Lord Mayor. The negro was discharged, there being no charge against him. The latter's being arrested as a fugitive in the year 1772 gave rise to the famous declaration—not, however, a judicial decision—that no slave can exist in this kingdom.

It became necessary to educate the people in the reality and meaning of the slave-trade. The writers of the pamphlets and papers on the subject caused the facts of the case to be widely spread abroad. They were chiefly Quakers—the names of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others, occur to everybody. They related how the villages in Africa were raided by the slave-hunters; how men, women, and children were driven down to the coast; how they were sold to the traders and forced on board; how the passage across was accompanied by the most horrible sufferings; how they were sold on landing; families parted; wives separated from their husbands, mothers from their children. The education of the people took a long time, but it was thorough. Read, for instance, the following note on the treatment of the people on board ship (*Annual Register*, 1788):—



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

From the unfinished painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, *P.*R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

"The state in which these unfortunate creatures was found is shocking to every principle of humanity. Seventeen men, shackled together in pairs, by the legs, and twenty boys, one on the other, in the main hold, a space measuring 18 feet in length, 7 feet 8 inches main breadth, and 1 foot 8 inches in height; and under them the yams for their support. One of these unfortunate creatures was in the last state of dysentery, whose natural evacuations ran involuntarily from him amongst these yams, creating an effluvia too shocking for description. On their being released from irons, their appearance was most distressing; scarcely one of them could stand on his legs, from cramp and evident starvation. The space allowed for the females, thirty-four in number, was even more contracted than that for the men, measuring only 9 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 8 inches main breadth, and 2 feet 7 inches in height, but not being confined in irons, and perhaps allowed during the day to come on deck, they did not present so distressing an appearance as the men."

Pitt, in 1788, supported a Bill for the Better Regulation of the Slave-trade; and in 1789 Wilberforce brought forward Twelve Propositions for the consideration of the Committee to whom had been submitted the Report of the Privy Council, various petitions for the abolition of the slave-trade, and other papers relative thereto. These considerations had great weight, and the proposed abolition was supported by Fox and Burke, and by Pitt himself. But the French War broke out, and Wilberforce had to wait until 1807, when the Abolition Bill was passed.

The propositions of Wilberforce, however, present a picture of the trade in 1789 which should form part of the history of London trade and London manners, since these things were done with the knowledge, consent, approbation, and to the profit of the London merchants. They are here presented in a condensed form (*Annual Register*, 1789):—

"I. The number of slaves annually carried from the coast of Africa in British vessels is about 38,000. Those taken to the British West India Islands average 22,500. Those who stay in those islands average 17,500.

II. Most of the negroes are brought from the interior parts of the continent. They consist of:—

- (i.) Prisoners in war.
- (ii.) Freemen sold for debts or for various crimes.
- (iii.) Domestic slaves sold by their masters.
- (iv.) Persons made slaves by acts of oppression, violence, or fraud.

III. The trade encourages tribal wars and oppression of all kinds; false charges and unjust convictions.

IV. A more profitable trade might be carried on with Africa in the commodities which she produces.

V. The sickness and mortality of our sailors on these coasts are very great.

VI. The method of transporting the slaves from Africa to the West Indies exposes them to many and grievous sufferings, in consequence of which a large number die on the voyage.

VII. Even after arrival in the West Indies a large proportion die of diseases contracted on the voyage; this proportion, in the harbour of Jamaica, is estimated at 4½ per cent of the whole number which arrive.

VIII. There is a considerable loss during the first three years after landing.

IX. The natural increase of population is checked by the inequality of the sexes; the dissolute manners of the slaves; the development of particular diseases owing to severe labour and bad food; and the mortality among children.

X. The number of slaves in Jamaica is 256,000.

XI. The number of slaves in Barbadoes is 62,000.

XII. In other islands the number of slaves is so great that no inconvenience or loss would follow on the discontinuing any further importation of African slaves."

The slave-trade was prohibited in 1807. This Act was strengthened by that of 1811, which made the slave-trade felony. In 1834 the slaves in all the Colonies were declared free. No fewer than 770,280 slaves were declared free, and their owners were compensated by a grant of twenty millions sterling. What part did the City take in abolishing slavery? When Pitt, in 1788, introduced his Bill for the Regulation of the Trade, and Wilberforce advanced his Twelve Propositions, the City threw its influence into the scale and continued in support of the Bill and its successors as long as support seemed in any way useful.

Between 1792 and 1814 little was done in the matter by the City; other things of greater importance pressed and had to be considered. When, however, it was found that peace was concluded without any guarantee against the revival of the trade in places where it had been abolished by Great Britain, a strong feeling was awakened in the City against this surrender of the rights of humanity. A petition was presented to both Houses, praying that they would press upon the Government the necessity of retaining these rights.

XX.—PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

We have seen some of the earlier efforts made to bring about a measure of Parliamentary Reform. Protest after protest was made; one reformer after another was sent to prison; reform seemed to recede, rather than to advance, yet it really did advance. We must remember that, in the absence of education, of newspapers, and of rapid communication, it was far more difficult than at present to make any cause advance. At the same time, certain facts became known and sank deeply into the minds of men; as, for example, that the total number of members of the House of Commons returned by private patronage in England and Wales alone amounted to 309. In addition a great number of members were placemen, actually in the pay of the Ministers; many boroughs returning one or more members no longer existed; many of the most important towns in England were actually without representation at all.

Let us now consider the part played by the City in the last act of the long Drama of Reform. Return, first, to the manifesto of the "Friends of the People" Society, issued in 1793 (*Annual Register*, 1793, p. 98):—

> "The immediate duty of this Society is to state briefly to the people of the kingdom, for whose benefit we have acted, in what situation the cause of reform, and they who are engaged in it, are left by the late transaction in Parliament. In so good a cause, it is honourable to have contended, and with a firm conviction that on its success depend the happiness and liberties of the nation, we can never suffer ourselves to despair. We are not deterred or disappointed by the present decision of the House of Commons, for neither is this decision final, nor is it a question in which we were particularly entitled to expect that truth and reason would be supported by superior numbers. We are not discouraged by this defeat. It would, indeed, be a ground of discouragement to us, if we could believe that the people of England were really unwilling to promote a change in the construction of the House of Commons, or indifferent about it. Such, however, is the conclusion drawn by our opponents, from the silence of the principal cities and counties on the present occasion. We trust that we shall be furnished with a practical answer to this objection by numerous and strong declarations and petitions from a great majority of the kingdom. These

are the means, and the only means, by which we expect or desire to succeed. If the country in general will unite with us in demanding a reform in Parliament, we have no doubt of its being obtained in a regular parliamentary way, without a hazard of any kind."

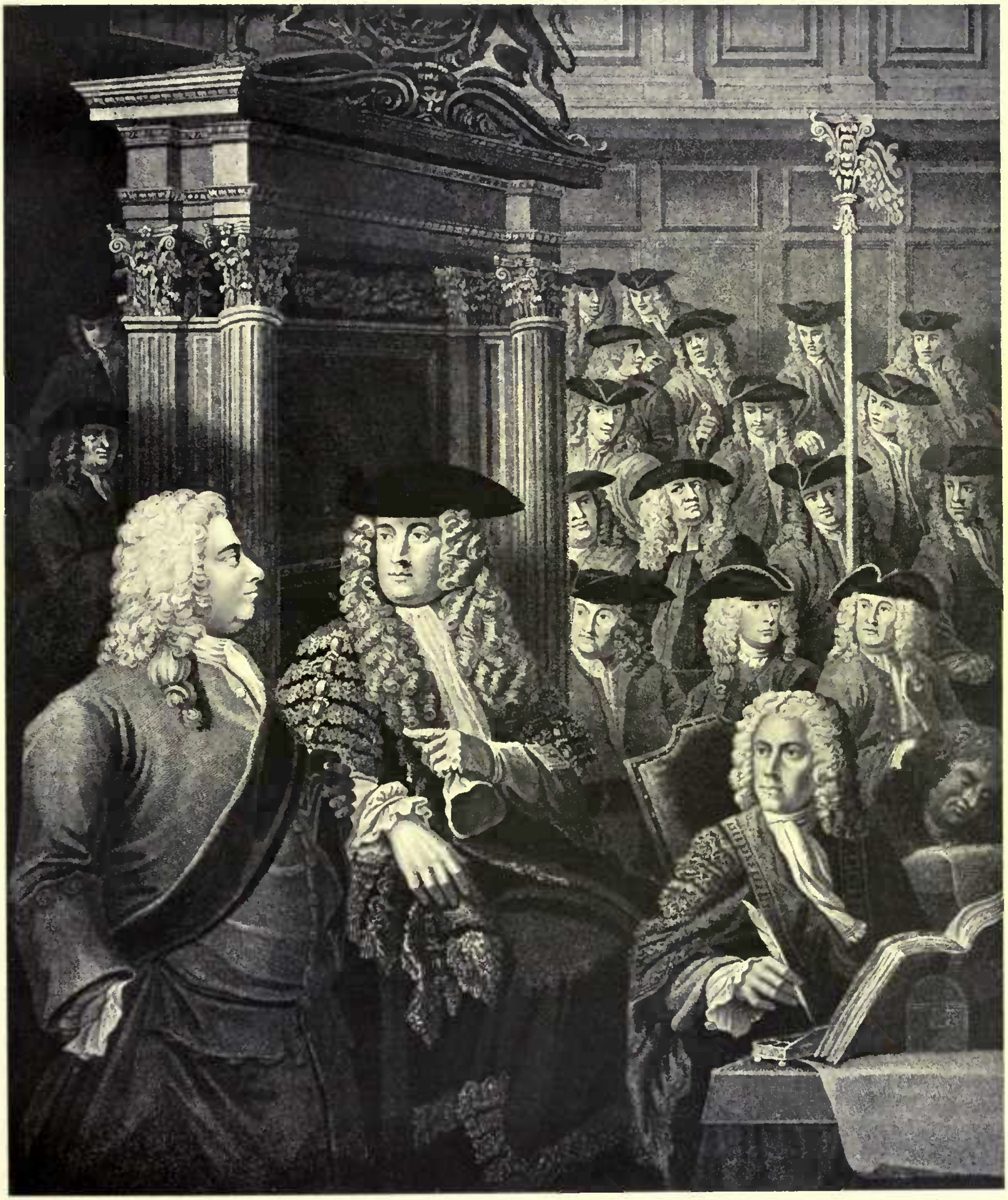
In April 1809 a Bill for the Better Preservation of the Purity of Parliament was introduced by Mr. Curwen. This Bill was at first supported by Ministers, but was afterwards frittered away by alterations. The Bill provided for an oath that should be taken by every member as to the purchase of a borough. This was felt, very rightly, to be only opening the door to every kind of evasion and perjury. It was followed by a much stronger Bill from Sir Francis Burdett. He proposed that all persons who paid direct taxes to the State, the Church, and the poor, should have a vote; that the country should be divided into electoral districts; that the elections should be carried out all on one day, and that the duration of the House should be brought under discussion.

The contemporary chronicler considers the possible effect of these propositions, which approach very closely to our present system. There would be a loss of patriotism, he thinks, but does not explain how this was to be brought about; members would recklessly promise places and pensions to all their electors,—of course he fails to observe that it would be useless to promise anything to so large a constituency; the electors would be notoriously under the influence of the landlords, and would have to buy their leases,—he does not as yet suspect the existence of a ballot. What the people should be taught was, not the need of reform in Parliament, but in themselves; when they began to show a true appreciation of the situation, and not till then, reform could be spoken of.

The career of Sir Francis Burdett—scholar, traveller, orator, reformer—belongs to the history of Parliamentary Reform. Part of it belongs particularly to that of London, not so much as member for Westminster, but for the demonstrations which took place in his honour in the year 1810.

The question before the House was the exclusion of strangers and the secrecy of debates. There has always been among the members a disposition in favour of secrecy. We have seen it crop up in our own days. Many members in the year 1810 were very strongly in favour of excluding strangers altogether. It was a debate on conducting the inquiry into the Scheldt affair with closed doors that caused the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett. His own temper and views of the matter are indicated by his first remarks (*Annual Register*, 1810, p. 90).

Sir Francis Burdett said that if he could see in that House a body of gentlemen fairly and freely selected by the people, as the guardian of their rights, then indeed he should see no particular objection to the inquiry being conducted in secret, and the evidence being given to the public in the manner now proposed. Unfortunately, however, the House stood before the country in circumstances of great suspicion. It had been considered by some that, in point of character, they were on their last



Sir Robert Walpole.
Rt. Hon. Arthur Onslow.
Sydney Godolphin, Father of the House.
Sir James Thornhill.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION

From an engraving by A. Fogg, after the picture by Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill.

legs. As for his part, he greatly feared that, in point of reputation, the House had not a leg to stand upon.

Outside the House there were still carried on some of those debating societies and political clubs which had caused the Government so much jealousy and suspicion at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Among them was a club called the British Forum, held at 33 Bedford Street, Covent Garden. The President of this society was a certain John Gale Jones, an apothecary, formerly an active member in the Corresponding Society, and a preacher of the doctrines on which Hardy and others were tried in 1793. Apparently John Gale Jones lived upon his political principles, for we are told that as President he received the entrance money—one shilling; paid for the rent of the room and for the candles; and put the remainder in his own pocket. The meetings were held twice a week. On Monday, February 19, 1810, the town was placarded with a bill against Ministers. In consequence of this placard, the printer, John Dean, was summoned before the House of Commons and committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms. Next day John Gale Jones was also placed at the bar of the House. He behaved with very little spirit, expressed his contrition, and threw himself upon the mercy of the House. He was committed to Newgate. A few days later, when Burdett, who had been ill, was sufficiently recovered to attend the House, he rose in his place and protested against the imprisonment of any Englishman by a warrant of the House. His speech on the occasion was most brilliant and most powerful. He moved that Jones should be discharged. The motion was lost. For it, 14; against it, 153. Sir Francis therefore wrote a paper addressed to his constituents, in which he set forth his case as before the House, but in greater detail. This paper was published in Cobbett's *Weekly Political Register*. This paper, laid before the House of Commons, was considered a violation of the privileges of the House. In the discussion that followed it is pleasing to find the great name of Sir Samuel Romilly on the side of common sense and moderation; on the same side, too, was Sheridan. But the wrath of the House was against Burdett, who had charged the House with being, in point of character, "on its last legs." A resolution was carried for the commitment of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower. This was early on Saturday morning. The Speaker signed the warrant before half-past eight and ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to carry it into effect before ten. The Sergeant, perhaps from some sympathy with the prisoner, did not present the warrant until five in the afternoon. Sir Francis then agreed to go with him at eleven o'clock on Sunday. But at eight the Sergeant returned; he had received a severe reprimand from the Speaker on account of his delay; Sir Francis must come with him at once. Sir Francis refused; he had written to the Speaker. His house was in Piccadilly, a noble thoroughfare for the display of mob law. Early on Sunday morning the mob collected in that street; all Sir Francis's constituents were there. The Speaker's messenger arrived at seven; the door remained closed; the crowd increased; it was manifestly unsafe to attempt an arrest by violence. All day long the messengers waited for an opportunity; but none came.

Meanwhile the Speaker, in some doubt as to his warrant, asked advice and assistance of the Attorney-General, by whose counsel he requested of the House military assistance. Accordingly, on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, a respectable body of twenty-five police, and a detachment of cavalry, arrived to carry off the prisoner. After a show of resistance, Sir Francis allowed himself to be carried to the carriage, and was driven, to avoid the crowd, round the "northern skirts" of the town—I believe along Holborn and Smithfield—to the Tower. The mob all Sunday had been smashing windows and making everybody take off his hat and cry "Burdett for ever!" On Sunday they ran along the streets and into the City; they waited for the return of the soldiers, and assailed them with volleys of stones.

Sir Francis's letter to the Speaker also gave great offence, but in this case calmer counsels prevailed, and it was agreed to say no more about it.

Meantime the Livery of the City of London held a Common Hall to consider the subject, and drew up a petition, full of indignation, against what they called the "discretionary power assumed by the Commons over the liberties of the people." The electors of Westminster addressed their members with equal indignation, and petitions were presented from Middlesex, Reading, Berkshire, Nottingham, Kingston-upon-Hull, Rochester, Sheffield, and Southwark. When the day arrived for the release of the prisoner, great preparations were made to receive him. Meantime there was a semaphore at Westminster which communicated with the Tower. By means of this Sir Francis was released before the time, and either persuaded to go or placed in a boat, and so taken home by water. It only remains to add that Mr. John Gale Jones, who had intended to make capital, not only out of an illegal imprisonment, but also out of being turned illegally out of prison, was got out of Newgate by a subterfuge, so that he had not this grievance.

At the General Election of July 1830 there was great excitement, and many seats were gained for the popular cause. But the Duke of Wellington found himself in a majority, and therefore was able to put down his foot, which he did in his well-known firm and straightforward manner—a manner which prevented any misunderstanding. There was no need of any reform; the country was perfectly satisfied with things as they were; he himself should oppose any change. Brougham, on the announcement of these sentiments, declared that he should bring forward a Bill for reform that day fortnight. The general excitement was so great, that the King was advised not to venture into the City for the banquet of the 9th of November, and the Lord Mayor Elect warned the Duke of Wellington of the risk he would run by driving through the streets on that day. On the 15th of November, the day before Brougham's motion was to come on, the Common

Council was summoned to consider it. The Court passed the following resolutions (Sharpe, iii. p. 331):—

> "Resolved that this court, as the representative body of the citizens of London, having at various times expressed its opinion of the propriety and necessity of a revision of the present state of the representation of the Commons in Parliament, is called upon, in an especial manner at the present moment (after the declaration of the first Minister of the Crown, that the representation is satisfactory to the country), to make a renewed avowal of its conviction, that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, is as far from being satisfactory to the country as it is from being a real representation of the people.
>
> Resolved that the power now exercised by various peers and other interested persons of returning a large portion of the members, is wholly incompatible with the true end and design of a House of Commons, which in principle and in practice ought to be a representation not of a private, but of general interests, an effectual control upon taxation and the public expenditure, and the organ by which the Commons of the realm may fully exercise that share in the legislature to which, by the constitution, they are entitled.
>
> Resolved that petitions, founded upon these resolutions, be forthwith presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying them to institute a full and faithful inquiry into the state of the representation, with the view to the remedying of such defects therein as time and various encroachments have produced, so as to give real effect to the essential principles of the constitution, namely, that members of Parliament shall be freely chosen, that peers shall not interfere in elections, and that in the House of Commons the King may with truth be said to meet his people in Parliament."

The Ministers resigned. The new Prime Minister was Lord Grey; with him was Lord John Russell, who took charge of the Reform Bill and introduced it on March 1, 1831. The Common Council and the Livery hastened to express to the King their satisfaction at the new policy. They expressed their lively satisfaction at the principles of the new measure and their increasing conviction of the necessity of reform.

The Bill passed a second reading by a narrow majority. The Government, however, being defeated in an amendment, withdrew the Bill, dissolved the Parliament, and went to the country. Understand what that meant. A great number of seats in the House were pocket boroughs, whose members were mere nominees; many others were in the hands of a few electors who had to be bought; in all, there was the whole strength of the aristocratic party put forth with one consent against the popular demand. The country had to be practically unanimous. The elections proved in favour of the reformers. The Bill, therefore, was again brought in, and passed the House of Commons on September 21, 1831.

But the battle was not yet won. There was the House of Lords. Would that House surrender tamely the greatest part of its power—the possession and the control of the Lower House? Think, if you can, what that means. It is the Lower House which controls the purse; it is the purse which rules the country; the Lords, while they controlled the Commons, ruled the country. As for the King, he certainly felt himself safer in the hands of the Lords than in those of the people.

The House of Lords did exactly what was expected: it threw out the Bill.

Thereupon the City once more interfered. The Common Council passed an address, in which it deplored the action of the Lords in "turning a deaf ear to the nation's voice, and throwing out the great Bill for consolidating the peace, prosperity, and liberties of the people." And it warned the King that the most fearful national commotions would follow if the Bill, or some other Bill of the same kind, were not speedily passed.

The King, either because he was naturally a kind-hearted king, less touched with the spirit of caste than his late brother, or because it was thought politic to keep the City in good temper, received the address graciously, and begged the Lord Mayor and the Council to do their best for the suppression of riots.

But this the Lord Mayor and all the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Councilmen together could not do. The blood of the people was up all over the country. It was evident that not reform, but revolution, was to be feared, and revolution of a kind which the whole of the better class, the educated class, the cultivated class, if it would not fight and riot in the streets, would not stir a hand to suppress. Looking back upon that time, one cannot avoid speculating as to what would have happened had the King and Lords held out: had the King refused to create peers enough to carry the Bill; had the Lords persisted in throwing it out. One sees the rising of vast hordes over the whole of the country; the hasty arming; the destruction of country-houses and ancient monuments; the meeting with the troops; the desertion of whole regiments; the dismay of the City, not knowing whether to welcome these Children of Revolution—her own creation—or to retain her ancient loyalty to the King; the final surrender of the King and a period of mob rule not unlike that in France under the unfortunate Louis Seize;—all these things were possible in the autumn of 1831. And all these things were very much in the minds of men as the news came in of riots in Bristol; riots in Nottingham; riots in Birmingham; riots in Derby; riots in the streets of London: not disorderly riots only, with the assistance of a few good-natured roughs who looted what they could; but determined assemblies of men in grim earnest and of ugly temper, who pulled down and destroyed merely as earnest and indication of what they meant to do. I suppose that the country was never in real danger of revolution, because at the last moment the King was certain to give way. The danger was that the King might not understand when the last moment had arrived.

On December 12, 1831, the Bill was again brought in by Lord John Russell, and on the 23rd of March it passed the House of Commons. On the 7th of May the Bill was brought before the Lords. Again it was thrown out, this time by an amendment by Lord Lyndhurst.

Lord Grey therefore resigned. The news was received by the whole country with something like consternation. The papers appeared in mourning. The Court of Common Council passed an address to the House of Commons expressing their mortification that the King had not given Lord Grey the means of securing the Bill—in other words, had not created new peers enough to make it safe; and they prayed the House to vote no supplies until the Bill was passed. The Livery of London, at the same time, in Common Hall, appealed to the King and to the House of Commons.

If addresses and petitions and remonstrances could avail, the Bill was safe. Fortunately, there were other forces at work, stronger than any petition and remonstrance. It is well, however, to chronicle the fact that the Common Council and the Livery left no stone unturned from the commencement of the agitation until the passing of the Bill.

That was no longer delayed. Even the Duke of Wellington seems to have understood at last that revolution was intended if reform were not granted. Aristocrat though he was, the Duke was the last man to desire civil war or to desire the command of the British Army against British rebels. He agreed with Lord Grey on a line of action. It was understood that the Ministers were to be recalled and that the Bill was to be passed.

The Lords yielded in the most dignified way possible. When the Bill was brought before them on June 7, 1832, the Duke of Wellington rose in his place, and, followed by a hundred peers, including the whole Bench of Bishops, left the House. The rest was simple. We remark, with amazement, that the whole Bench of Bishops left with Wellington. It is quite certain that at the present day the whole Bench of Bishops would remain. The change is significant. It means a complete revolution. The Church of England was then the Church of the aristocracy and the better sort. Most of the Bishops belonged by birth to noble or territorial families; the Deaneries, Canonries, and the comfortable livings were filled up by clergymen who belonged to good families; a beneficed clergyman was expected by the country-people to be a gentleman; in the towns they expected him to be a scholar. What the Church did for the people was to open its doors. There was the Church; there were the Church services; there was the clergyman ready to marry, to baptize, to bury, and to preach. But the constitution of the Church, like that of the State, was aristocratic; the people had neither vote, nor representation, nor share in it. The Reform Act of 1832 might be followed by a Reform Act Ecclesiastical. We have got on without that second Reform Act. But the Church is no longer an aristocratic institution. It is no longer necessary to be a member of some great family in order to become a bishop; and the Church has now begun to go out among the people, to live with them and among them, to be of them; and the people have begun to understand, which they certainly did not understand in 1832, that the Church belongs to them and exists for them. But in 1832 the whole Bench of Bishops rose in a body and went out, in silent protest against the restoration to the people of their undoubted and ancient rights.

The passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 was therefore, as we have seen, in a large measure the work of London. For sixty years the citizens of London had been looking on at the sham House of Commons—the shameful horde of placemen who pretended to represent the people. They protested from time to time. They would never have stopped protesting, for they never forgot the Cause of Reform, but in the throes of the awful struggle for life they were perforce silent, save when the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett gave them an opening; when peace returned they began again. George the Third snubbed them rudely and boldly. His son snubbed them with more courtesy, but with equal plainness. They persisted; and at last they triumphed. The persistence of the City, its firm and remarkable maintenance of the principle that representation must include all who pay taxes, alike in the Colonies and at home, should be, and no doubt has been, a lesson in the duty of persisting when a good cause has to be advocated. We owe, I repeat, the Reform of the House of Commons, a step of incalculable value to the nation, very largely—more largely than some historians are willing to allow—to the Folk Mote of London City, and its long traditions of popular rights.

THE CITY AND THE STREETS

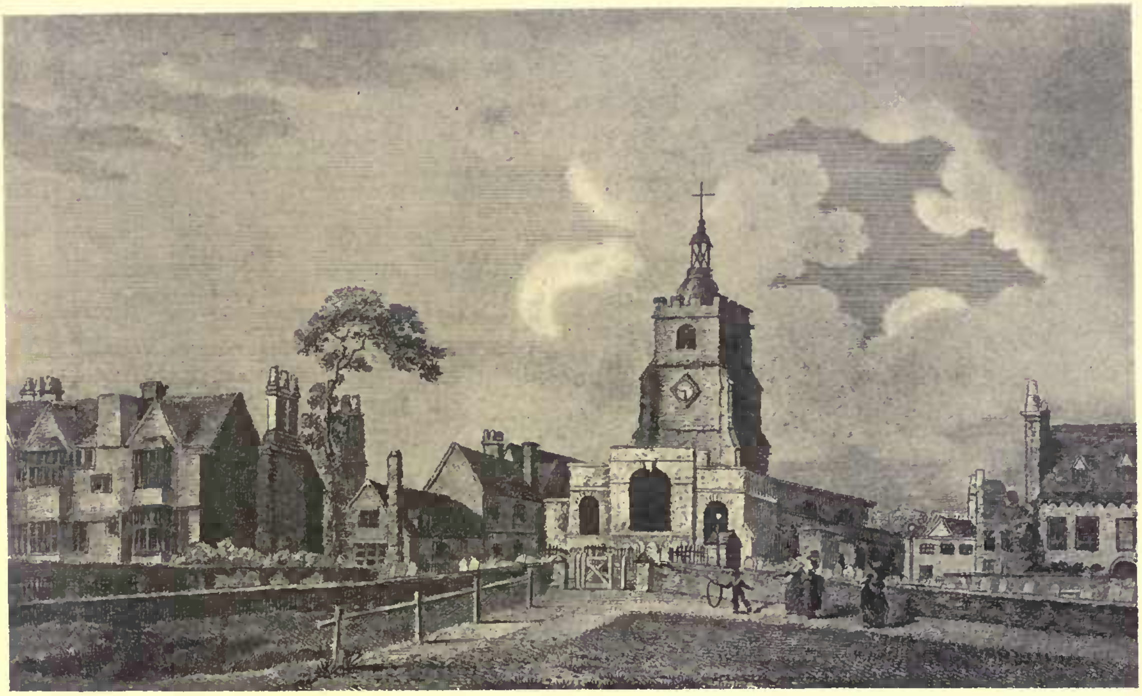
CHAPTER I

THE EXTENT AND ASPECT OF THE CITY

I WILL include in this place the increase of the town to the present day, and will show how it spread and grew ever faster and broader, until it has reached the present monstrous area which we call the City and County of London.

Beginning in the east, we find that Bow, Bromley, Stepney, and Mile End are villages containing a few houses facing the great Eastern Road. Round the churches of Bow and Stepney are large houses belonging to wealthy citizens, standing each in its own spacious garden ; and on either hand are fields stretching out without a house or a cottage. At Poplar there are rope-walks ; there is also the East India Company's College. Was this the predecessor of Haileybury? The name of Limehouse Causeway indicates the nature of the ground, which was a marsh, across which was constructed a raised road. At Blackwall there is one shipyard—forerunner of many—and nothing more. The Isle of Dogs, surrounded by its river-wall, has windmills planted along the wall, which is ornamented here and there with occasional gibbets, on which hang in rusty chains the tarred and blackened remains of what was once a man. No houses stand upon the island at all except one, called the Chapel House, which is surrounded by trees. The riverside population begins at Ratcliffe Cross, now Butcher Street, and extends to the Tower, but along a very narrow strip of land. Between this strip and Whitechapel Road lies a great expanse of market-gardens. The London Hospital looks out upon fields both on the north and on the south. Whitechapel Mount stands on its west side. Not far from this small hill may be observed another mount which has no name. Goodman's Fields is really an open space. We observe that Whitechapel has increased, since the previous century, by the addition of many streets, but of the same humble character. There is a small village at Bethnal Green ; St. Matthew's Church stands in the fields ; at Hackney, which was one of the earliest suburban retreats for the City, there is already a small town among gardens ; at Hoxton and Islington there are large villages. Moorfields lie still untouched, as in 1677. A line drawn from the junction of Old Street with the City Road may be taken to define the northern limit of the houses ;

continue this line to the Tabernacle at Tottenham Court Road—a pond lies in the open fields before it,—thence to Marylebone Old Church, and we shall have the northern boundary of the houses at this part of London. The West End is already built as far as Hyde Park. Westminster has not increased, to speak of, since the fifteenth century: that is, there are houses along Petty France and a little west of the Almonry; Tothill Fields are still fields. Chelsea, Paddington, Marylebone, are fields dotted with houses, gardens, farms, and hamlets. On the south side there is a narrow strip from Rotherhithe westward; the Borough extends continuously to a point no farther south than the King's Bench and a small part of Kent Street. St. George's Fields is an open flat with a "Spaw" in the middle, "decorated" with ponds.



HACKNEY

From a print published in *The European Magazine*, by J. Sewell, Cornhill, Dec. 1, 1791.

In other words, while the London of the Normans was included by the City walls, and that of Elizabeth stretched out along the river from Wapping to Westminster, that of George the Second extended from Hyde Park on the west to Whitechapel inclusive on the east; and from Old Street or Marylebone Church, or the Foundling, on the north, to the King's Bench Prison or St. George's Borough on the south side, with a narrow fringe of riverside population down the river as far as Poplar and Rotherhithe, and up the river as far as Battersea. The change in London was even greater than this extension would signify; for there had sprung up between Hyde Park and, say, St. Martin's Lane a great suburb, entirely composed of the town-houses of wealthy persons, gentlemen, and noblemen.

Here is a note upon the country outside London in the year 1783. The place, long ago built over, is the "Mother Red Cap" which formerly stood opposite the Britannia at the junction of the Hampstead and the Kentish Town roads. It is a poet who speaks or sings. He has sought the country in the hope of inspiration :—

"In that broad spot, where two great roads divide,
And invalids stop doubtful where to ride ;
Whether the salutary air to breathe
On Highgate's steepy hill, or Hampstead heath ;
Where Mother Red Cap shews her high-crown'd hat,
Upon a stile a past'ral poet sat.

. . . . .

Alas for me ! what prospects can I find
To raise poetic ardour in my mind ?
Where'er around I cast my wand'ring eyes,
Long burning rows of fetid bricks arise,
And nauseous dunghills swell in mould'ring heaps,
Whilst the fat sow beneath their covert sleeps.
I spy no verdant glade, no gushing rill,
No fountain bubbling from the rocky hill,
But stagnant pools adorn our dusty plains,
Where half-starv'd cows wash down their meal of grains.
No traces here of sweet simplicity,
No lowing herd winds gently o'er the lea,
No tuneful nymph, with cheerful roundelay,
Attends, to milk her kine, at close of day,
But droves of oxen through yon clouds appear,
With noisy dogs and butchers in their rear,
To give poetic fancy small relief,
And tempt the hungry bard, with thoughts of beef.
From helps like these, how very small my hopes !
My past'rals, sure, will never equal Pope's.
Since then no images adorn the plain,
But what are found as well in Gray's-Inn-Lane,
Since dust and noise inspire no thought serene,
And three-horse stages little mend the scene,
I'll stray no more to seek the vagrant muse,
But ev'n go write at home, and save my shoes."

On the extent of London in 1750, Noorthouck speaks as follows :—

"In strict language, London is still confined to its walls, and the limits of the corporate jurisdiction of the City ; but as a contiguity of buildings has connected it with Westminster and all the neighbouring villages and hamlets, the name in common usage has extended over them all, and rendered their respective proper names no more than subdivisions of one great metropolis. In this general view, therefore, London may now be said to include two cities, one borough, and forty-six ancient villages : viz. the City of London properly so called, the City of Westminster, borough of Southwark, the villages of Finsbury, Clerkenwell, Hoxton, Shoreditch, Nortonfalgate, the Spital, Whitechapel, Mile End, New Town, Mile End, Old Town, Bethnal-Green, Stepney, Poplar, Limehouse, Blackwall, Ratcliff, Shadwell, Wapping, East Smithfield, the Hermitage, St. Catharine's, the Minories, St. Clements-Danes, the Strand, Charing-Cross, St. James's, Knights-Bridge, Soho, St. Martin's in the Fields, St. Giles's in the Fields, Bloomsbury, Marylebone, Portpool, Saffron-Hill, Holborn, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Lambeth-Marsh, Kennington, Newington-Butts, Bermondsey, the Grange, Horsleydown, and Rotherhithe. Beside which the villages of Chelsea, Paddington, Islington, Hackney, Bow, and Deptford, are so near being united, that they might, without any great impropriety, have been added to the list, and considered as appendages to this immense capital."

The population of London was about three-quarters of a million in 1700 and a million in 1800. This return included, on the Middlesex side, Kensington, Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Ealing, Edmonton, Tottenham, Enfield, Harrow, Twickenham, Staines, and Uxbridge.

On the Surrey side it included Christchurch, Lambeth, Newington, Camberwell, Putney, Clapham, Wandsworth, Rotherhithe, Streatham, Battersea, Bermondsey, and Richmond.

The number of residents in the City was 116,755; in the City of Westminster, 162,077; in the Borough, 61,169. There were 483,781 males to 615,323 females, a most unusual disparity, partly to be accounted for probably by the losses of men during the long war, when the pressgang constantly swept the streets and taverns of the East End and the riverside.

As regards the general appearance of the streets, it must be remembered that nearly the whole of the City itself had been rebuilt after the Fire. It is useless therefore to look in the rebuilt part for any of the old streets or the old houses. The City had lost its picturesque gables and projecting fronts; its bulk-shops, its casement windows, its ancient churches. The rebuilding of London was conducted with a view to convenience and comfort. The houses were placed in line; the windows were high and provided with sashes; in front of the houses in the better kind of street the pavement was laid with flat stones; posts at short intervals protected the passenger.

There were parts of the City within and without the walls which had escaped the Fire. Thus, the eastern and northern parts, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate Street Without, Crutched Friars, Aldersgate Street, West Smithfield, and other quarters, still showed many of the old houses and most of the narrow old lanes and courts: some of them are still standing. It is very much to be regretted that those who directed the drawings and engravings of the City during the eighteenth century were careful to present only the modern improvements, neglecting what we should now prize so highly, the picturesque streets still remaining of the old London. Strype and Maitland, for instance, give the modern squares, but not the ancient courts;

they present us with views of Wren's City churches or the new squares of the West End, but not with Cloth Fair, Little Britain, or Defoe's Cripplegate.

Many of the monastic buildings and their ruins vanished with the Fire—such as Doctors' Commons, Blackfriars, White Friars, Grey Friars; but others escaped—such as St. Helen's, the House of the Clares, the Charter House, Holy Trinity Priory, St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower, St. Bartholomew's, and St. John's Gate. We get views of what remained, but only, as a rule, taken towards the end of the century, when much had been removed.

Outside, to the west, the change was still greater. All that area which lies between Lincoln's Inn Fields in the east and Park Lane in the north was filled up with the houses of the nobility and country gentry; these streets and houses crossed the Tyburn Road and began to fill up the part between Bloomsbury Square and the Edgware Road. That suburb of stately houses, the city of the rich, the aristocratic, and the noble, which we call the West End, was in great part created in the eighteenth century. The number of squares which were beginning at the end of the seventeenth century with St. James's, Berkeley, and Bloomsbury Squares, was enlarged by the addition of Soho, Cavendish, Queen, Portman, Hanover, and Grosvenor Squares.

The increase of houses at the West End caused indirectly the destruction of a great number of the older houses with their large gardens. Craven House, Drury Lane; Bedford House, formerly occupying the north side of Bloomsbury Square; Montague House, on the site of the British Museum; Burlington House and Clarendon House in Piccadilly, are examples. Their gardens became so valuable for building purposes that the owners were persuaded to sell them; when the gardens were gone the mansions lost much of their attraction. The few great houses which still stand have preserved their gardens.

Except the squares and churches, the West End possessed no public buildings, unless we place the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Kensington Museum in the West End. As it had no municipality, there could be no civic buildings; it was a collection of parishes to which the principal residents came for three or four months in the year, and cared nothing about the parish or the quarter in which they lived. In every respect the West End was separate and distinct from the City.

London, then, in the eighteenth century, consisted first of the City, nearly the whole of which had been built after the Fire, only a small portion in the east and north containing the older buildings; a workmen's quarter at Whitechapel; a lawyers' quarter from Gray's Inn to the Temple, both inclusive; a quarter north of the Strand occupied by coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, a great market, and the people belonging to these places; an aristocratic quarter lying east of Hyde Park and Westminster with its Houses of Parliament, its Abbey, and the worst slums in the whole City. On the other side of the river, between London Bridge and

St. George's, was a busy High Street with streets to right and left; the river-bank was lined with houses from Paris Gardens to Rotherhithe; there were streets at the back of St. Thomas's and Guy's; Lambeth Marsh lay in open fields and gardens intersected by sluggish streams and ditches; and Rotherhithe Marsh lay equally open in meadows and gardens, with ponds and ditches in the east.

The illustrations presented in the 1754 edition of Stow and Strype cannot always be relied upon. In some cases they are older drawings reproduced without alteration. Thus, the view of the Monument, in which the houses are dwarfed to give the column additional height, is the same in the later edition as in that of 1720, with some alterations of the figures in the foreground; and there are small discrepancies in the street scenes which can only be explained by the theory of the use of an earlier plate. For instance, there is a view of St. Mary-le-Bow Church in 1754 which shows the church with the shops on either side. There are seven of these shops with a sign over each; most of them have a projecting pole from which stockings are dangling; only one has glass windows; the rest are open with a penthouse above as in the ancient bulk-shops. On the other hand, another street scene of the same time presents a view of Cornhill in which all the shops have glass fronts. One would like to know how far the engraving which allows only one glass front to seven shops is accurate. The pavement is laid with flat stones; the road with cobbled stones; a chariot-and-four is proceeding majestically along the street; two or three men are riding; there is a one-horse cart; a man with a barrow; and three or four pedestrians.

The fact that the river continued to be the real highway of London is illustrated by the number of tilt-boats, *i.e.* boats provided with a cover against bad weather, that are plying in all parts of the river. Some of these have four oars, but the greater number two only; it was much more convenient to take boat than to walk, and far cheaper to get into a tilt-boat, which was a kind of river omnibus, than to take a hackney-coach.

From any part of London it was possible to get into the country in a quarter of an hour. One realises the rural surroundings of the City by considering that north of Gray's Inn was open country with fields; that Queen Square, Bloomsbury, had its north side left purposely open in order that the residents might enjoy the view of the Highgate and Hampstead Hills. Within the reach of a "short stage" the country was not only open and rural, but it was extremely beautiful. There were few English villages more beautiful than Islington with its green, its trees, and its gardens; the ancient forest of Middlesex still lay along the Northern Heights joining Epping and Hainault on the east and Willesden on the west. On the south side, where the ground rose out of the marsh, there was no more charming scenery in the whole country. Camberwell was a leafy grove, Herne Hill was a park set with stately trees, Denmark Hill was a wooded wild, the hanging woods of

Penge and Norwood were as lovely as those that one can now see at Cliveden or on the banks of the Wye. Nor were the citizens unmindful of their privileges in this respect. All round the City, north and south and east and west, there were pleasure-grounds and gardens where the people resorted on summer evenings and on Sundays to drink punch or chocolate, to order a syllabub or to take a peaceful pipe of tobacco.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the City there was plenty of room everywhere; at the back of Fetter Lane and north of the Strand there were still gardens; Lincoln's Inn gardens extended from Holborn to New Square; the Hall of the Middle Temple projected westward into gardens; the Inner Temple, which had a river-wall, could show a spacious garden for its river front; Furnival's Inn had a great garden behind it; the gardens of Gray's Inn extended over the modern Raymond and Verulam Buildings.

I have spoken of the great houses. It is true that they were gradually swept away for the sake of building on their sites and on their gardens; yet many of them stood during the whole century or the greater part of it. Craven House, for instance, in Drury Lane; Powis House, in Great Ormond Street; Clarendon House, Burlington House, Newcastle House, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Bedford House, Leicester House, Buckingham House, Marlborough House, Chesterfield House, and many others.

I have also spoken of the squares. If we look at the engravings of these squares we find certain points of difference that are curious if not important. Thus, Lincoln's Inn Fields are surrounded by wooden palings, with walks across; St. James's Square has a small lake with a fountain in the middle and a boat upon it; Soho Square has a fountain and a statue. Many of the squares have a wooden paling round the garden; the houses in all of them are large and well built, with iron railings and steps into an area. It is astonishing, however, to find that in one square only are there any street lamps. The exception is Golden Square, where there are lamps on the iron railings round the garden. Perhaps the artist considered that the representation of a street lamp was below the dignity of his art.

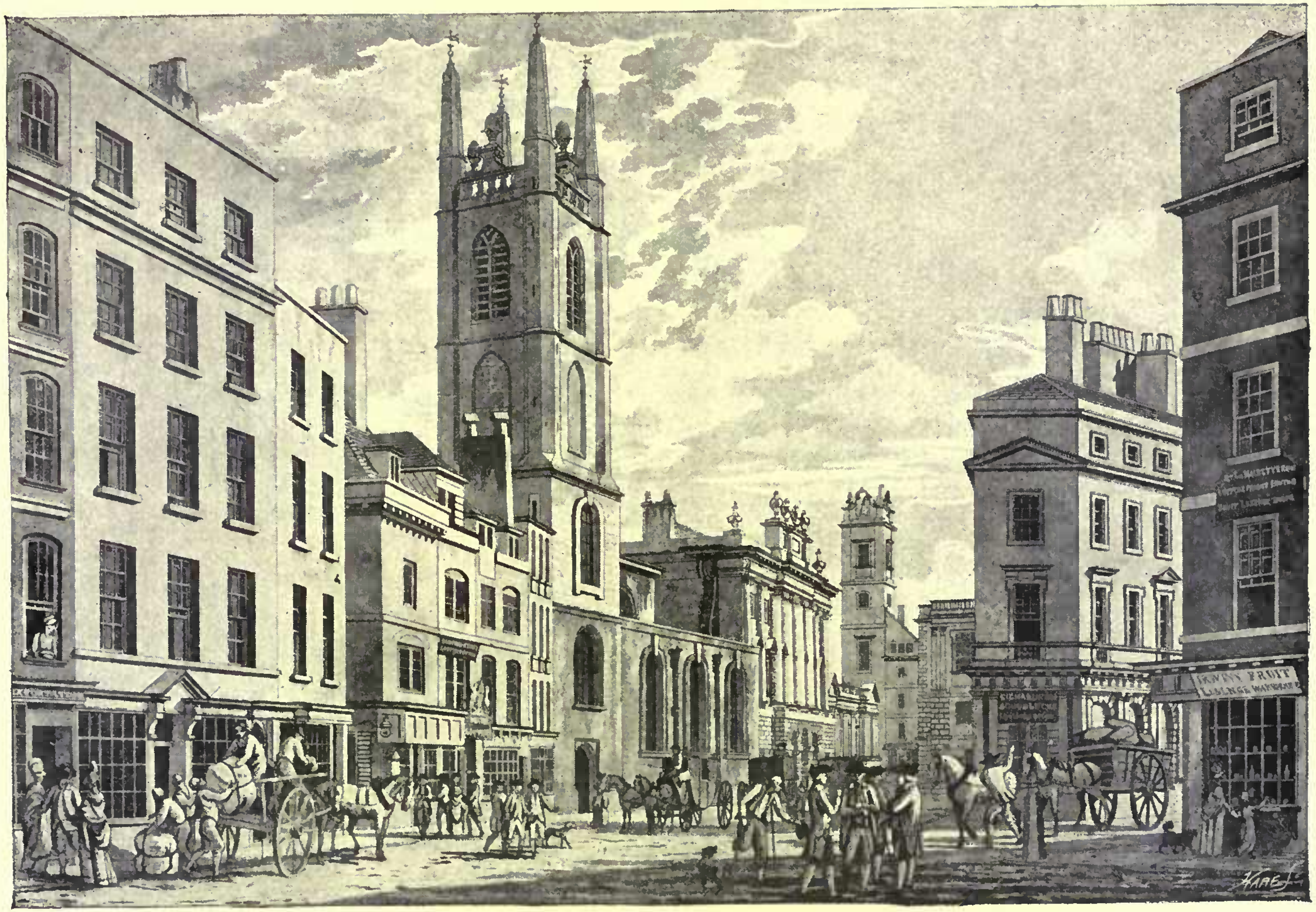
It is not uncommon to hear of old houses falling. In June 1796 two old houses in Clare Market, occupied by thirty lodgers, fell without warning, except that immediately before their fall the window-sashes fell out into the street. Out of the thirty lodgers, seventeen were buried in the ruins and all killed. In Whitechapel, in 1790, a house fell, burying fifteen persons in the ruins. In Westminster, in 1807, a large house in Perkins' Rents fell, containing a number of families. In September 1816 one of the large houses on Clerkenwell Green, described as "formerly part of the Royal Palace of the Stuarts," fell down. The necessity for removing ancient and decayed houses is one reason why so few of the old houses are still standing. They would have fallen if they had not been taken down. Add to this short list the house said to have been Caxton's in the Almonry, which fell about fifty years ago.

Many changes took place in the City churches. That of Allhallows Staining, Mark Lane, fell down, all but the tower; that of Allhallows-on-the-Wall was taken down, being in a ruinous condition, and rebuilt in its present hideousness; that of St. Christopher-le-Stock was taken down and its site built upon for the enlargement of the Bank of England; the church of St. Peter-le-Poer, which projected across Broad Street, was taken down and set back, being built upon its churchyard and a small court; St. Bartholomew-the-Less was rebuilt, except its tower.

The signs formerly hanging before the houses were removed in 1766. Many of the Companies' Halls were rebuilt. In Trinity Lane some workmen found the foundations of two houses, filled with an immense mass of tallow, which had melted and run into these vaults during the Great Fire. In front of the Royal Exchange — the front was then looking south — was discovered a well, which was assumed, one knows not on what evidence, to have been a well constructed by Henry Waleys in 1282. An obelisk of iron was erected to mark the spot.

These are brief notes. But it will be seen that the removal of the signs, the adoption of a better mode of paving, the abolition of gates and walls, the rebuilding of the prisons—certainly the Gordon rioters did good service in burning down those foul and fœtid places, — the covering up of the filthy Fleet Ditch, rendered the City much cleaner and lighter than before. Moreover, there is evidence that in other ways there was a considerable amount of good work done in cleansing the City. Open sewers were covered up; some attempt was made at enforcing decency; and many laystalls were removed. Drapers' Hall was burned down; Dyers' Hall fell down; Cooks' Hall was burned; Leathersellers' Hall, which had been the Hall of St. Helen's Nunnery, was taken down—its site remains in St. Helen's Place; Cordwainers' Hall was built; Watermen's Hall was rebuilt; Pinners' Hall, which had been so long used as a Nonconformist Hall, was taken down.

There are a few more notes of interest on the changes and improvements of the City. Gresham College, a venerable monument which should have been preserved by a grateful city, was let to the Excise Office for £500 a year; its unworthy successor stands in what was formerly Cateaton Street; the King's Printing House was transferred from Printing House Square to New Street, George Square; Thanet House, once the residence of the Earls of Thanet, was converted into a Lying-In Hospital; Thavies Inn was sold by Lincoln's Inn; the Marine Society, which trained boys for the sea, had its central office in Leadenhall Street; all the prisons which were destroyed in the Gordon Riots, except the Poultry



BANK OF ENGLAND

Showing Churches of St. Christopher-le-Stock and St. Bartholomew. From an aquatint by T. Malton, 1781.

Compter, were rebuilt; the famous Devil Tavern gave way to Child's Place; Wood Street Compter was transferred to Cockspur Street; the Trinity House on Tower Hill was built; the Fleet Prison and Newgate were rebuilt. Most of the smaller houses still had casement windows with very small panes of glass.

There was a great deal of excellent wood-carving. This is shown especially in the lovely carved woodwork of the churches. But the balconies of the houses — many old houses had balconies — were richly carved; the pumps were carved — for example, that beside the Leathersellers' Hall; even the ducking-stools and the stocks were carved — perhaps the pillory, but of that I am not certain.

About the year 1730 a great many houses were standing empty in Fleet Street, Cheapside, and other leading streets of the City. The reason was at first set down to the decay of trade, and there was great alarm among merchants, until it was happily discovered that the fact was due to the increase of houses in the direction of St. James's and Hyde Park. After the Fire of London, a good many mercers and drapers had removed from Ludgate Hill nearer the West End to temporary premises, and remained there.

The hackney-coaches charged a shilling for a mile and a half. A coach and a pair of horses might be hired for 10s. a day. Short stage-coaches conveyed passengers to every village round the town at either sixpence or a shilling. On the river the fare was 6d. for two miles with a pair of oars, and 3d. with a single waterman.

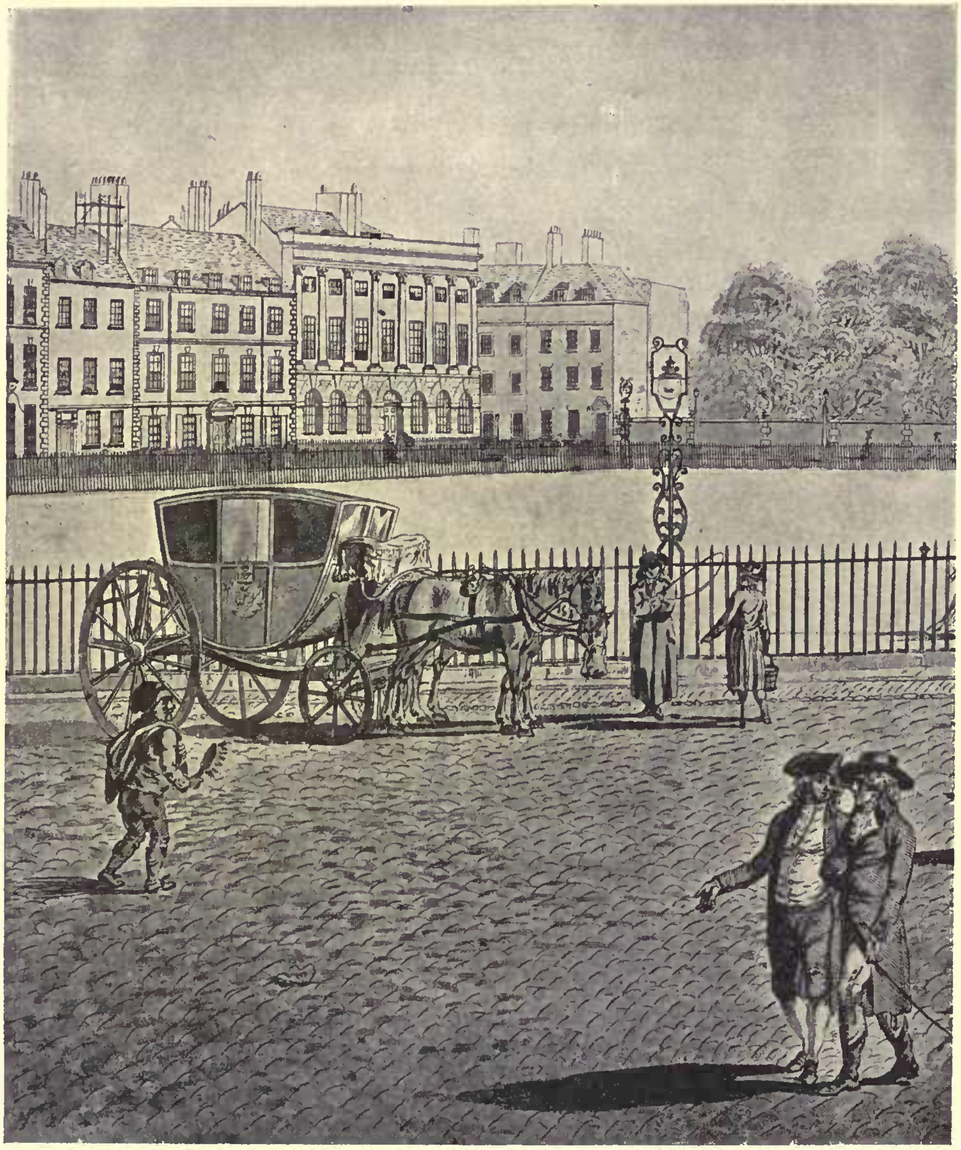
At every corner of the streets stood porters to carry parcels or run errands. They were licensed and bore a badge.

The high streets were kept clean by scavengers in the winter: in the summer water-carts laid the dust.

The shops were kept open till eight or nine in the evening: their lights, which would now be thought miserable, made the streets agreeable.

Most of the City gardens disappeared during the century. The memory of former gardens is preserved in such names as Vine and Elm Court, Figtree Court, Green Arbour Court. When Leigh Hunt wrote *The Town* there was a garden in Watling Street. Garden houses abounded in Holborn, Bunhill Row, and other places. Milton would always have a garden at the back of his house. A garden was destroyed about eighteen years ago near the Bank. It was not large, but it was a pretty place, having a stone terrace and a mulberry-tree. There are two private gardens at least still left in the City: the garden of St. Andrew's Rectory and that in St. Helen's Square. There are also the Drapers' Gardens, sadly reduced of late years. And there are now the City graveyards converted into gardens, especially those of St. Paul's and St. Botolph's, Aldersgate.

The military forces of London, during this century, were by no means inconsiderable. The archers, for whom the City had formerly been famous, had since 1572 given place to troops with firearms; a review of 3000 men thus armed took place at Greenwich in that year. In the civil wars of the next century the London troops did good service; the regiments thus formed were the foundation of the City Militia, and existed during the nineteenth century. The military government of the City was invested in a Court of Lieutenancy, the



HACKNEY-COACH

From a print published by Pollard and Jukes, London, Dec. 1, 1787.

President of which was the Lord Mayor. There were six regiments of City trained bands, viz. :—

The	Blue	Regiment,	containing	8 companies	and	1411	men
,,	Green	,,	,,	,,	,,	1566	,,
,,	Yellow	,,	,,	,,	,,	1526	,,
,,	Orange	,,	,,	,,	,,	1740	,,
,,	White	,,	,,	,,	,,	2089	,,
,,	Red	,,	,,	,,	,,	1630	,,
					Total—	9962	men

The Artillery Company consisted of 300 men, governed by a President and a Vice-President, a Treasurer, and a Court of Assistants. The King was Captain-General: the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen were on the Court. This corps provided officers for the trained bands.

CHAPTER II

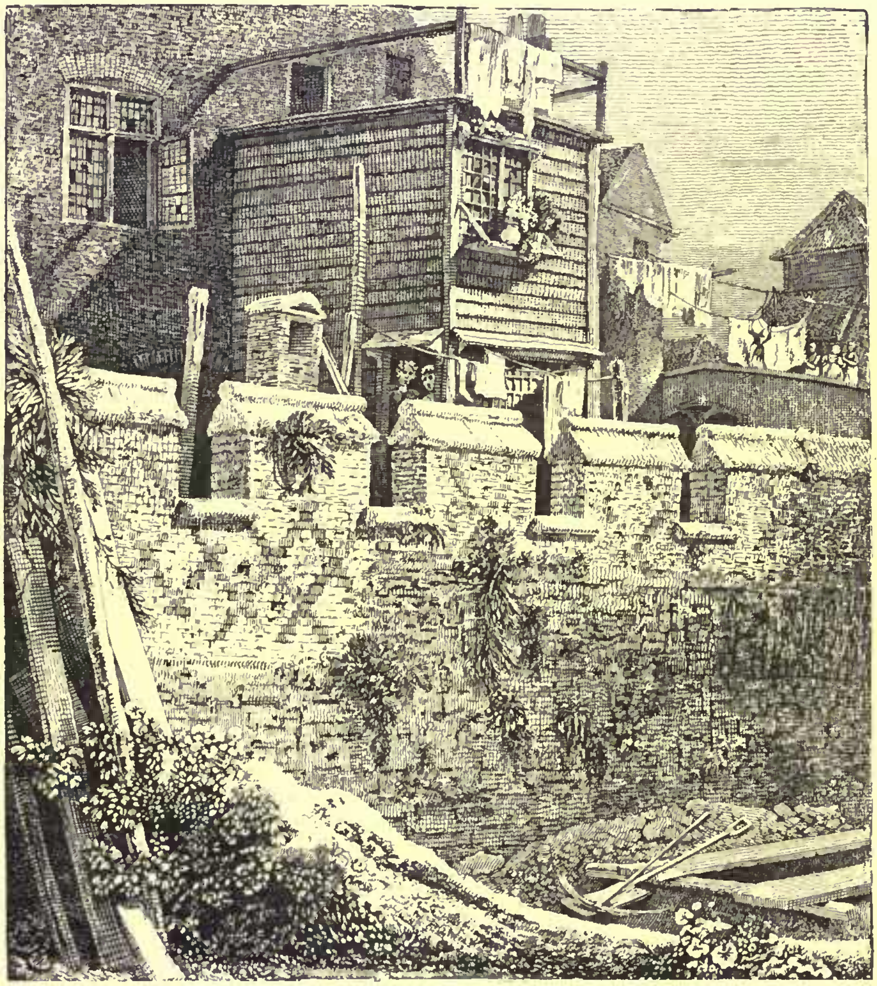
RUINS IN THE CITY

The foregoing are general notes. Let us proceed to classification and to detail. The eighteenth century produced a great quantity of books on London from every conceivable historical and topographical point of view. There is, however, one omission in all alike. It is most remarkable that in the various editions of Stow, Maitland, and the other so-called "Surveys" of London no mention is ever made of the ruins which stood dotted about all round the City, of the monastic and other buildings. They were wholly neglected and suffered to fall to pieces. For instance, can we conceive it possible for a historian of the present day to overlook the ruins of Westminster Abbey? Yet no one thought it worth the dignity of history to describe or to figure that most remarkable Tower of Sanctuary which was taken down in 1750, and would have been hopelessly forgotten and lost had it not been figured by Dr. Stukeley. And as to the ruins to which I am about to conduct you, most of them would also have been lost but for Wilkinson, who, at the beginning of last century, figured them in his *Londina Illustrata*.

The London wall, which was gradually removed during the eighteenth century, was still visible in many places: north of the Tower, where an extensive fragment remained; in Camomile Street, where there was a tower standing till nearly the end of the century; a bastion and a portion of the wall at Allhallows-on-the-Wall; another portion of the wall opposite St. Alphege's Church; the bastion of St. Giles', Cripplegate; another at Barbers' Hall; a piece of the wall in the Old Bailey. All these remains of the old wall could be observed by the citizens every day. But they did not observe them. It is strange how a building, a ruin, a relic of the past, may stand in a city without attracting the attention of a single one of the many thousand citizens who daily pass it. When the gates were down, the people made haste to forget that there ever had been any wall; the bits of grey stone standing here and there were unheeded.

Apart from the wall, the ruins were chiefly those of the Monastic Houses. There was nowhere a ruin so grand, so complete, so beautiful, as that of Fountains or Tintern; but there were fragments standing which ought, one would have thought, to have awakened some sense of regret or sadness in the mind of a poet.

Let us follow the wall, looking without and within. The ancient and venerable foundation of St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower still stood, but a good deal shorn of its mediæval glories. The courts and buildings, save for the church, had acquired an eighteenth-century air. Of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary Grace, called also Eastminster, nothing was left; not one stone upon another; nor have we ever heard of vaults and substructures. Within the wall, the House of the Crutched Friars was completely gone; outside, again, the Convent of the Sisters of St. Clare could still show extensive ruins.



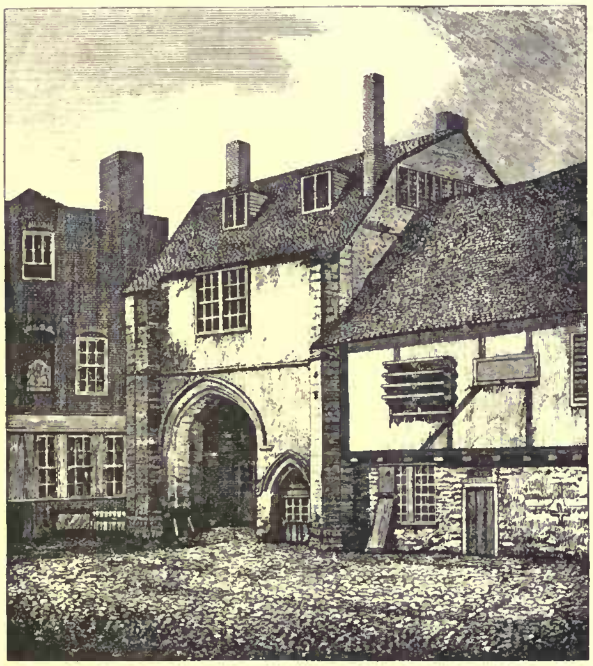
FRAGMENT OF LONDON WALL AT ST. GILES', CRIPPLEGATE

From an etching published by J. T. Smith, No. 18 Gt. May's Buildings, London, Jan. 14, 1812.

Of the Holy Trinity Priory there were gates and archways and courts. The square called Duke's Place is on the site of the cloisters; and the church of St. James, pulled down some twenty years ago, was on the site of the chapel.

Early in the nineteenth century there were still standing remains of the ancient buildings of Grey Friars: the ruins of the Fratry and the Refectory, the walls and windows after extensive repairs by Whittington; the Library, the Great Hall, in which was still remaining some of the old work; fragments of the cloisters were visible--two or three arches remain still; most of these buildings, including what was left of the Whittington work, were pulled down in 1827.

The antiquary, however, who looks at the views given by Wilkinson of the ruins of St. Helen's must regret their demolition more than that of any others of those remaining a hundred years ago. For there were standing not only the church, which still survives, but also the arches of the cloisters, the walls of the Fratry, and the crypt on which stood the Hall of the Nuns, which served as the Leathersellers' Hall. This beautiful building was taken down in 1799.



GATEWAY OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, BERMONDSEY

From a print published by N. Smith, No. 18 Gt. May's Buildings, London, April 1, 1794.

At Austin Friars part of the church still stands, and a fragment of the cloister was uncovered a few months ago. The church of the Grey Friars was burned down; of the ancient buildings nothing remained but a fragment of one or two arches.

The Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great left a part, at least, of its splendid church. This has now been restored, and is the most beautiful church in London; during the eighteenth century it suffered every kind of desecration. Part of the cloisters and the gardens remained standing.

The Charter House endured many changes, but some of the old buildings survived, as they do to this day; especially part of the wall of the ancient Chapel, that in which Houghton and his blameless company of Carthusians worshipped, and where Sir Thomas More prayed with them for four years.

Of the Blackfriars there are to this day one or two arches still above ground, while many have been found below.

Across the river, Montagu Close possessed many traces of the cloister of St. Mary Overies, and one of the old gates was standing till thirty years ago.

St. Saviour's, Bermondsey, possessed its great gateway. The Whitefriars had gone altogether except a single vault, which may still be visited.

St. Martin's had altogether vanished except a crypt. The House of the Hospitallers could show some of the wall by the Chapel; part of the enclosing wall and its gateway. St. Mary Spital, St. Mary-of-Bethlehem, Holywell, and St. James's, Clerkenwell, had vanished entirely except for fragments.

At Westminster there were the ruins of the Refectory, the Misericordia, and the Infirmary Cloister. There was also the building above referred to called the Sanctuary.

It will be seen, therefore, that the ruins, among which Londoners might wander and meditate, were extensive and interesting. Year after year something was taken down. At the present moment, except for a few crypts and vaults, and for an arch as a fragment, there is nothing left of all these ruins.

CHAPTER III

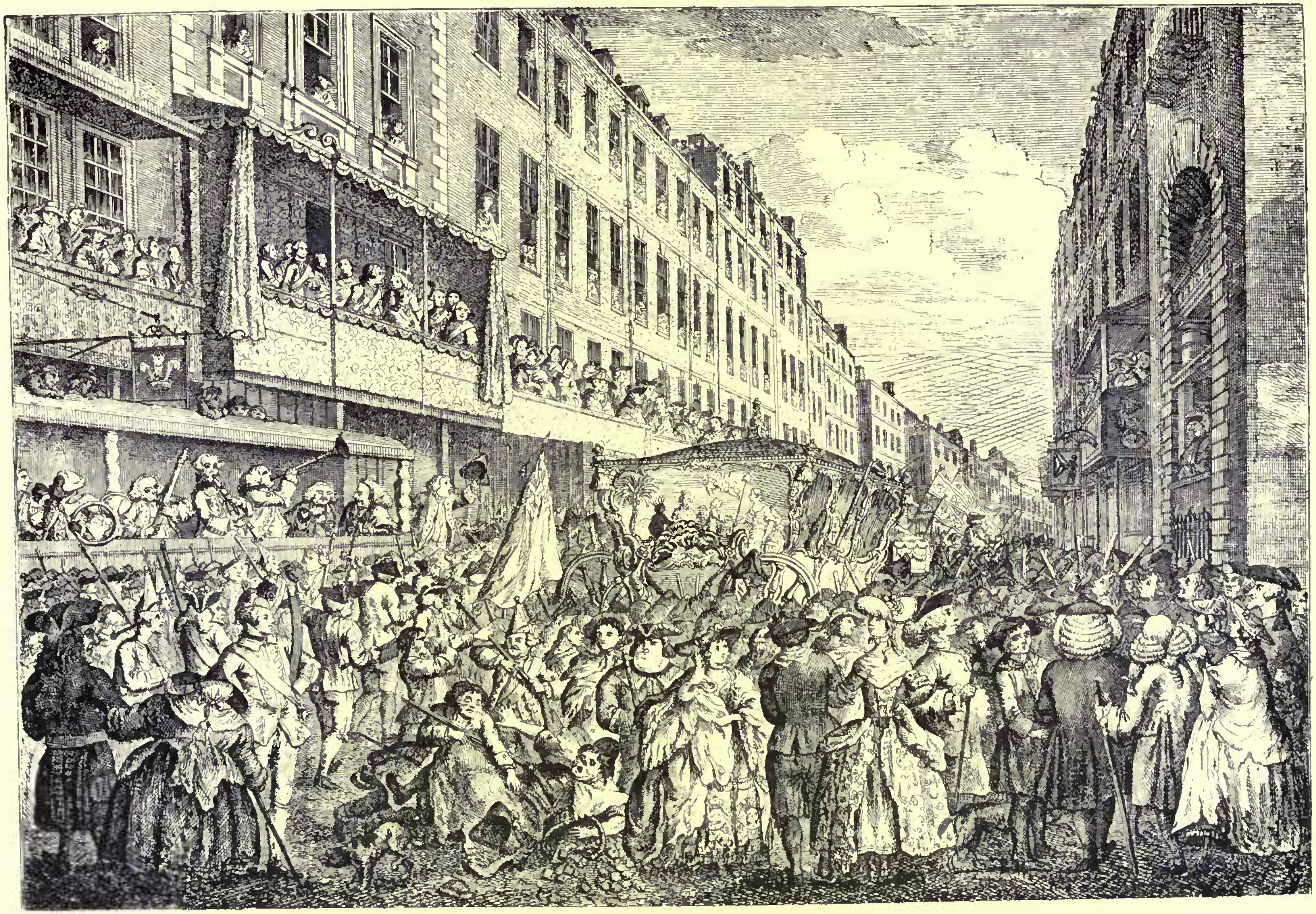
LONDON STREETS

The paving of the London streets, like the lighting, was a long time in getting itself even tolerably efficient. We have seen that there were enacted ordinances and laws on the subject from time to time; but it does not follow that these laws were carried out. There was a company of paviours in Stow's time, but without a charter or incorporation. Two hundred years later the company still existed, with three wardens and twenty-five assistants. There is a "Pavement" in Chepe mentioned in the *Liber Albus;* and the same book contains the rule that paviours should charge 2d. for a toise, *i.e.* the length of 7½ feet and the breadth of "St. Paul's foot." A freestone pavement was first laid in some of the principal streets in the year 1615. After the Fire of 1666, when a whole code of laws and prohibitions was enacted, it was ordered that all streets called High were to be "paved round, in causeway fashion."

I suppose this meant that the round stones were to be larger, and paved closer together, than those employed for the roadway or for smaller streets.

Early in the nineteenth century a new kind of paving was tried. It consisted of blocks of cast-iron in the form of square paving-stones; the whole was covered with gravel; it appears not to have succeeded.

A hundred years ago most of the streets broad enough to be paved in this way were provided with a flat paving of freestone; the narrow streets remained with the ancient paving of round stones hammered into the ground and kept in repair by the company of paviours. Posts protected the pathway; chairmen were forbidden to carry their chairs behind the posts; and though ever since the Fire efforts had been made to bring the houses into line, there were still in the smaller streets shops which threw out windows encroaching upon the street, or doorsteps advanced into the narrow pathway. There were no kerbs; in the middle of the street ran a gutter, sometimes foul, sometimes a succession of stagnant and noisome puddles, sometimes a rapid stream, the splashing from which, when a cart or carriage passed along, was fatal to white silk stockings and neatly brushed shoes. At intervals there were causeways by which the street could be crossed; these consisted of broader stones



CHEAPSIDE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1761

From an engraving by J. June.

than those which composed the rudimentary paving. The less important streets had no posts, and in such cases there was the danger of being run over by a cart. There was another danger which is illustrated at the present day by one or two of the very narrow lanes lying south of Thames Street: it was the damage done to the brickwork by the wheels of waggons which had only just enough room to pass along. In these lanes you may still find a lining of timber about the height of the waggon-wheels running all along the street. Gay warns the passenger against such a street—

> "Never stray
> Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way.
> Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
> Wheels clash with wheels and bar the narrow street."

It is frequently stated that the posts which guarded the pathway left but a very narrow space for the passengers. I do not find this to be generally the case in such engravings and pictures as show the posts. If the Act of 1666 was obeyed, there was a clear breadth of six feet, sufficient for three or four to walk abreast. The custom of taking the wall, or giving it, meant, not that there was no room, but that he who was farthest from the posts ran the least danger of being spattered with mud from the gutter in the middle of the street. It is sometimes stated that the posts were connected by chains. This was not the universal custom; in the later pictures, at least, there are none.

The dangers of the streets were many and various, though by bringing them all together we may present a greatly exaggerated picture. One was not always thrust out into the kennel by swaggering bullies; the cart did not always have an opportunity of splashing the passengers; the tiles did not always drop on the heads of the people; nor were they always struck by falling fragments of masonry; nor did the oil of the street lamp always drop on the heads of those who walked below.

Signboards, as we know, hung out before every house, proclaiming the name of the tenant. Often these were monstrous things, so heavy with iron-work as sometimes to drag out the front of the house; the noise of them swinging ponderously in the wind added to the uproar of the street.

In Gwynn's *Essay on Improvements* (1750) we find a list of "nuisances" which it was perfectly possible to remove and to amend. Thus:—

1. Ordure left lying in the streets, and especially at the posterns of the City gates, and on the north of the Royal Exchange.
2. Rubbish lying in heaps in the streets.
3. Open cellar doors or stone steps projecting into the street.
4. Broken pavements.
5. Ruinous houses.
6. Sheds for shops placed against the walls of churches.

7. Streets blocked up with sheds and stalls.
8. The encroachment of newly built houses into the street.
9. The driving of bullocks through the streets.
10. The prevalence of mad dogs.
11. The swarms of beggars.
12. The deluge of profanity in the streets.
13. The absence of lighting in streets belonging to precincts such as St. Martin's-le-Grand, Cloth Fair, or St. Bartholomew-the-Great.
14. The neglect or decay of certain localities. Blackfriars' Precinct was half deserted: Whitefriars' was abandoned to the most miserable lanes: Bethlehem Burial-ground was lying exposed, without a fence or a wall: Lower Moorfields were covered with second-hand clothiers' shops.

All the writers on the streets of London are unanimous in their condemnation of the licence allowed to the citizens. The projecting doorsteps in a narrow street were an annoyance that would at present be thought intolerable. The rushing crowd of the present day, which hurries along, looking neither to the right nor the left, with no regard to its footsteps, was then impossible. Movements must be slow and leisurely. The doorsteps projected—one had either to step into the muddy gutter or to walk over them; the posts took up a large share of the footway; the cobbled stones of the pavement were broken up here and there, leaving small puddles of mud and filth—a street with uneven and broken pavements could not possibly be cleaned. Then, every house had its opening for the cellar, and its wooden cellar-doors constantly thrown up for the reception of coals or merchandise; and the shopkeepers vied with each other in pushing forward their bow-windows. One or two of these old shop-fronts still remain; imagine, in a narrow City lane, the inconvenience of a bow-window thrust a foot and more into the street. Then there were the penthouses, often too low: where the shopkeeper now draws down a blind, he formerly had a permanent penthouse; on the penthouse were planted flowers in pots—you may see in the "Green Yard," Cripplegate, the last of these old penthouses with its flowers. The pots, of course, had to be watered. In rainy weather the passenger was drenched from the spouts overhead, in dry weather from the watering of the flower-pots.

Lord Tyrconnel, speaking in the House of Lords in 1741, thus described the condition of the town, and especially of Westminster:—

"The filth, Sir, of some parts of the town, and the inequality and ruggedness of others, cannot but in the eyes of foreigners disgrace our nation, and incline them to imagine us a people, not only without delicacy, but without Government—a herd of barbarians, or a colony of Hottentots. The most disgusting part of the character given by travellers, of the most savage nations, is their neglect of cleanliness, of which, perhaps, no part of the world affords more proofs than the streets of London, a city famous for wealth, commerce, and plenty, and for every other kind of civility and politeness; but which abounds with such heaps of filth, as a savage would look on with amazement. If that be allowed, which is generally believed, that putrefaction and stench are causes of pestilential distempers, the removal of this grievance may be pressed from motives of far greater weight than those of delicacy and pleasure; and I might solicit the timely care of this assembly, for the preservation of innumerable multitudes; and intreat those who are watching against slight misfortunes, to unite their endeavours with mine, to avert the greatest and most dreadful calamities.

Not to dwell, Sir, upon dangers which may perhaps be thought only imaginary, I hope that it will be at least considered how much the present neglect of the pavement is detrimental to every carriage, whether of trade or pleasure, or convenience; and that those who have allowed so much of their attentions to petitions relating to the roads of the kingdom, the repair of some of which is almost every session thought of importance sufficient enough to produce debates in this House, will not think the streets of the capital alone unworthy of their regard. That the present neglect of cleansing and paving the streets is such as ought not to be borne; that the passenger is everywhere either surprised and endangered by unexpected chasms, or offended and obstructed by mountains of filth, is well known to everyone that has passed a single day in this great City; and, that this great grievance is without a remedy, is a sufficient proof that no magistrate has, at present, power to remove it; for every man's private regard to his own ease and safety would incite him to exert his authority on this occasion."

Again, when Blackfriars Bridge was first proposed in 1755, it was argued, in favour of the bridge, that the ground between Fleet Street and the river on the south, and between Fleet Street and Holborn on the north, was "heaped with filth and ruins, and the hiding-places of a numerous swarm of the most flagitious of our poor." Alsatia, in fact, still lingered in White Friars; more, it had surged over, across Fleet Street, and had swallowed up the ground between that street and Holborn. Probably the writer had Shoe Lane in his mind, with the Fleet Market, not the respectable courts where Johnson lived.

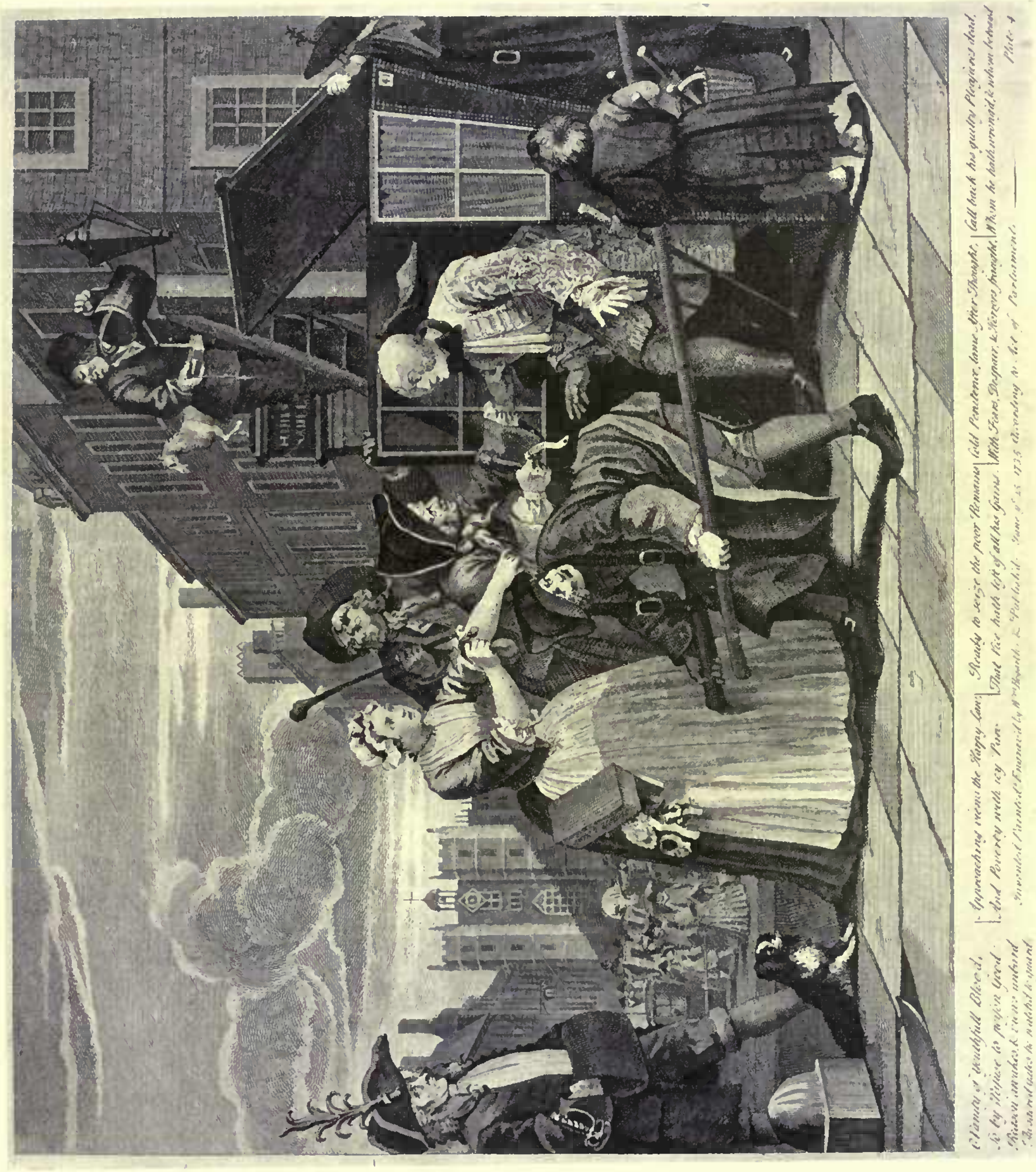
Let us see how the City was lighted.

In the year 1716 the houses were lit up on all dark nights (*i.e.* on every night between the second night after full moon and the seventh night after each new moon) by candles. Every householder, whose house or door fronted a street or lane, was ordered, on a penalty of one shilling, to hang out a candle—presumably in a lanthorn—long enough to burn from six o'clock in the evening till eleven. After eleven o'clock, then, the City was in total darkness. The Act of Common Council making this law does not state what months were to be omitted: we may take it that during March and April the candles were not lighted till seven; nor at all during May, June, July, and August. It would appear, from subsequent legislation, that the candles were only lit from Michaelmas to Lady Day. The first step in improvement was when some one in authority discovered that it would be more convenient to take the lighting of the City out of private hands, who were always trying to evade the duty, and to farm it out to contractors. They were entitled to receive 6s. a year from every householder who did not prefer to put up his own lighted lanthorn. They paid to the City £600 a year for the privilege. Their lamps numbered about a thousand; they were only lit from Michaelmas to Ladyday, and even then were not lit on light nights, that is, ten nights in every moon; so that the City was left without lamps or lanthorns for 247 nights in the year, while the whole time of lighting altogether amounted to about 600 hours in the year. After eleven o'clock the streets were left unlit and practically unguarded.

In the year 1736, a time when robberies and robbers increased daily in numbers and in audacity, the question of lighting was considered very seriously, and it was determined that the Mayor and Corporation should be empowered to put up lamps where they might think fit, to burn from sunset to sunrise. And for the expense of this lighting a rate was imposed of 7s. on every house under the rent of £10 per annum; of 10s. to 20s. on houses at £12 per annum; of 20s. to 30s. on houses at £14 per annum; of 30s. to 40s. on those at £16; and not more than 40s. on houses of a higher rental. We can omit the rules, precautions, fines, and other safeguards whereby the City endeavoured to prevent this lighting from becoming a cause of jobbery and corruption. The immediate result was that the horn lanthorn disappeared from the houses; that the 1000 lamps in the City became 5000; and that the hours of illumination, instead of being 600 a year, became 5000. Now, these rules were intended for the City only and not for the suburbs, and the City contained only a fifth part of the buildings in the area of the Bills of Mortality. It was, however, estimated that the whole number of lamps was (1738) about 15,000.

Six years later, the Act was enlarged and made more stringent, greater powers being conferred upon the Mayor and Corporation.

In Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* the lamplighter is filling the tin vessel with oil, and dropping some as he looks round at the sheriff's officers and the arrest. One understands, looking at the shape of the lamp and the nature of the vessel that holds the oil, how small was the illuminating power of the street lamp. At every hundred feet or so a feeble glimmer pierced the darkness; it was still necessary to engage a link-boy to lead the way. Imagine the street lit by oil-lamps as wretched and as feeble as those of a modern omnibus: we may then understand the darkness of Cheapside when the shops were shut. Those who had to go out at night were accompanied, whether they went on foot or in a coach, by boys


O Vanity of youthfull Blood,
So by Misuse to poison Good!
Reason awakes & views unbarr'd
The sacred Gates he watch'd to guard;
Approaching views the Harpy Law,
And Poverty with icy Paw
Ready to seize the poor Remains
That Vice hath left of all his Gains.
Cold Penitence, lame After-Thought,
With Fears, Despair, & Horrors fraught,
Call back his guilty Pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, & whom betray'd.
Invented Painted & Engraved by Wm Hogarth & Publish'd June ye 25 1735 According to Act of Parliament.
Plate 4

ST. JAMES'S STREET

From Hogarth's engraving, "Arrested for Debt" (*The Rake's Progress*).

carrying links. Ladies were escorted to and from their card-parties by the 'prentices carrying clubs.

In the year 1780, Hutton, describing his journey from Birmingham to London, speaks of the brilliant illumination of the streets, where not only were there oil-lamps at stated intervals, but the shop-windows were full of light. In one shop-window he counted no fewer than twenty-two candles. The effect, if the candles were judiciously placed, was probably very pretty.

The discovery of using gas as a means of lighting the house or the street seems almost one of the great discoveries of the world, like that of fire, conveyance of water, explosives, and electricity. Gas has transformed the poor man's evenings; formerly they were spent round a fire without other light, or else faintly illuminated by a single tallow-candle. The rich man had to spend immense sums in lighting his house with wax-candles; the traveller's most vexatious expense was the wax-candle charged in the morning bill. The churches were dimly lit with candles; the pulpit had four, which the sexton snuffed from time to time; the long pews had a candle at each end, which also wanted snuffing. The cook had to hold a candle in one hand while she cooked with the other. The best-lighted street was provided with no more than a feeble glimmer at intervals; the shops showed one or two candles in the window and one or two on the counter; at the taverns they placed a candle on every table; at the clubs, two candles on every table. The real terror of the winter was not the cold so much as the long hours of darkness. All this has been changed by the discovery of gas. The streets, before the closing of the shops, were brilliant with gas long before electricity was pressed into the service; they were, as they are now, feebly lit at night—but their condition was splendid compared with the former service. Gas has transformed the churches, the assembly-rooms, the clubs, the taverns, the private houses; gas has been for nearly a hundred years the illumination of the world. It now threatens to be set aside in favour of its new rival, but it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the services which gas has rendered to humanity in great cities.

I suppose that chemists had long known the inflammable qualities of carburetted hydrogen gas. It was, however, reserved for a Scotsman, named Murdoch, to make a practical use of it. He made certain experiments as far back as 1792. But it was not until the year 1802 that he succeeded in illuminating with gas the factory of Messrs. Watt and Boulton at Birmingham on the rejoicings for the Peace of Amiens. In 1805 he fitted up another factory, this time at Manchester, with gas. The proposal made by a German, named Winsor, to light London with smoke was received with universal derision. In 1808, however, after advocating the method in the usual manner, by pamphlets, Winsor succeeded in showing how he proposed to light the whole of London by setting up and lighting Pall Mall with a row of gas-lamps. One or two private houses, one or two shops, adopted this method, making their own gas in the house. In August 1807, gas-lighting was first introduced into the streets of London, being used in Beech and Whitecross Streets and at the Gordon Lane Brewery. By the year 1833 there were 39,504 public gas-lamps, lighting 215 miles of streets, furnished by three principal companies. The City Gas Company maintained 8000 lamps for fifty miles of streets.

In 1810 a company was formed, and Westminster Bridge was lit with gas in the year 1812. The spread of the new method was rapid; but there are still living, men who can remember humble shops in by-streets with one or two candles in them, passages and halls lit by a single tallow-candle in a sconce, and streets illuminated by oil-lamps: and until recently there were still living, men who remembered how crowds ran after the lamplighter, wondering how a flame could be created and maintained without a wick or oil.

Much earlier than this water had been brought into London by means of pipes, from Tyburn, when the Walbrook and the Fleet could no longer be used. Other pipes were laid for the conveyance of water from Red Lion Fields, Islington, Canonbury, Highbury, Hoxton, and Hackney. In the year 1582 one Peter Maurice constructed a machine by which he raised a great quantity of water from the Thames and conveyed it by pipes to all parts of the City. The New River, a canal of thirty-eight miles in length, was brought—Michaelmas Day, 1613—from Ware to Islington, where it was met by fifty-eight large pipes of elm-wood, seven-inch bore each. At one time the New River had 400 miles of these pipes laid down. Besides all these supplies, there were two mains of seven inches each from Hampstead and Highgate; one from St. Marylebone; three mains of six inches from Hyde Park; five from Chelsea, and others. Many of the old conduits, with their cisterns, were removed: as the conduit at the east end of Cheapside; the tun in Cornhill; the standard in Cheapside; the conduit in Fleet Street; the conduit in Gracechurch Street; the conduit in Stocks Market; and that at Dowgate.

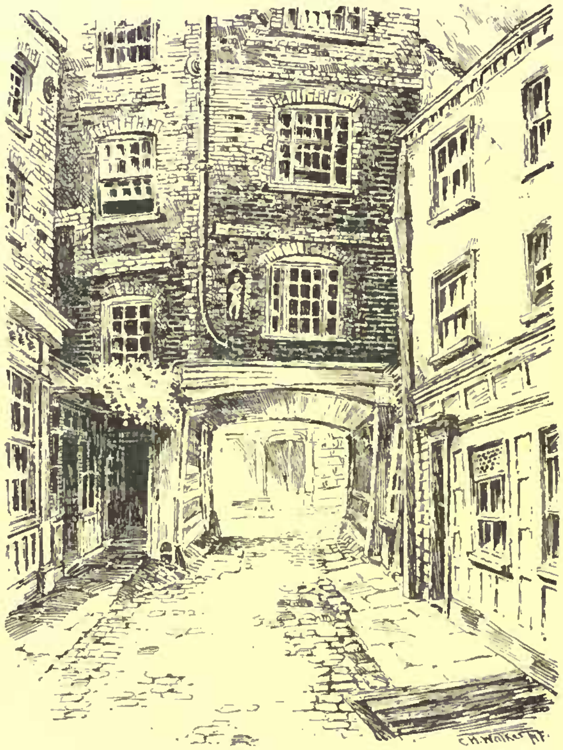
The City at one time had many springs, wells, pumps, which drew an inexhaustible supply of water. At the Great Fire these wells were choked with the ashes of the pump and other things. It has been mentioned that in 1799 an old well was discovered opposite the Royal Exchange. Most of the wells appear to have been left undisturbed, especially those in the streets running north of Thames Street, where there had been running springs. But a few were repaired: among them was the Pump of St. Martin Outwich; that near St. Antholin's; that of St. Paul's Churchyard; that of Christ's Hospital, where iron ladles were hung up for people to drink out of. The last left was the Aldgate Pump, also called the Pump of St. Martin Outwich. This was believed by Londoners to afford water as wholesome as it was bright and clear, until the cholera of 1848, when it killed every one who drank of it.

By the middle of the century there was not a street in which there was not a pipe of water, nor a house where the water was not laid on. For the smaller tenements, and for courts and alleys, the water was supplied by a pump or lock common to all the inhabitants.

If we walk down one principal street of London and examine the signs and shops in that street, we shall have an example which will serve for many streets. Now the signs of Fleet Street, down to the end of the eighteenth century, have been laboriously collected and annotated by Mr. F. G. Hilton Price (see the *Archæological Journal* of December 1855).

He has unearthed 315 signs belonging at different times to more than 200 houses. Of these he can fix sixty-five; he can approximately fix seven others; the rest remain doubtful or unknown.

Let us, then, with the assistance of Mr. Price, walk down Fleet Street. We will take the taverns first. Of these there were a great many; most of them being approached, as the Mitre, Dick's, and the Rainbow at the present day, by a long passage or court leading from the street. There were thirty-seven taverns in this street alone between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. Some of them, as the Marygold, the Horn on the Hoop, the Bolt in Tun, and the Black Lyon, were very ancient. The names were taken, of course, from the signs. The Marygold was for a time the Man in the Moon, but its sign was changed. Again, close beside the Marygold a passage led to the Devil Tavern, which was in existence certainly in 1563, and probably was much older. Here there was the large room, called the Apollo, sacred to the memory of Ben Jonson.


C.H.Walker ft.

OLD BELL INN, HOLBORN

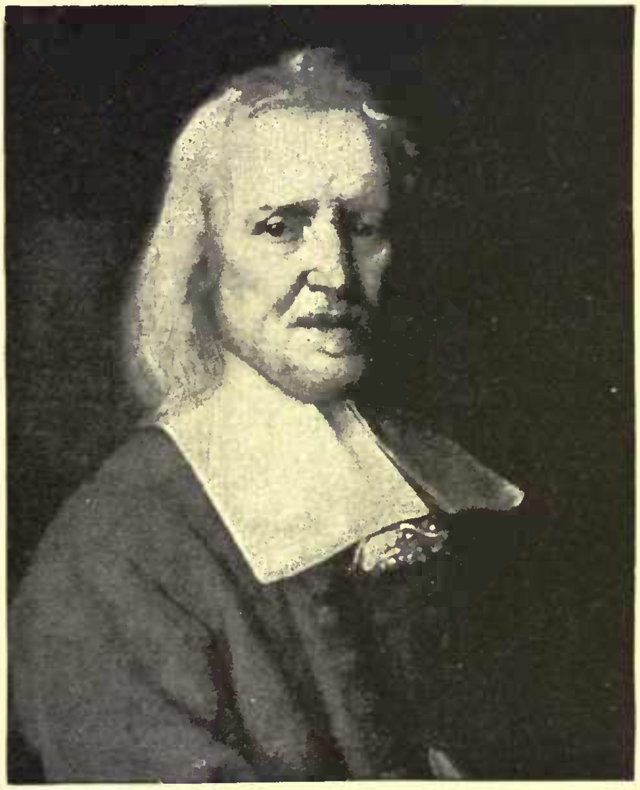
Sketched shortly before the buildings were demolished.

The Devil was pulled down in 1787, when a row of houses, called Child's Place, was erected on the site. These houses were taken down in 1879, when the new bank was built. The Hercules' Pillars was a tavern of great note in the seventeenth century. Pepys often went there. The Mitre Tavern was another famous old house of call. It was approached by an alley called Cat and Fiddle Lane: Hoare's Bank now stands upon the site. The present Mitre Tavern in Mitre Court is a much younger house. The signs offer little of interest. The Green Dragon suggests the City Dragon: there were the Bear, the Cock, the Ram, the Swan, the White Lyon, the Red Lyon, the Falcon, the Boar's Head, the Red Bull, the White Horse, the Dolphin, and so on. There were eleven coffee-houses, the oldest being the Rainbow. Dick's (still so called), Peel's, Nando's (afterwards called Cardinal Wolsey's Palace) were the most famous of them.

From Mr. Price's list can be picked out the trades chiefly carried on in this street during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are forty-seven, but we must not expect the list to be complete. Of course, the same house saw many consecutive tenants following different trades. The most common trade was that of bookseller. Before the Great Fire, the booksellers were chiefly found in St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, Little Britain, and Moorfields. After the Fire, most of them seem to have gone to Fleet Street, though some remained in Little Britain and, afterwards, some returned to Paternoster Row. There were ninety-three booksellers belonging to this street in the two centuries. Next to the booksellers came the goldsmiths, thirty-three in number; then the printers, twenty-one; the drapers, fourteen; there were seven watch- and clock-makers; nine hatters; six upholsterers; as many druggists, hosiers, and haberdashers. Then we come to two or three of each trade. Among them may be observed a "facepainter," a "child's-coat seller," a "girdler"—what did he sell in the eighteenth century? four toy-shops; three tobacconists; one picture-seller; one scrivener; and one seller of "sea-coal salt."

As regards associations and famous men connected with Fleet Street. The Society of Antiquaries, founded early in the eighteenth century, used to meet at the Young Devil Tavern, dining at the Mitre once a year from 1728 to 1765. At the Sun, next the Rainbow, was published in 1652-1675 Dugdale's *Baronage of England.* At the Cross Keys and Cushion, next to Nando's (Cardinal Wolsey's Palace), Lintot the bookseller had his shop. Here he published for Pope, Gray, and Colley Cibber. At the Crown, No. 32, John MacMurray, afterwards John Murray, began to publish in 1768. At No. 53, the Golden Buck, were issued in 1711 the well-known prints called the "Cries of London." At No. 67 the famous watchmaker, Thomas Tompion, lived and worked at his trade, being made free of the Clockmakers' Company in 1671, Warden 1700-1703, Master 1704, died 1713. The site of the house is the office of the *Daily News.* Anderton's Hotel stands on the site of the Horn in the Hoop, a tavern of the fourteenth century at least. At No. 192 was born Abraham Cowley. At the south-west corner of Chancery Lane was the house of Sir John Oldcastle. At this house was published Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler.* Next door lived Izaak Walton himself. At the Judge's Head, near Inner Temple Gate, was the shop of Jacob Tonson, who published for Dryden and was secretary of the Kit-Kat Club. At the Bible and Dial was the shop of the infamous Edmund Curll. At the White Hart, over against St. Dunstan's, was printed in 1600 the first edition of Shakespeare's

Midsummer Night's Dream. At the Lock and Key, the site of which is lost, lived Praise God Barebone, a leather-seller. At the Rose Garland, also lost, Robert Copland, formerly assistant to Caxton, worked as a printer, 1508-1547; he was followed, 1553-1568, by William Copland, who printed Juliana Berners' *Book of Hawking.* At the Golden Sun, Wynkyn de Worde, successor of Caxton, was a printer, 1493-1534. At the George, near Clifford's Inn, another of Caxton's men, Richard Pynson, was a printer from 1493 to 1527. He was followed by a succession of printers and booksellers down to the end of the seventeenth century. Other printers of the sixteenth century were John Byddell, in 1533, at the sign of Our Ladye of Pity; and the King's printer, Thomas Berthelet, in 1528, at the sign of Lucretia Romana.



IZAAK WALTON

From the painting by Jacob Huysman in the National Portrait Gallery.

Several goldsmiths towards the end of the seventeenth century began banking, or, in their own words, "kept running cashes": Blanchard's, afterwards Blanchard and Child, then Child and Co., at the Marygold; James Chambers at the sign of the Three Squirrels (No. 19), about 1680; John Mawson at the Golden Buck, 1677; Michael Scrimpshaw at the Golden Lyon, 1677; at the King's Arms, M. Kenton, in 1677.

There was a large trade done in Fleet Street in quack medicines. At the Three Bells, Richard Bristow advertised that he sold and delivered Bristol, Pancras, and Bath water to all parts of the town. At the Black Spread Eagle, Humphry Tucker sold "Alexacarius, or Spirits of Salts prepared by Constantine Rodocares"; at the Comb, Mr. Stephens sold his famous Japan plaister for curing corns; at the Golden Bull, Richard Couch sold a cure for the stone; at the Rose and Crown, Mrs. Osborn sold water for the King's-evil; at the Grocers' Company's Arms, Mr. Barnabas sold his "Anti-Pestilential Powder"; at the Feathers, Mr. Hills advertised his "Anodyne Necklaces" for various complaints; at the Seven Stars, Mrs. Markham sold her "Incomparable Drops for the Palsy"; at the Dial and Two Crowns, Mr. Cole advertised wonderful medicines; at the Fountain Tavern could be had Monsieur Angiers' famous remedies for stopping the plague; at the Talbot, Charles Adams kept the "Countess of Kent's Powder," a panacea; at the Black Boy, Mr. Seyle, a bookseller, sold lozenges for the cure of consumption; at the Rainbow, in 1663, was sold the "True Sympathetical Powder, curing all green wounds, and infallibly toothache." Most of the ladies who sold these medicines kept toy-shops; one suspects something of the wise woman.

At the coffee-houses were held auctions—as at Sheffield's, where in 1700 were the book auctions. Men met for the transaction of business in these places;—thus I have some of the accounts of the meetings of booksellers when they joined to share risks, or sold, or exchanged, or bought "copies," meaning copyrights; bankrupts met their creditors in the coffee-houses; City men still remember the Jerusalem, the Baltic, and Garraway's, where exactly the same sort of thing was carried on, save that the social side of these ancient coffee-houses had been lost, and only the business side remained.

Tea and coffee were first begun, or were very early introduced, in Fleet Street. At the Rainbow, in 1657, James Farr was prosecuted at the Wardmote for annoying his neighbours by the smell of coffee night and day. He was a barber-chirurgeon by trade, and this was the second coffee-house opened in the City. In 1719, when coffee was 7s. a lb., a cheaper kind of drink, called Saloop, was to be had at Mount Pleasant, No. 102. In 1712, at the King's Arms, the best Bohea tea was sold at 18s. the lb., an inferior kind at 14s.; the best green tea at 14s. the lb., and very good at 10s. The best coffee was then sold at 5s. 8d. the lb.

Let us leave Fleet Street, and turn to the gates of the City: they stood until the middle of the eighteenth century; there was nothing very picturesque, still less useful, in the gates, and their removal caused no regrets. Aldersgate, not one of the ancient gates, was yet one built in very early times; it was taken down and rebuilt in 1617, the architect being one Gerard Christmas. On the outer front was a figure of James I. on horseback, with the prophets Jeremiah and Samuel on either side; on the inner front the same king seated. The gate suffered by the Fire of 1666, but was repaired. It was taken down in April 1761, the materials being sold for £91. At one time it was written "Aldrichgate." John Day, a printer in the sixteenth century, once lived over this gate. The meaning of the word was Ealdred's Gate, and it was so called after some owner of the land, just as Queen Hithe was formerly called Edric's Hythe.

Aldgate was taken down and a new one erected in 1606. On the City side stood a large figure of Fortune and two gilded figures of Peace and Charity; on the outer side a statue of James I. The gate was taken down in 1760.

Bishopsgate was built, after the Saxon occupation, by Bishop Erkenwald, in the seventh century. The maintenance and repair of this gate was the care of the Hanseatic merchants, who rebuilt it in 1471; the gate, with repairs, continued until 1731, when it was taken down and another erected in its place. It was finally removed in 1760.

Cripplegate, that is, the "covered" way—from the A.S. *crepel* or *crepele*, a passage under ground,—was opened as a postern in Saxon times; outside it there ran walls connecting the postern with the "burgkenning"—the barbican. It was many times repaired or rebuilt. Like all the gates, it served from time to time as a prison, and was let to successive tenants on the condition that it should be used as a prison if necessary. It was pulled down in 1760.

Ludgate, which means a postern, was a very old gate, but not one of the oldest. It was built in Saxon times, and was repaired or rebuilt in 1215 by the Barons in arms against King John. They used the stone houses of the Jews, or some of them, for this purpose. On the rebuilding of the gate under Queen Elizabeth, a stone with a Hebrew inscription upon it was found in it. On the City side of this new gate were statues of the legendary King Lud and his two sons; on the west side was a statue of Queen Elizabeth. This may still be seen on the south side of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

The gate was made into a prison for freemen of the City by Richard II. An account of the prison, three centuries later, will be found in its place. The prison was pulled down in 1760.

Moorgate, like Cripplegate and Ludgate, was a postern; it was the most modern of all the gates, having been erected in 1413, repaired in 1472, rebuilt in 1622, condemned and sold in 1760. The stones, however, were repurchased by the Corporation, and sunk against the starlings or piers of the centre arch of London Bridge, which had shown signs of giving way.

When was Newgate new? There was a Roman gate a little to the north of this site, which was probably built as a new gate when Alfred repaired the walls. It was repaired, or rebuilt, by Henry I., who turned it into a prison, and as a prison it has continued ever since. The gate itself stood about 40 feet east of the north-west corner of the present Newgate prison. Whittington left money for the enlargement of the place; his cat, with figures of Liberty, Peace, Plenty, and Concord, was on the west side of the gate; on the City front were the images of Justice, Truth, and Mercy. The gate was pulled down in 1760. The prison was burned down in the Gordon Riots. But ten years earlier a commencement had been made with the new prison.

The City Watch, during this century, continued to be regulated in accordance with the ordinance of 1569, which provided that every ward should furnish its own watch.

On the 16th of June 1704, the Common Council again took into consideration the night-watch in the City, and it was ordered that the wards should provide strong and able-bodied men for the work in certain proportions.

It must be noted that the watch was not set until nine in the winter, or ten in the spring and summer; that there were left, therefore, four or five hours in the winter of unguarded darkness, and the same in the spring; that order in the streets by day was expected to be kept by the people themselves. No doubt, in the days when the citizens and 'prentices were able and willing to fight, order was kept, after a fashion. It is also to be observed that the Act specially recognised the duty of every citizen to do his share of the watching and patrolling of the streets by night.

The oath taken by the constable clearly contemplates some kind of daily patrol, or watch, of the streets; but it is evident from the complaints of street robberies that this patrol, if it existed at all, was wholly insufficient and ineffective.

By the Act of 1569, sixteen beadles belonging to Christ's Hospital, Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Bridewell were appointed to patrol the streets for the arrest of vagabonds and beggars; but it is not at all certain how long this order was continued. Probably it became, like so many other well-meant statutes, a dead letter long before the eighteenth century.

I desire to call attention to the generally received opinion that the night-watch of the last century was composed entirely of old and incompetent persons. This was by no means the case. There were scandalous instances, it is true, in which an old man, utterly unable to cope with the violence of the time, was put into the watch in order to keep him off the parish; but it is not true that this was either the rule or the custom. The watchmen, as delineated, are stout and sturdy fellows enough; their fault was not their age but their readiness—their eagerness—to take bribes. The poor street-walker had to bribe the watch first; the constable next; and the magistrate, if she ever appeared before him, last. The footpad bribed the watchman to keep out of his way; the drunken man bribed the watchman to take him home; what bribes the watchmen took from housebreakers and thieves is not known. The point to remark in this place is that the safety of London was not, as is often stated, entrusted only to worn-out and infirm old men.

Scavengers were appointed for every ward. Their duties, defined in their oath of office, were to see that the paving was regularly and soundly laid; to remove all refuse and matter in the wrong place; and to see that chimneys and furnaces were built, according to law, of stone.

There were laystalls where ordure and filth of all kinds were discharged, especially the contents of the night-carts. One was placed at the south-east corner of Gray's Inn Lane, another in Clerkenwell, and another beside Dowgate Dock. These places were large depressions as big as an ordinary garden; the carts shot their rubbish and left it there. Thus Place writes:—

> "Mr. Corbyn Morris in 1751, speaking of the unhealthiness of London, says: That 'the filth gathered up in London should be put under one uniform public management, and carried away in lighters on the Thames to proper distances in the country, instead of being lodged as at present on the outsides of the City—a *nauseous noxious* spectacle.'
>
> I myself can remember a place by the side of Gray's Inn Lane, now covered with houses, on which many hundreds of loads of night-soil were shot; it accumulated for many years, was a sad nuisance, but was at length sold, as I heard, for a large sum of money. I remember its being taken away—it had become consolidated by time and was cut like clay with a spade. There were several other such places within less than a mile, or half a mile, from the town."

Three or four hundred years ago foreigners were struck with the number of kites in the streets of London. It has been remarked of the modern Londoners that few "who see the paper toys hovering over the parks in fine days of summer have any idea that the bird from which they derive their name used to float all day in hot weather high over the heads of their ancestors." Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century the

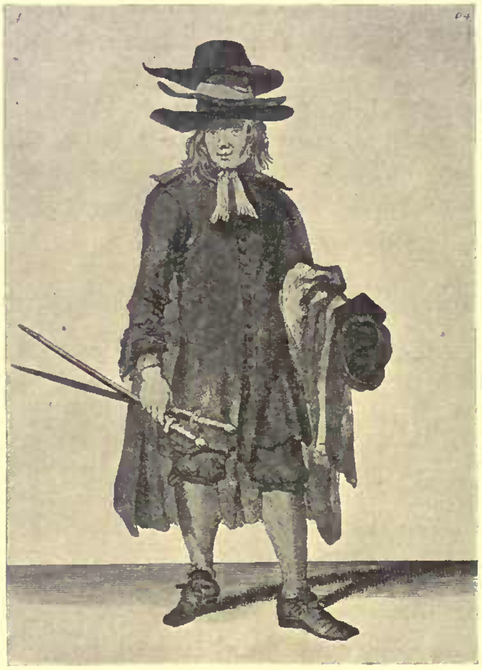
> "Kites that swim sublime
> In still repeated circles, screaming loud,"

formed a feature of many a rural landscape in England, as they had done in the days of Cowper.

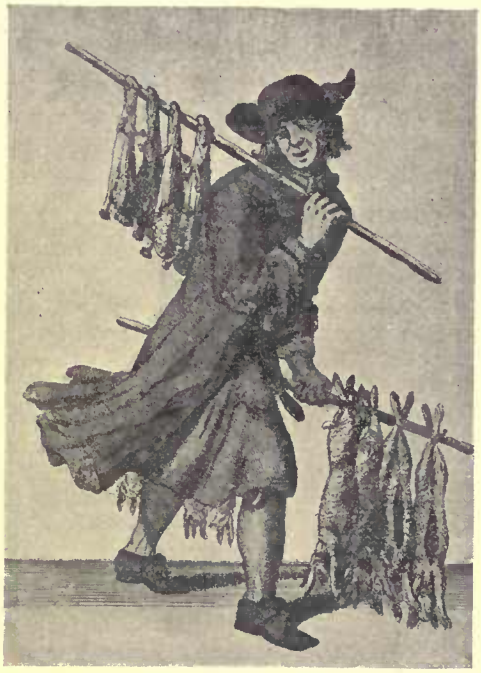
I have already, on one or two occasions, spoken of the street trades and the many kinds of wares hawked about the streets of London. They are mentioned as a feature of the City life in every description of the City, and reference is made to them in the essays and verses of the seventeenth, as well as the eighteenth century. Several collections of street-cries have been made from time to time.

The list of cries for the eighteenth century probably represents the cries at their best or noisiest. The small shop, the greengrocer, the fruiterer, the "oilman" who sells everything, have destroyed a great part of the street trade. When the draper and the mercer condescended to sell the small things, another part of the trade decayed: a remnant alone remained and still remains.

We have, in 1804, the apple-woman, with her barrow in the summer, and in the winter her stall, pan of live charcoal, and plate of tin on which she roasts her apples. The bandbox-man carried a pole over his shoulder loaded with bandboxes neatly covered with coloured papers, and sold at prices varying from sixpence to three shillings. Baskets were carried about in the same manner on the shoulder. The bellows-mender carried his bag of tools over his shoulder, and did his mending on the kerb or on the doorstep. Brick-dust was carried about in small sacks on the back of a donkey. Brick-dust was only used for cleaning knives; there were few vendors of it, and brick-dustmen, along with lamplighters, were noted for their breeding of bulldogs. The bill of the play was sold with oranges and nuts outside Drury Lane Theatre. Cats'-meat was vended by women. Chairs were mended by a family, of whom one carried the cane or the rushes, another collected the chairs, and a third sat down on a doorstep and mended them. Things to eat, such as cherries, green hasteds (early peas), hot loaves, hot spiced gingerbread, mackerel, milk, new potatoes, rabbits, strawberries, water-cresses, muffins, were hawked in the street. Such things as door-mats, brooms, lavender, matches, were also sold in the streets; while the echoes repeated the voices and the bells of the dustman, the sweep, the knife-grinder, the O'Clo'man, the lusty Turk, in turban and red breeches, who offered rhubarb, the carter with the sand, the showman—an old soldier with a wooden leg—and other Orientals, especially a Moor, perhaps a remorseful Corsair, who sold slippers. All these you will find in the pictures of 1804.



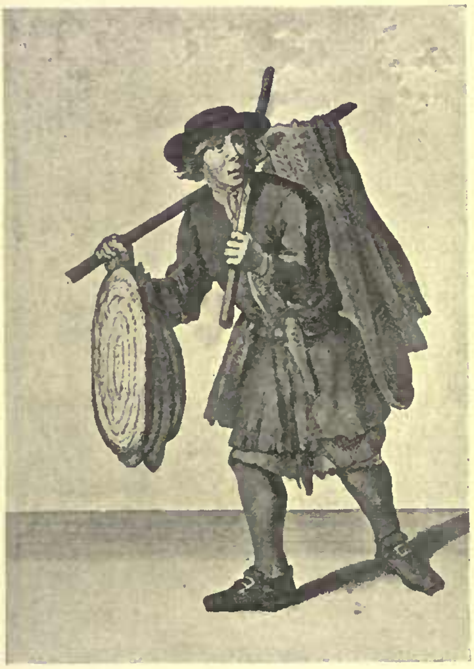
"OLD CLOAKS, SUITS, OR COATS"



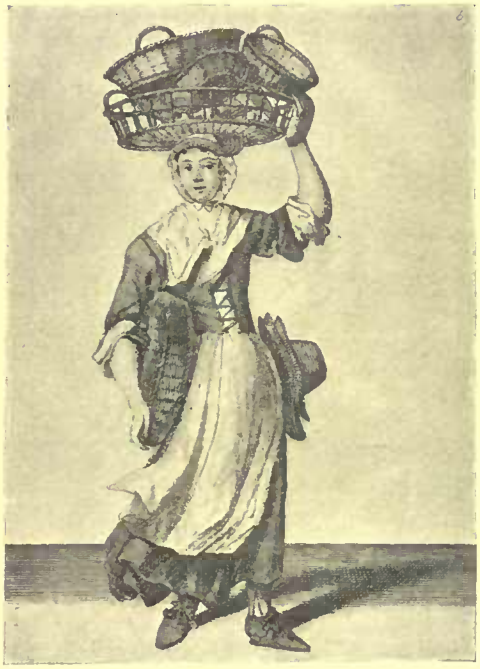
"BUY A RABBET, A RABBET"

Engraved from contemporary prints.

When you remember the everlasting din of these wanderers, their cry now distant, then growing louder, then becoming lost again in the distance, but succeeded by another, and yet another, and half a dozen together, you will understand the "Enraged Musician." If you add to these noises, supposing that you lived in a street open to wheels, the fact that the roadway was paved with round pebbles over which the wheels rolled with deafening stridency, you will understand that the noise of London in the eighteenth century was quite equal to that of the fifteenth, though many of the industries which then made day horrible had been carried out of the town, and though most of the bells which made London an *Ile Sonnante* had been taken down.



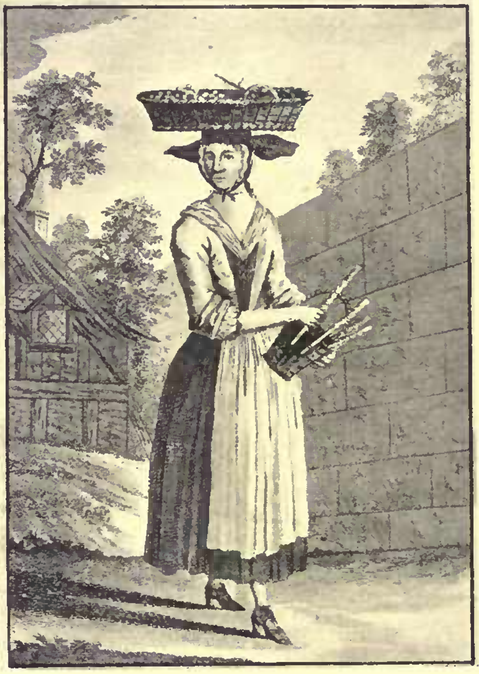
"A BED MATT OR A DOOR MATT"



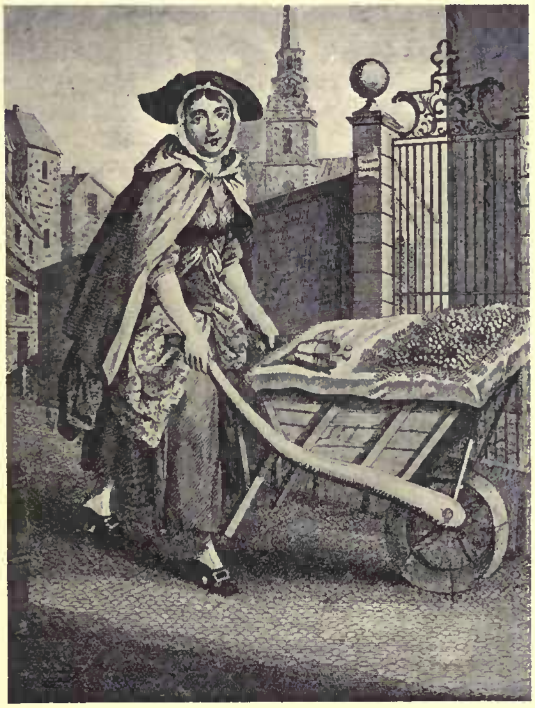
"BUY A FINE TABLE BASKET"

Engraved from contemporary prints.

As regards the streets of London in 1750, we who now object to the noise of a barrel-organ in the street, or the cry of milk, or a distant German band, would be driven mad by a single day of George the Second's London streets. Hogarth touched the subject, but only touched it. No one could do more in a picture than indicate the mere fringe of this vast subject. Even on the printed page we can do little more than the painter. For instance, in addition to the more common and everyday and all-day-long noises, many of the shopkeepers still kept up the custom of having a 'prentice outside bawling an invitation to buy! buy! buy! To this day, butchers at Clare Market cry out at the stalls, all day long, "Rally up, ladies! rally up—buy! buy! buy!" Along the streets of private houses there passed a never-ending procession of those who bawled things for sale. Here is a longer list of the things they bawled—I am conscious that it is still very imperfect. There were those who offered to do things,—mend chairs, grind knives, solder pots and pans, buy rags or kitchen-stuff, rabbit-skins, hair, or rusty swords, exchange old clothes or wigs, mend old china, cut wires—this excruciating, rasping operation was apparently done in the open,—or cooper casks. There were next the multitude of those who carried wares to sell—as things to eat and drink,—saloop, barley-broth, rice, milk, furmety, Shrewsbury cakes, eggs, lily-white vinegar, hot pea-cods, rabbits, birds, pullets, gingerbread, oysters, honey, cherry-ripe, Chaney oranges, hot codlins, pippins, fruit of all kinds, fish, taffety tarts, fresh water, tripe, tansy, greens, mustard, salt, grey pease, water-cresses, shrimps, rosemary, lavender, milk, elder-buds; or things of domestic use,—lace, ribbons, almanacks, ink, small coal, sealing-wax, wood to cleave, earthenware, spigots, combs, buckles, leghorns, pewter-pots, brooms in exchange for old shoes, things of horn, holland socks, woollen socks and wrappers, brimstone matches, flint and steel, shoe-laces, scissors and tools, straps, and the thousand and one things which are now sold in shops. The bear-ward came along with his animal and his dogs and his drum, the sweep shouted from the house-top, the ballad-singer bawled in the road, the tumbler and the dancing-girl set up their pitch with pipe and drum. Nobody minded how much noise was made. In the smaller streets the good-



"FINE DUKE CHERRIES"



"QUITE RIPE, SIR"

Engraved from contemporary prints.

wives sat with open doors, running in and out, gossiping over their work; they liked the noise; they liked this perambulating market; it made the street lively; it brought the neighbours out to look; and it pleased the baby. Then the waggons went ponderously grinding over the round stones of the road, the carts rumbled, the brewers' sledges growled, the chariot rattled, the drivers quarrelled, cursed, and fought. A great American, now, alas! gone from us, spoke of the continual murmur of London as of Niagara afar off. A hundred years ago he would have spoken of the continual roar.

The "evening market," which still exists in Whitecross Street, the Hampstead Road, the New Cut, and many other places, was in the eighteenth century a hawking from door to door, in the poorer parts of London, of fish and food of all kinds that had not been sold in Billingsgate, Covent Garden, and other markets during the day. In a long-forgotten collection of verse called *Town Eclogues*, the custom is referred to:—

> "Time was when evening markets fed the poor,
> And good, cheap things were hawked from door to door:
> But now the bakers get each week a rise,
> And all provisions double in their price."

I now take some of the older cries: the following should belong to the Tudor time:—

> "Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
> First they go up street and then they go downe.
>
> Round and sound, all of a collour;
> Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
> Round and sound, all of a collour;
> Buy a very fine marking stone, very very fine—
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> Bread and meat—bread—and meat
> For the—ten—der—mercy of God to the poore
> Poore prisoners—of Newgate, foure
> Score and ten—poore—prisoners.
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> Salt—salt—white Wor—ster—shire salt.
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> Buy a very fine mouse-trap, or a tormentor for your fleas.
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> Kitchin-stuffe, maides.
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> I ha' white radish, white,
> Hard lettice, white young onyons.
> Thus go the cries, etc.
>
> I ha' rocke sampier, rocke sampier.
> Thus go the cries, etc.

Buy a mat, a mil mat,
Mat or a hassocke for your pew ;
A stopple for your stoole,
Or a pesocke to thrust your feet in.
Thus go the cries, etc.

Whiting, maids, whiting.
Thus go the cries, etc.

Hot fine oatcakes, hot.
Thus go the cries, etc.

Small coales here.
Thus go the cries, etc.

Will you buy any milke to-day ?
Thus go the cries, etc.

Lanthorne and candle-light here,
Maid ho, light here.
Thus go the cries, etc."

CHAPTER IV

INLAND COMMUNICATION AND POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

THE badness of the roads even round London, during the earlier part of the century, is observed by every traveller. The lumbering coaches stick in the mire; they are upset; the gear gives way and the passengers must wait until things are mended; the low parts of the road are flooded in winter, while the high parts are as hard as iron, with frost. Turnpikes were put up and tolls levied for the repair of the roads; riots followed because the roads became no better, and the people refused to pay toll and pulled down the bars and gates; the authorities, however, persevered in the turnpikes, and a gradual improvement followed.

As for the coaches, the following is an account of an early stage-coach:—

"Stage-coaches were constructed principally of a dull black leather, thickly studded by way of ornament with black, broad-headed nails, tracing out the panels, in the upper tier of which were four oval windows, with heavy, red wooden frames, or leathern curtains. Upon the doors also were displayed, in large characters, the names of the places whence the coach started, and whither it went, stated in quaint and antique language. The vehicles themselves varied in shape. Sometimes they were like a distiller's vat, somewhat flattened, and hung equally balanced between the immense front and back springs. In other instances they resembled a violoncello case, which was past all comparison the most fashionable form; and then they hung in a more genteel posture, namely, inclining on to the back springs, and giving to one who sat within the appearance of a stiff Guy Fawkes uneasily seated. The roofs of the coaches in most cases rose into a swelling curve, which was sometimes surrounded by a high iron guard. The coachman and the guard, who always held his carbine ready cocked upon his knee, then sat together—not as at present, upon a close, compact, varnished seat, but over a very long and narrow boot, which passed under a large spreading hammercloth, hanging down on all sides, and finished with a glowing and most luxuriant fringe. Behind the coach was the immense basket, stretching far and wide beyond the body, to which it was attached by long iron bars or supports passing beneath it, though even these seemed scarcely equal to the enormous weight with which they were frequently loaded. These baskets were, however, never great favourites, although their difference of price caused them to be frequently well filled. The wheels of these old carriages were large, massive, ill-formed, and usually of a red colour, and the three horses that were affixed to the whole machine—the foremost of which was helped onward by carrying a huge, long-legged elf of a postillion, dressed in a cocked hat, with a large green and gold riding-coat—were all so far parted from it by the great length of their traces, that it was with no little difficulty that the poor animals dragged their unwieldy burden along the road. It groaned and creaked at every fresh tug which they gave it, as a ship rocking and beating up through a heavy sea strains all her timbers, with a low moaning sound, as she drives over the contending waves." (Thomson, in *Tales of an Antiquary.*)

The communications between London and the country were kept up by riding-horses, stage-coaches, and waggons; there was also water communication wherever that was possible. At the beginning of the eighteenth century waggons and carriers were despatched by private enterprise on stated days. Thus, to and from Bristol one carrier went out on Wednesday and Saturday, another on Friday; they arrived on Tuesday, Friday, and Thursday, respectively; while the stage-coaches left London on Monday and Tuesday, and arrived on Saturday and Wednesday.

For the service of Cambridge there were stage-coaches leaving London on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, two each day, and waggons going out every day in the week.

For Oxford there were coaches on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and carriers going out on Monday, Thursday, and Friday. Most men rode. Thus we find that those tradesmen of Lancaster who had to visit London for business purposes once a year, were accustomed to join and to ride up together for safety and company. Merchants' travellers rode; they were called riders for this reason; afterwards, because they carried their samples in bags lying over the horse's neck before them, they were called bagmen. Pack-horses were still used in place of carts.

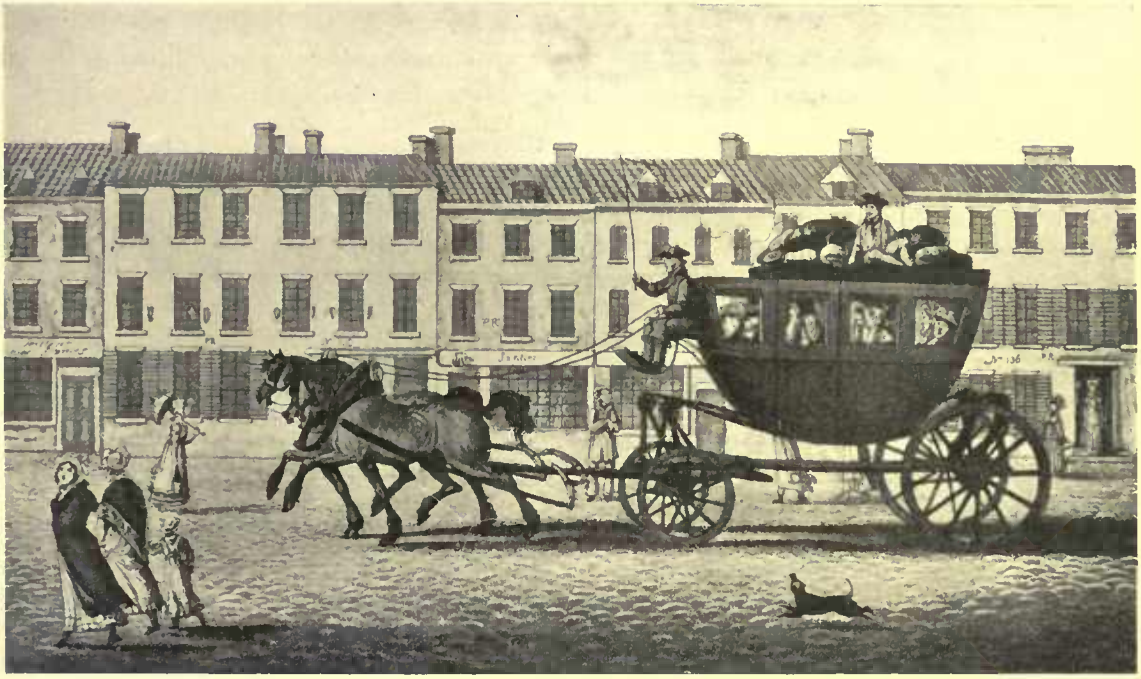
In the year 1765 the Bath coach was advertised as "hung on steel springs," so as to be much more comfortable and luxurious than the old kind of coach; it started from London in the morning, stayed for the night at Andover, and reached Bath the next day, taking twenty-nine hours to do the journey, which is under a hundred miles.

The roads, however, were rapidly improved, and with these improvements the speed of the coaches increased. Thus in 1720 the stage-coach accomplished 23 miles a day. The Flying Coach for Exeter did 60 miles a day. People on the journey could sleep at "hedge" inns for a penny a night.

In 1795 a traveller to Bath, starting from the Angel, at the back of St. Clement's Danes, at 4 A.M., actually arrived at eleven o'clock in the evening; and in 1798 Mr. Richard Twining congratulates himself on travelling 90 miles in seventeen hours, with breakfast, dinner, and tea, for the small sum of £4:9:6.

Towards the end of the century we observe a great advance in facilities of communication. Nineteen mail-coaches left London every night at seven or half-past, each under charge of a guard, armed with a blunderbuss; they carried the mails, and a certain number of passengers at the rate of 4d. a mile. Thus the journey to York, which can now be done for 16s., then cost £3 : 6 : 3. The coach accomplished seven miles an hour, and the journey, which now takes four hours, was then performed in thirty.

Besides the mail-coaches there were also the stage-coaches, the posting-chaise, the waggon, the cart, the barge for the river and the canal, the hoy for the places down the river, the coaster for the towns and places on the coast. We who walk along the deserted highroads, where, until the bicycle made its appearance, one might walk for miles without meeting a person or a vehicle, where the decayed inn has been abandoned or converted into other purposes, find it hard to realise the thronged and animated condition of every approach to London as one drew near to the great city. In the City and the Borough there were 104 inns which sent out their stage-coaches, their waggons, and their carrier carts, every day to all parts of the country. The service was as good as our own, but not so expeditious. Thus it took about sixty hours for a letter to reach Edinburgh from London, and a parcel, which went in the waggon, took three weeks to get through the journey. Out of the



STAGE COACH

From a print published by Pyall and Hunt, Covent Garden, London, April 1, 1825.

104 places of starting and arriving, some had but few vehicles; a few, however, owned, or ran, or sheltered an incredible number. For instance, from the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, which conducted a great part of the communications with the North, started every day (except for a few cases, in which the coach went off every other day) 84 coaches. From the Old White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, 53 coaches went out every day, chiefly to the West of England. Ten of them went out and came in daily to and from Bath and Bristol; to and from Richmond and Putney there were 4 daily; to and from Windsor and Eton there were 10 daily. From the same house 41 waggons were despatched, but some of these only three times a week. One of them was humorously called the "Flyer"; another acknowledged itself to be the "slow waggon."

How was a coach started on the road and managed? The following is an account by a contemporary (Place MSS., Brit. Mus., No. 27,828):—

> "It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is worked. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to horse a coach 80 miles, each proprietor having 20 miles, in which case he is said to cover both sides of the ground, or to and fro. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be £10 per mile, there will be £800 to divide between the four proprietors after the following charges have been deducted:—viz. tolls, duty to Government, mileage (or hire of the coach to the coach-makers), two coachmen's wages, porters' wages, rent, or charge of booking-office at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to £150, which leaves £650 to keep eighty horses, and to pay the horse-keepers for a period of twenty-eight days, or nearly £160 to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being £2 per week per horse. Thus it appears that a fast coach properly appointed cannot pay, unless its gross receipts amount to £10 per double mile, and that even then the proprietor's profits depend on the luck he has with his stock."

Travelling by coach was slow, but it was not necessarily tedious. It was customary for the passengers to introduce themselves by name and to say something of their calling, and their reasons for travelling. This was, perhaps, by way of precaution; otherwise one might be taken for a highwayman.

I have found the following account of the coaching which ran from Charing Cross. The year is early in the nineteenth century, but the description may stand for the latter years of the eighteenth century:—

> "*Thurs. 25th July* 1827.
>
> Half-past 7 A.M. Much pleased, not to say delighted just now. A most beautiful—a gloriously fine morning. My bedroom window projects into the street, and the end sashes open on hinges as doors; both are open. At seven came a coach from the Strand—'Matthew Mitton, Windsor,' on the sides. A good-looking tall man in a scarlet frock coat, a drab hat, and white trowsers as coachman; four as fine horses as ever I saw. The guard, a well-dressed man in an olive frock, was playing an air on a keyed bugle horn. The coach drew up at the Ship, nearly opposite to my window, and the guard played, in excellent tone and time, the 'Death of the Stag,' and then one of our fashionable airs. Just as he finished, a coach drew up near the Statue, and the guard, a tall man in a scarlet coat, played on his bugle, in excellent stile, 'The Lass of Richmond Hill.' The guard of the Windsor coach, as soon as the other commenced playing, caught up his bugle and played the same tune in the same time and tone and manner; both then played a waltz, and away galloped the horses with the coach from the Statue. They were hardly off before another coach drew up, and the guard, a short man in a drab coat,

commenced a piece of music, which he played exquisitely. This done he commenced a fashionable waltz, the Windsor guard accompanied him, and the two coaches started westward, the guards of both playing the waltz.

The fineness of the weather, the uncommon beauty of the horses in all the coaches, the sun shining on their well-groomed skins, the hilarity they seemed to feel, the passengers on the outside gay and happy, the contrast of the colours of the cloaths worn by all the well-dressed women outside the coaches, large bonnets made of straw, or white silk or paper, which at a distance have the appearance of white silk,—all gaily trimmed with very broad ribbons woven in stripes of various bright colours, running into one another like the colours in the spectrum—their white gowns and scarlet shawls, made the whole exceedingly lively and delightfully animating. The people in the street were variously grouped: workmen, market people with baskets of fruits and flowers on their heads, or on their donkeys, or in their small carts, numbers of others with vegetables, newsmen and boys running about to sell their papers to the coach passengers (at least a dozen of which leave the Golden Cross or pass it about seven o'clock), gave a *coup d'œil* which cannot be witnessed in any other country in the whole world, and perhaps at no other place in the world than at Charing Cross.

22nd November 1827.

11 A.M. There are now in the street between my house and Parliament Street, and consequently within sight in one direction only—

Horses 8—2 stage-coaches with 4 horses each, standing at the Ship.
,, 8—2 ,, ,, ,, 2 ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
,, 4—1 ,, ,, ,, 2 ,, ,, ,, ,, Silver Cross.
,, 2—1 Dray delivering ale.
,, 6—1 Waggon coming along loaded with Swedish turnips drawn by 6 horses.
,, 14—7 Hackney coaches and chariots.
,, 2—2 ,, ,, ,, cabriolets.
,, 3—3 ,, cabriolets—private.
,, 12—3 Waggons with coals. Several saddle horses.
,, 4—1 ,, empty.
,, 2—1 Cart loaded with potatoes.
,, 6—2 ,, ,, ,, bricks.
,, 2—1 ,, ,, ,, sand.
,, 2—3 Small carts with broken stones.
,, 7—1 Heavy truck with a block of stone drawn by 7 horses.
,, 8—2 Stages running.
,, 3—1 Cart with dung.
,, 1—1 ,, delivering boards.
,, 2—1 Mud-carts loading.
,, 1—1 ,, ,, waiting.
Saddle 4 ... ...

Horses 102—37 Carriages not including several small carts with donkeys drawing.

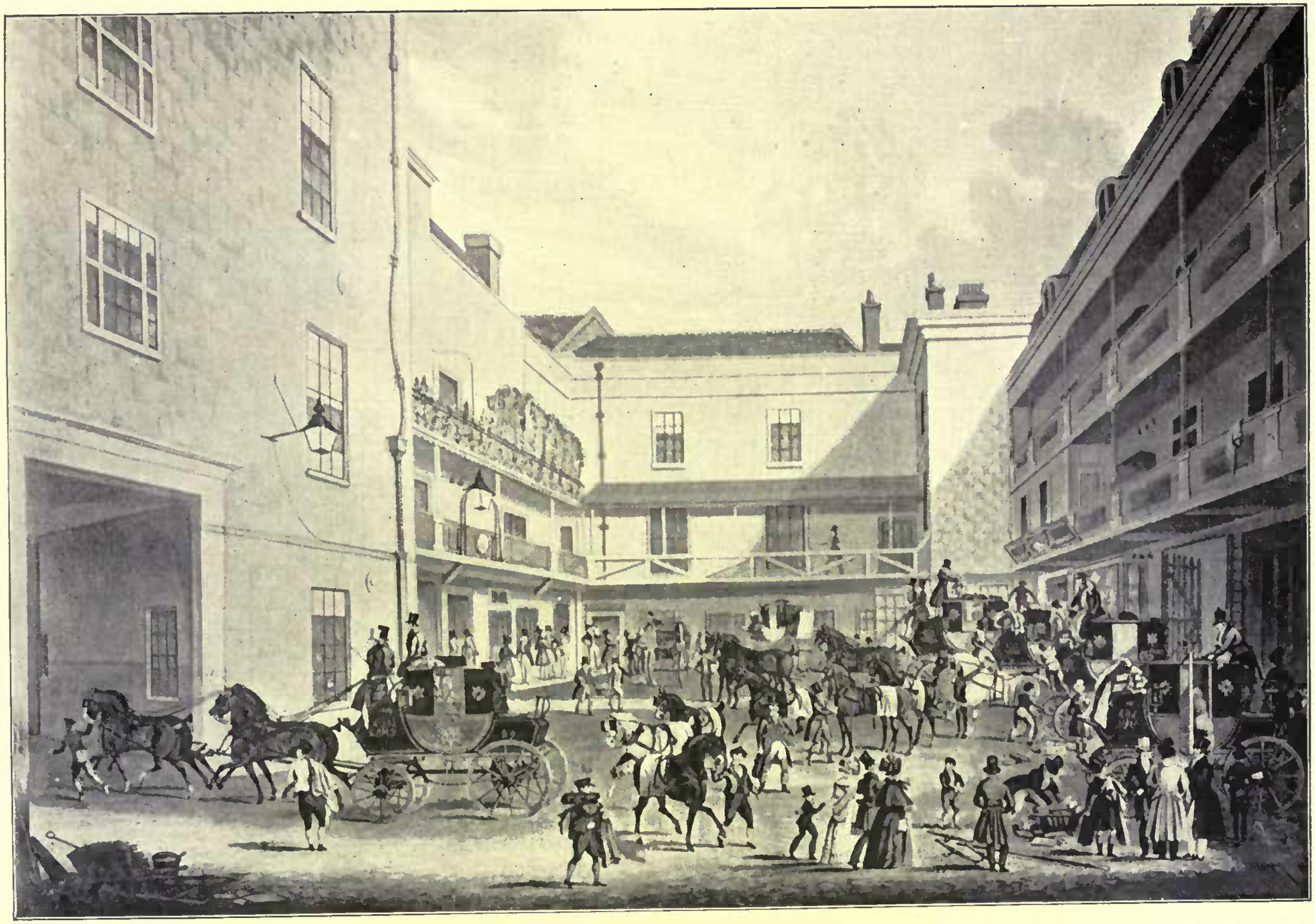
It seems almost incredible that there should be so many vehicles and horses in the street, and yet no appearance of it being crowded.

Nov. 26, half-past 2 P.M. A friend has just now been calling over at the window the vehicles, etc., within his view while I numbered them, and the carriages were 42—horses 119."

In order to realise still more clearly the crowded roads and the immense traffic that passed up and down, so that there was never any cessation day or night, let us take other towns and learn what kind of service they enjoyed.

There were in the whole list over a hundred coaches, but a great many of these belonged to what were afterwards called the "Short Stages,"—such, for instance, as St. Albans, Hampstead, Windsor, Ware, and Enfield. Between Bristol and London the traffic was not greater than could be carried on by carriers who left the Three Cups in Broad Street every Wednesday and Saturday; by waggoners who left the White Swan, Holborn Bridge, on a Friday; by two coaches which left the Saracen's Head on Monday and Thursday—the coach carrying also passengers for Bath; by one leaving the Chequer, Charing Cross, on Tuesday; by two leaving the Swan, near Somerset House, on Monday and Thursday; by three leaving the Strand, at the Bell, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; by two leaving the Talbot, in the Strand, on Monday and Thursday; and by two leaving the Angel, at St. Clement's, on Monday and Thursday. If every coach carried ten passengers, we find that the communication between the two principal ports in the kingdom required the journey from one to the other of 120 people a week. Cambridge had a double or rival coach service running from the Bull in Bishopsgate and the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street, three times a week. It had also four carriers and four waggoners. Dover appears not to have had a coach at all; Exeter had one coach service leaving the Saracen's Head three times a week, two waggons, and one carrier. Manchester had carriers and waggoners. There were a double coach service and five rival waggons for Norwich. Portsmouth had two coaches, two waggons, and a carrier. A coach left the White Swan, Holborn Bridge, three times a week for Southampton, and a waggon three times a week. Winchester had to be content with a waggon: for York there was a coach which left the Black Swan in Holborn on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. It is unfortunately not stated how long the coaches or how long the waggoners and carriers took to perform the journey. We may make some kind of estimate. Thus: the York coach arrived on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and went out on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after one night's rest for coachman and guard. There were, I make out, four coaches running. On Tuesday morning the first went out. From London to York and back is 400 miles. Of all the English roads this, the highroad to the north, appeared to have been the best. We may perhaps allow five miles an hour for the vehicle. From nine in the morning till seven at night—say ten hours, allowing for stoppages—we get through fifty miles. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday bring us to York. After a day's rest, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday bring us back again to London. I have applied these figures to the table of arrivals and departures. I find that they work out very well with four coaches. When we consider the relays of horses necessary along the road, and the service of coachmen, guards, postboys, grooms, etc., it is obvious that a very considerable amount of capital must have been embarked in the York Road alone.

As for the sailing-vessels, packets, hoys, and barges which every day put out



INN YARD OF "THE SWAN WITH TWO NECKS"

As it appeared in 1830.

from the Port of London to the various ports of the country, it is impossible to procure any details as to their numbers.

I have elsewhere mentioned the animation of the roads during the centuries called Mediæval. Then they were crowded with horses carrying packs; the travellers formed large companies before they trusted themselves to the journey; they placed themselves under the protection of St. Botolph and their favourite patron-saints; they had to go along a track between lines of trees; the inns were rough and few; there were not many bridges, and the ford was a common incident in the day's march. The improvement in the road itself, which took place in the eighteenth century, when it became a hard, level, well-metalled road along which, as Dr. Johnson loved to think, one could bowl smoothly and swiftly, was almost as great a change for the better as that effected in the second quarter of last century, when the railway began to stretch out its iron arms, when the stages and the waggons disappeared, the inns were closed, and the roads were deserted.

In this view of inland communication we must not forget the post-chaise. People of distinction and wealth would not condescend to use the common vehicle. They either drove up to town in their own carriage or in a post-chaise. A noble lord drove in his carriage with four or six horses, a post-boy for every two, his footmen behind, his two runners in white, each carrying a stick with an orange or lemon to suck, running before. He was received with the utmost respect by the landlord of the inn at which he stayed, was escorted to a private room, and would no more sit down in the same room with the ordinary guest than he would travel in the same carriage. Other travellers there were, not noble lords, who, for some reason or other, stood upon their dignity and scorned the common stage. They engaged a chaise-and-pair with post-boys; the servant sat in the dickey, and the luggage was strapped on the roof. The journey was accomplished at the rate of about nine miles an hour; the horses were changed at every stage of nine miles or so; and the traveller who posted from London to Bristol could manage to get there in a single day of twelve or thirteen hours. Smollett and Dickens afford plenty of insight into the post-chaise.

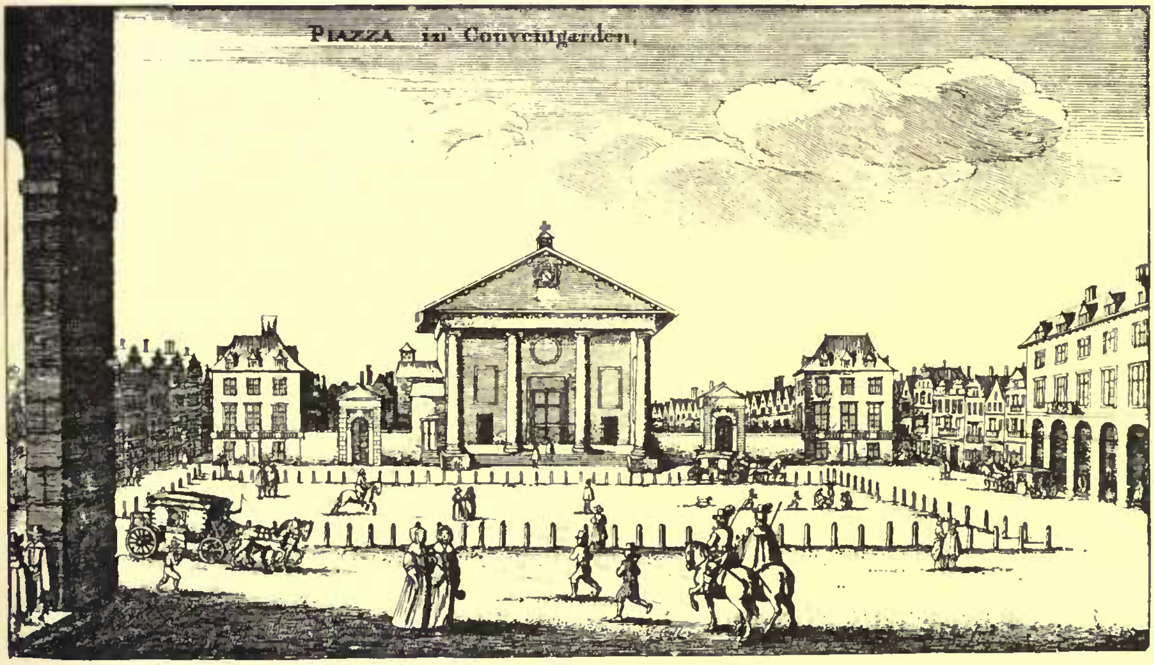
In the stage-coach there were sometimes four insides and sometimes six. The insides were provided with cushions, and if they were not too crowded might find the journey enjoyable. The letters and novels of the time are full of the adventures and experiences of the inside passenger. Those who sat outside had to brave the weather, whatever it was; the company was rough; many of the outsiders had no greatcoat. One remembers that when Nicholas Nickleby, with Mr. Squeers and the new boys, went up to Yorkshire, neither Nicholas nor any of the boys had a greatcoat, yet the weather was cold and the snow falling. One who is now (1900) well stricken in years, has told me how he came to London from Liverpool about the year 1830, being then a young man of twenty-one. It was winter; there was a cold wind and a penetrating drizzle; he had a warm coat, but there was nothing to protect his legs or feet; there were no cushions to sit upon; the seat was wet; at every stage he was fain to get down and jump about in order to warm himself, and to look for a fresh armful of clean dry straw to sit upon, which got wet through before the coach arrived at the next stage. The journey, I believe, took about thirty-six hours. It is now done in four. The stage-coach was thus essentially a conveyance for the middle, professional, and commercial class, nor was it until last century that travellers of position condescended to make use of it. For the poorer sort, among whom were girls going out to service, young men in search of work, strolling-players, and so forth, the waggon continued to be the cheap and popular mode of conveyance. Besides the increased facilities of communication, the improved roads converted driving into an accomplishment studied and practised by all classes, especially the highest. There was never any time before the end of the eighteenth century when the art of driving had arrived at such excellence. Those who understood and professed this art drove their four-in-hand, their tandem, their curricle, their high chariot, their simple gig, with a dexterity and skill which we only find now among the London omnibus-drivers. They delighted in taking the reins from the coachman and in "tooling" the stage as long as he would allow. No one would confess ignorance of driving any more than ignorance of riding, and both of these arts were supposed to belong to the gentleman by birth. The first step which the *parvenu* attempted, in order to show his breeding and birth, was to ride in the Park; the next was to drive in the Park. It was common for young men, anxious to show off, to bribe some servant, exercising his master's horses, to let them drive them round the Park.

Another change in minor manners and customs was noted in the change that came over the merchant's "rider," familiarly known as the bagman. He ceased to be a bagman. He became, though still familiarly a bagman, a commercial traveller. He carried his samples in a small box with a handle in the lid, and the box he placed under the seat of the gig in which he drove from town to town. Some merchants did their own travelling, and posted about the country in their own carriage. In this way Ruskin, as a child, was taken through England by his father, travelling for himself. Presently it was understood that it was cheaper and more convenient to use the stage-coach than to keep a horse and a gig; the commercial traveller then became of less importance to the inn, where he paid for himself alone and not for his horse as well. He descended, therefore, to the cheaper inn, or to a cheaper part of the house.

The introduction of the hackney-coach, and the success of the innovation, indicates a certain improvement in the roadway, and the growing custom of the people to go about in the streets instead of taking a boat or riding. They were abused by the tradesmen on the ground that people in a coach could not stop at the shops, and also that the noise they made in the streets prevented the letting of the upper rooms to members of Parliament and visitors.

The number of hackney-coaches allowed to ply was limited by law. There were 50 in 1637; 300 in 1639; 1000 in 1771. The hackney-coach had at first three iron shutters on each side, perforated so that the passenger could see without being seen. These rattling noisy things were replaced by glass shutters, when the coach was called a glass coach.

The sedan-chair, which plays so large a part in the London of this century, began to decline as the streets became paved and better lighted. The hackney-coaches increased in number; people went out in the evening in their own carriages, which were very different from the great coaches in which they came up from the country. There were no longer the long lines of chairs running all round the Piazza of Covent Garden. They vanished; stands of hackney-coaches took their place. The last stand of the sedan-chair was in St. James's Street, where, until the year 1821, six or seven could still be found. Great ladies still attended Court in sedan-chairs. And the last owner of the chair was very properly the parish workhouse, where, until twenty or thirty years ago, one was kept for the conveyance of old and decrepit paupers.


Piazza in Conventgarden.

PIAZZA IN COVENT GARDEN

From a contemporary print.

A map of London and its environs published in the year 1835 shows that it was impossible to get away from the town without passing through a turnpike. On every side the turnpike barred the way. Of all taxes this of the pike was perhaps the most irritating.

The man who rode or led a horse had to pay 1½d. at every bar; the cart or carriage which had one horse paid 4½d., with two horses 9d., and so on; a waggon loaded with farm produce and drawn by four horses paid 1s. 6d. If the journey was of eight or ten miles, there would certainly be two turnpikes to pass; it is easy to understand that this was a heavy tax on the farmer. Again, if his waggon returned loaded he had to pay over again. Cattle, pigs, and sheep paid by the score. If the wheels of the waggon were under a specified width, more had to be paid; this was the cause of the broad-wheeled waggon, now almost vanished.

In general the turnpikes were farmed out to the highest bidders. A recent writer (J. K. Fowler, *Records of Old Times*) has drawn a picture of the farming of the turnpikes. It was done by public bidding. The lessees would meet before the auction and endeavour to agree among themselves not to bid above a certain sum. When the proceedings were opened and the conditions were read there would be, for a time, no bidding at all. Thereupon the auctioneer announced that the lowest price was so much per gate. This announcement was received with derision. Again there was no bidding. Then a stranger arose and offered the first bid for the lowest price; he was the decoy duck put up by the auctioneer. After a storm of pretended derision, the real business of the day began; the gate was knocked down to the highest bidder, and the company adjourned to dinner and port wine.

The contractor or farmer of the turnpike was often a capitalist who earned a very fair return for his money; the contractor for a large number of the gates, for instance, lived in Manchester, and employed every year £50,000 in gate-holding. He had a regular staff of collectors whom he sent about to different parts of the country. One duty of the turnpike-man was the collection of the tax on post-horses.

The posting-house was necessarily an inn of good standing, since it had to keep horses always ready for travellers and to accommodate travellers for the night. The charge for posting was 1s. 6d. a mile for a pair of horses; at every stage the horses were changed; the ostler's fee at each stage was 6d.; the post-boy received 3d. a mile; at each turnpike-gate the travellers had to pay 9d. In all, the cost of posting was reckoned at 2s. a mile. As a rule, a traveller seldom started before ten in the morning, and seldom continued his journey after six in the evening, when he put up for the night. In every important town there were rival posting-houses, the post-boys of which wore uniforms, those of one house riding in blue jackets, those of the other in yellow, with black or white top-hats, drab cloth or leathern breeches, and top-boots.

The post-horse duty was 1½d. a mile per horse, so that for a pair of horses and a day's journey of sixty miles one actually had to pay 15s. The collection of the duty was ingenious. First, the proprietor of the inn filled up a card—a number of which hung up in the bar—with the date, the place of starting, the destination, the number of miles, and the name of the driver. At the same time he filled up a duplicate form on the official sheet. The traveller paid in advance; the post-boy gave in the card at the first turnpike, and the landlord had to pay the money to the collector. This functionary was paid by contractors who farmed the tax. It brought in about half a million sterling, but the public paid a great deal more, the surplus being absorbed by the contractors.

The ancient pleasures of going anywhere by ship are depicted in the liveliest manner by the following case:—

In December 1795 the Somerset Fencibles, then at Jersey, were discharged. The quartermaster made arrangements for 120 of the men to be conveyed across the Channel by a vessel of 36 tons called the *John and Elizabeth*, then lying in port. At the outset, it would appear impossible to get so many men on board the little vessel at all. Part of the agreement was that the men were to be supplied with water. The captain put to sea with no more than two hogsheads, which were consumed before they reached Guernsey. When they left Guernsey it was with a very inadequate supply. Unfortunately, a gale sprang up, and the whole of the passengers—the whole of the 120—were driven below into the tiny hold, and the hatchway was nailed down. During the whole night they were kept below without air or water. Three of them became delirious, and beat, bruised, and stabbed each other. When the storm abated the hatchway was opened. It was then found that 57 of these poor soldiers had perished in the night. There seems to have been nothing done or said in consequence. A futile attempt was made to charge the death of the men on the skipper of the ship. The really guilty person, of course, was the quartermaster, whose excuse would have been that he did not know how small the ship really was.

In the year 1681 Delaune's *Present State of London* briefly describes the postal arragements:—

"This Office is now kept in Lombard Street, formerly in Bishopsgate Street; the profits of it are by Act of Parliament settled on his Royal Highness the Duke of York. But the King, by Letters Patents, under the Great Seal of England, constitutes the Postmaster-General.

From this General Office, letters and packets are despatched—

On Mondays

To France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Flanders, Sweedland, Denmark, Kent, and the Downs.

On Tuesdays

To Holland, Germany, Sweedland, Denmark, Ireland, Scotland, and all parts of England and Wales.

On Wednesdays

To all parts of Kent and the Downs.

On Thursdays

To France, Spain, Italy, and all parts of England and Scotland.

On Fridays

To Flanders, Germany, Italy, Sweedland, Denmark, Holland, Kent, and the Downs.

On Saturdays

All parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

Letters are returned from all parts of England and Scotland, certainly every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; from Wales every Monday and Friday; and from Kent and the Downs every day; but from other parts more uncertainly, in regard of the sea.

A letter containing a whole sheet of paper is convey'd 80 miles for 2d., two sheets for 4d., and an ounce of letters for 8d., and so proportionably; a letter containing a sheet is conveyed above 80 miles for 3d., two sheets for 6d., and every ounce of letters for 12d. A sheet is conveyed to Dublin for 6d., two for 1s., and an ounce of letters for 12d.

This conveyance by post is done in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes 120 miles, and in five days an answer of a letter may be had from a place 300 miles distant from the writer.

Moreover, if any gentlemen desire to ride post, to any principal town of England, post-horses are always in readiness (taking no horse without the consent of his owner), which in other kings' reigns was not duly observed; and only 3d. is demanded for every English mile, and for every stage to the post-boy, 4d. for conducting.

Besides this excellent convenience of conveying letters, and men on horseback, there is of late such an admirable commodiousness both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London, and to almost all the villages near this great City, that the like hath not been known in the world, and that is by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather, and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard jogging, or over-violent motion; and this not only at a low price, as about a 1s. for every 5 miles, but with such velocity and speed as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage-coaches, called the flying-coaches, make 40 or 50 miles in a day, as from London to Oxford or Cambridge, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late."

The cost of posting a letter abroad varied, *i.e.* a letter of a single sheet, for instance, could go to Italy for 9d., and a letter weighing an ounce for 2s. 8d. There were two packet-boats for the service between England and France, two for that between England and Flanders, two for Holland, three for Ireland, and two for the Downs.

In the year 1680 was invented, by one William Dockwra, the penny post, which carried all letters about London at the rate of one penny each. The account given of the invention, a year afterwards, by Delaune, is most interesting:—

"This useful invention is little more than a year old, being begun in April 1680. The chief undertaker that introduc'd it into practice, is one Mr. William Dockwra, a merchant, a native and citizen of London, formerly one of His Majesty's sub-searchers in the Custom-House of London, as in the list of those officers appears; a person, whose approved reputation for industry and fidelity was well known to all for above ten years in that office; and to whom the publick is obliged, he having, with his partners, spent much time, and a great sum of money, to bring this undertaking on foot, wherein they encounter'd with no small difficulties, not only by affronts and indignities from the vulgar sort, who seldom weigh any publick or generous designs, but at the beam of little, selfish, by-ends, but also by more dangerous attaques; for there have been attempts made, by some persons, to persuade His Royal Highness the Duke of York, that it intrench'd upon the General Post Office, and damnifi'd it; whereupon many actions were brought, and a chargeable suit of law follow'd; but, questionless, the Duke is better inform'd now, for it is most certain that this does much further the revenue of the General Post Office, and is an universal benefit to all the inhabitants of these parts; so that whoever goes about to deprive the City of so useful a thing, deserves no thanks from the Duke, nor anybody else, but to be noted as an enemy to publick and ingenious inventions.

This penny-post is thus managed:

The principal office to which all accounts, etc., are daily transmitted, is in Lyme Street, at the dwelling-house of the said Mr. Dockwra, formerly the mansion-house of Sir Robert Abdy, Knt.

There are seven sorting-houses, proper to the seven precincts, into which the undertakers have divided London, Westminister, and the suburbs, situated at equal distances, for the better maintenance of mutual correspondence.

There are about 400 or 500 receiving-houses to take in letters, where the messengers call every hour, and convey them as directed; as also post-letters, the writing of which are much increased by this accommodation, being carefully convey'd by them to the General Post Office, in Lombard Street.

There are a great number of clerks and poor citizens daily employed, as messengers, to collect, sort, enter, stamp and deliver all letters, every person entertained giving £50 security by bond for his fidelity, and is to be subject to the rules and orders, from time to time, given by the undertakers, who oblige themselves to make good anything deliver'd to their messengers under the value of £10, if sealed up, and the contents endorsed; and these messengers have their wages duly paid them every Saturday night.

By these are convey'd letters and parcels, not exceeding one pound weight, nor £10 in value, to and from all parts, at seasonable times, viz. of the Cities of London and Westminster, Southwark, Redriff, Wapping, Ratcliff, Lyme-house, Stepney, Poplar, and Blackwall, and all other places within the weekly Bills of Mortality, as also to the four towns of Hackney, Islington, South-Newington-Butts, and Lambeth, but to no other towns, and the letters to be left only at the receiving-houses of those four towns, for the said four towns; but if brought home to their houses, a penny more in those towns; nor any letter to be delivered to them in the street, but at the receiving-houses.

They now do use stamps to mark the hour of the day on all letters when sent out from their office to be deliver'd, by which all persons are to expect their letters within one hour (little more or less, from the time marked thereon, excepting such letters as are to be convey'd to the out-towns, and remotest parts, which will be longer), by which the cause of delay of letters may be easily discerned, viz. whether it be really in the office, or their own servants (or others), with whom the letters are left.

Upon three days at Christmas, two days in Easter and Whitsuntide, and upon the 30th of January, the penny-post does not go.

To the most remote places letters go four or five times of the day, to other places six or eight times of the day. To Inns of Court, and places of business in town, especially in term or Parliament-time, ten or twelve times of the day. For better information of people where the receiving-houses are, there are great numbers of printed tickets, dispersed from time to time amongst the neighbourhood, and advertisements in the publick intelligences, which all concern'd may take notice of, so that anybody may be by the neighbourhood immediately inform'd where a receiving-house is. Carriers and stage-coach letters are to have twopence inclosed to each carrier or coachman, because they often reject them for want of money; hundreds of such being return'd, which any inquirer may have again upon notice, for they lie alphabetically disposed of in the chief office for that end.

On all post-nights due care is taken to call for, and convey to the General Post-house in Lombard Street all post-letters, whether foreign or inland, left before nine of the clock at night. And I could wish, for encouragement of the undertakers, that all persons would so far contribute to the continuance of this useful design, as to send their post-letters by this conveyance to the Post Office in Lombard Street, which they do not convey by themselves, or servants.

If any post-letters be left without money that should pay before-hand, they will be returned to the office, therefore such as send money, are to indorse the postage-money upon their letters.

Such as inclose money in town-letters, are to indorse the true sum on the outside, and to tye fast and seal up, under a plain impression, all parcels, which may be one way to prevent disputes, in case anything be lost. The undertakers will not answer for any contents, unseen, unless sealed fast, and the value indorsed plain to be read."

A hundred years later, in 1786, we find much the same charges made and much the same arrangements, though the work must have increased enormously. There was now a twopenny post for letters taken to a distance of one stage; a threepenny post for two stages; for 80 miles a fourpenny; for a distance over 80 and under 150 miles 5d. was charged; and for over that distance 6d. From London to Edinburgh a letter cost 7d.; to Dublin 6d.; to America a letter cost 1s.; to France 10d.; to Spain 1s. 6d., and so on. The penny post described by Delaune was still carried on. There were five receiving-houses; the post carried parcels under 4 oz. in weight; the practice of cutting banknotes in two for safety was already adopted; the public were cautioned to write very legibly the name and *sign*, showing that, though the numbering of houses had already commenced, the sign was still the distinguishing mark of the house.

Between the time of Delaune's writing and 1710, when the management of the Post Office was remodelled, much improvement was made in the despatch of letters. It was a country postmaster, one Ralph Allen of Bath, in 1720, who introduced the cross-postage. That is to say, before that time a letter from Bristol to Gloucester had to go round by London. Allen undertook to organise a cross-country service. He was to pay a fixed rental and to charge himself with all expenses. In the end he cleared a profit of £10,000 a year, and had the cross-postage all over the country in his own hands entirely. In 1764 he died, and the Government took the work over with the General Post Office.

The founder of the rapid mail-coaches was one John Palmer, lessee of the theatre at Bath. The first mail-coach was started after the most vehement appeals to the Government and the public. It left London for Bristol at eight in the morning of August 8, 1784, and arrived at Bristol at eleven in the evening, covering the ground at the rate of about seven miles an hour. The speed of the mails was afterwards greatly increased, and the time of starting was altered to the evening, which allowed letters written one day to be delivered over the greater part of the country the next day.

The first Post Office was originally in Cloak Lane, Dowgate Hill; it was removed from that place to the Black Swan, Bishopsgate Street. After the Fire it was taken to Brydges Street, Covent Garden, for a time; in 1690 it was removed to Lombard Street, opposite Pope's Head Alley, where it remained until 1829, when it was removed to St. Martin's-le-Grand. The present building was erected in 1870–73.

In 1761, letters were despatched every night by mail to 122 towns; on four days in the week to twelve towns; on Mondays a mail was sent to France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Flanders, Sweden, Denmark; on Tuesdays to Holland, Germany, Sweden, and Denmark; on Thursdays to France, Spain, and Italy; on Fridays to Flanders, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland. The packet-boats sailed from Dover for Ostend and Calais, from Harwich for Helvoetsluys, and from Falmouth for the West Indies and America.

The staff of the Post Office at the end of the eighteenth century consisted of two postmasters-general, a surveyor, a deputy-surveyor, a receiver, an accountant-general, a solicitor, a controller and his secretary, 105 clerks, and 137 letter-carriers. The salaries of the clerks ranged from £40 to £140; only thirteen received £100 and over.

The franking of letters as an institution commenced as early as the year 1660, when it was resolved that members' letters should come and go free during the sitting of the House. When the Bill was sent up to the Lords, it was thrown out because the privilege was not extended to them. When, however, the omission was supplied, the Bill passed. The privilege in course of time was grossly abused. Members signed large packets of envelopes at once, and either sold them or gave them to their friends. It was worth the while of a house of business, when letters cost 6d. apiece, to buy 1000 franks at 4d. apiece; sometimes servants got them from their masters and sold them. In the year 1715, franked letters, representing £24,000 a year, passed through the post. In 1763 the amount was actually £170,000. Supposing that each letter would have brought in 6d. to the Post Office, this means nearly 7,000,000 letters, so that every member of the two Houses would have signed an average of 7000 letters a year. It was then enacted that no letter should pass free unless the address as well as the signature was in the member's handwriting. Lastly, it was ordered that all franks should be sealed, and that they should be put into the post on the day of the date. Even with these precautions, the amount of franks represented £84,000 a year. The privilege was finally abolished with the great reforms of 1841. It is needless to add that a system of wholesale forgery had sprung up long before the abolition of the privilege.

The name of Rowland Hill will always remain as that of the great reformer of the Post Office and its rules. He not only established the Penny Post, but also organised the Money Order Office, the Post Office Savings Bank, and the Post Office Insurance Office. The following account of the methods pursued by Rowland Hill before he produced his famous pamphlet of 1807 is from *Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich*, by Matthew Hill, 1861:—

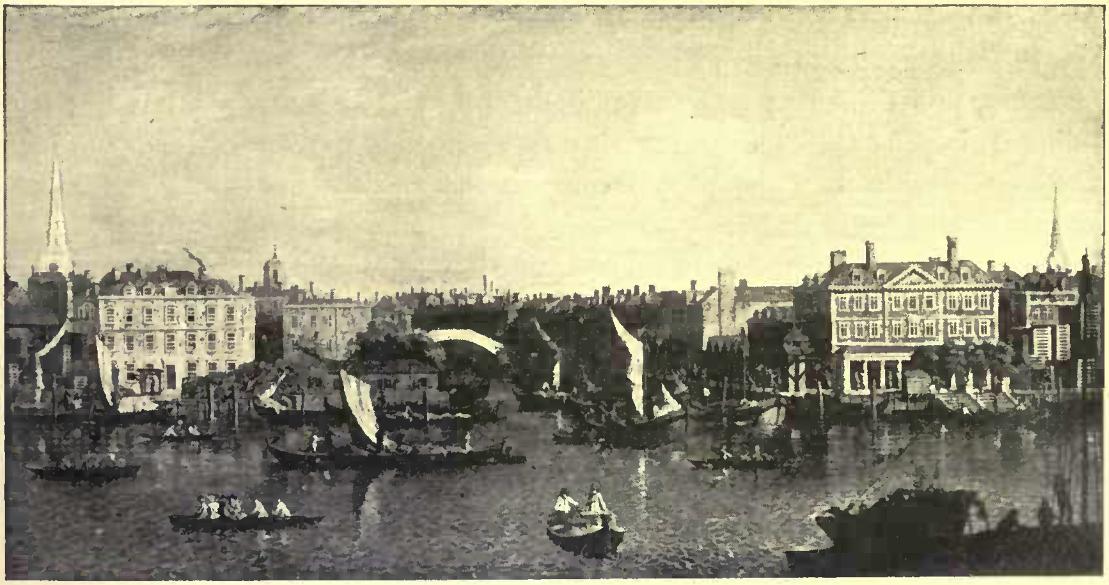
> "The cost of a letter to the Post Office he saw was divisible into three branches. First, that of receiving the letter and preparing it for its journey, which, under the old *régime*, was in proportion to the distance it had to travel; and again, according as it was composed of one, two, or three sheets of paper, each item of charge being exorbitant. For instance, a letter from London to Edinburgh, if single, was rated at 1s. 1½d.; if double, at 2s. 3d.; and if treble, at 3s. 4½d.; any—the minutest—enclosure being treated as an additional sheet. As to the duty of taxing letters, or writing upon each of them its office, the reduction to the public could be carried very much farther, without entailing on the revenue any ultimate loss of serious amount. He therefore addressed himself to the simplification of the various processes.

If, instead of charging according to the number of sheets or scraps of paper, a weight should be fixed, below which a letter, whatever might be its contents, should only bear a single charge, much trouble to the office would be spared, while an unjust mode of taxation would be abolished. For, certainly, a double letter did not impose double cost, nor a treble letter threefold cost, upon the Post Office. But, if the alteration had rested there, a great source of labour to the office would have remained; because postage would still have been augmented upon each letter in proportion to the distance it had to travel. In the absence of knowledge as to the very minute cost of transit, such an arrangement would appear just; or to place the question in another light, it would seem unjust to charge as much for delivering a letter at the distance of a mile from the office at which it was posted as for delivering a letter at Edinburgh transmitted from London. But when Rowland Hill had, by his investigation, ascertained that the difference between the cost of transit in the one instance and the other was an insignificant fraction of a farthing, it became obvious that it was a nearer approximation to perfect justice to pass over this petty inequality than to tax it even to the amount of the smallest coin of the realm. With regard to the third head, all that could be done for lessening the cost attendant on delivering the letters from house to house, was to devise some plan of prepayment which should be acceptable to the public (so long accustomed to throw the cost of correspondence on the receiver of a letter instead of the sender), and which, at the same time, should not transfer the task of collection to the receiving office, while it relieved the letter-carriers attached to the distributing office; otherwise comparatively little would have been gained by the change. This led to the proposal for prepayment by stamped labels, whereby the Post Office is altogether relieved from the duty of collecting postage."

CHAPTER V

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CITY

THE Fleet River still continued to give trouble. The Great Fire had burned all the pigsties, laystalls, and "houses of office" on its banks, and an opportunity presented itself for keeping the stream clean as well as navigable. For this purpose authority was necessary to prevent tanners, cooks, butchers, and other persons from throwing their refuse into the stream. The City deepened the stream so that it became navigable for barges, and erected wharves on both sides as far as Holborn Bridge, which was just beneath Holborn Viaduct. Nothing looked better than the stream thus made into a canal with four bridges over it—Bridewell, Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn. This was in 1670. Long before the end of the century, the canal had resumed its former aspect and



MOUTH OF FLEET RIVER

From the picture by S. Scott in the Guildhall Art Gallery.

character of a muddy stream charged with every kind of filth—an open sewer discharging into the river. When the Mansion House was built, it was resolved to shift the Stocks Market to this place, and to arch over the river from Holborn to Fleet Street. Later on, when Blackfriars Bridge was built, the lower part of the stream was also arched over.

As the City was rebuilt after the Great Fire, it was like the Second Temple, inasmuch as those who remembered its former splendour might have lifted up their voices and wept over the change. All the great houses with their stately courts and halls were gone; nearly all the venerable churches were gone; nearly all the picturesque streets, bright with gilded and painted signs and shields, were gone; in their place there arose square and flat-faced houses of brick, with sash windows. The streets were narrow still—witness Friday Street, Old Change, Fyfoot Lane, and others; but they were no longer beautiful. If you walk about the streets leading out of Thames Street you will find many of the plain houses erected after the Fire; among them you will find some with good porches and wide staircases which were among the improvements of the eighteenth century, when the rich merchant, though he had his country-house at West Ham, or Clapham, or Hoxton, still lived the greater part of his days in the City! Why should he not? In the City he found all that life could give him, all that he desired: viz. good eating and drinking; success in trade; friends also engaged in trade; office and dignity, both at Guildhall and in his own Company; the respect and consideration due to wealth from the people who desired wealth; and good preaching, a thing greatly desired in that age which it is the fashion to call irreligious.

Early in the seventeenth century Moorfields was laid out in walks, drained, and planted with trees; here began to open taverns and gardens, with arbours and games of all kinds.

One of these places is described in the *Vade Mecum for Malt Worms*:—

"In Moor's most pleasant Field, where Northern Lads
With Western Youths contend for broken Heads,
And where our Wealthy Citizens repair
To lengthen out their Lives with wholesome Air:
Jointing to TROTTER'S famous Castle, stands
A noted Mansion built by artful Hands;
Where Young or Old, at small Expense, may find
Delightful Pastimes to refresh the Mind.
Hither the sprightly Genius has recourse
To practise Riding on the Flying-Horse;
Where, Danger-free, he thro' the Air may scow'r,
And, void of Wings, fly fifty Miles an Hour;
Nor that has this Courser, tho' he runs so fast,
One living Leg to expedite his hast,
Yet carries double, treble, if requir'd,
But never stumbles, or is ever tir'd.
As for the pregnant Wife, or tim'rous Maid,
Here's a true South-Sea Coach, that sporting flies
Between the humbler Earth and lofty skyes,

> Manag'd to rise and fall with little Pains,
> Like that uncertain Stock that turns our Brains.
> Liquors, the best, are also vended here,
> From Heav'nly Punch to HALSEY'S Noble Beer,
> By gen'rous WHITEHEAD, who deserves the Bays
> From all the Sons of Malt that Merit praise;
> Therefore, if any should these Truths distrust,
> The Flying-Horse will prove the Poet just,
> Thither repair and you will surely find
> Your Entertainment good, and Landlord kind."

The absence of proper government or supervision in the City is shown in a report, dated 1732, on the condition of the Town Wall. The old law was still in force, that there should be sixteen feet clear between any buildings and the Wall; the ditch on the other side gave another forty feet clear. But the ditch was filled up. It was discovered at last, what everybody had known for a hundred years, that the space on either side of the Wall had been everywhere encroached upon; that is to say, within sight almost of the Guildhall, the citizens had been stealing the City lands with absolute impunity, and the Wall itself was in great part hidden by the houses built against it or close upon it. When it was too late, the Council ordered a survey of the Wall, with a note of all encroachments upon it, and the names of those who had built upon or were occupying the City lands, so that rent might be enforced. Whether any rent was enforced I know not.

On the 13th of September 1738 the first pile was driven into the river-bed for the new bridge at Westminster, the second stone bridge over the Thames; it was completed and thrown open for traffic after twelve years of work, viz. on the 18th of November 1750. This bridge was 1223 feet long by 44 feet wide; it was built by a Swiss, naturalised in this country, named Labelye. It consisted of fifteen arches, the central arch being 76 feet wide, and was built upon caissons or rafts of timber. They were floated to the spot intended for the pier and there sunk. This bridge began to show signs of giving way before a hundred years had passed; the bed of the river below the caissons was undermined. The approach on the north side involved the clearing away of the houses on the north of New Palace Yard, including the site of the Westminster Staple and that of the old Clochard. The great and massive tower called the Sanctuary was not removed till the year 1760. Great George Street was constructed at this time. The bridge, with its approaches, cost £389,500. In the year 1846 it began to give way, and was replaced by the present structure, which was commenced in May 1854, partly opened in March 1860, and wholly opened on May 24, 1862. The bridge, built by Mr. Thomas Page, is 1160 feet long and 85 feet wide; it is very nearly a level bridge. It is indeed in all respects a bridge worthy of its site.

There was considerable disagreement and discussion as to the building of Blackfriars Bridge. It is not necessary to repeat the arguments used in favour of this project, or the advantages to the City which were expected. It is interesting, however, to note in this undertaking the jealousy with which the growth of Westminster was regarded.

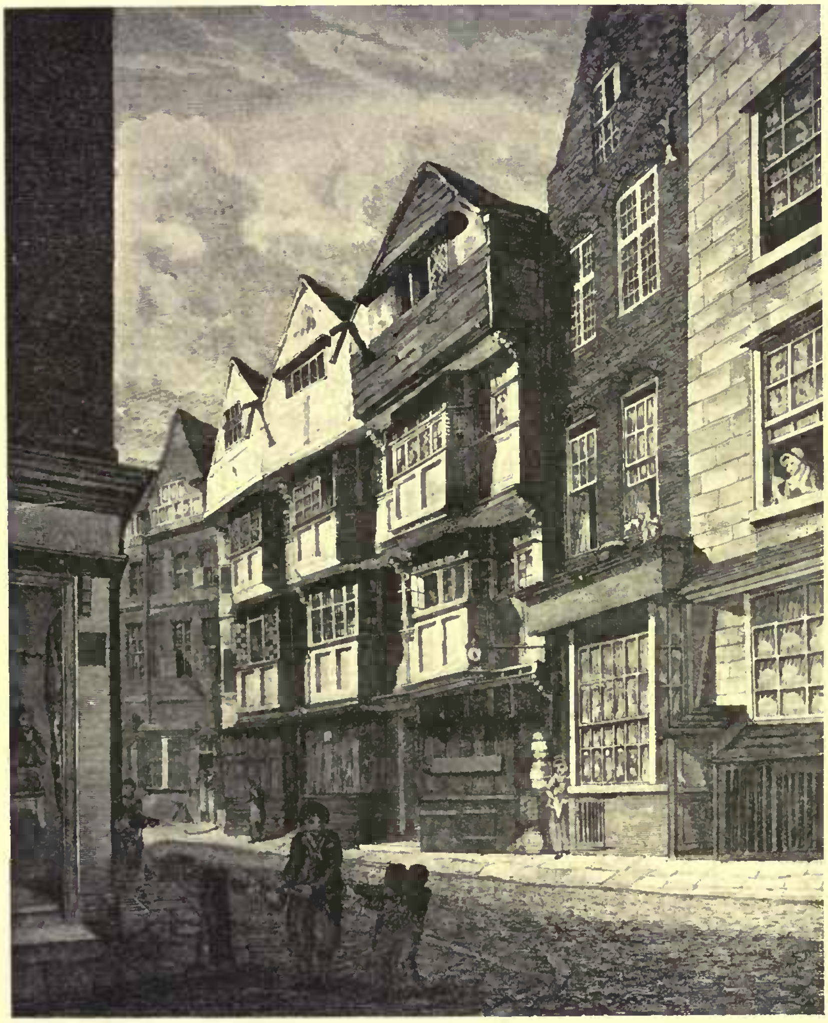
The Common Council resolved upon undertaking the bridge. They invited plans, and ultimately adopted those of Robert Mylne, a young Scotsman. The first pile was driven in on June 7, 1761, and the first stone laid on October 31 of the same year. On November 11, 1769, it was declared open under the name of Pitt Bridge. Foot-passengers at first paid a toll of one halfpenny, and on Sundays of one penny. The bridge was 995 feet in length, and consisted of nine arches. It cost £152,840 : 3 : 10. Mylne, the architect, who became surveyor of St. Paul's, died on May 5, 1811, and is buried in the Cathedral.

At the same time the Common Council considered the question of London Bridge, already recognised to be in a ruinous condition. They recommended the abolition of the houses upon the bridge. Their rental, clear of all deductions, brought in £828 : 6s. a year to the City, and the assessments amounted to £484 : 19 : 10. In all, therefore, by removing the houses, the City would lose over £1300 a year. Their surveyor, Dance, at the same time sent in an estimate for putting the bridge in repair. It amounted to £30,000. The Council were for the moment afraid of facing this expenditure; they therefore put the matter aside. The houses, however, were removed in 1757-58.

In the year 1760 the City petitioned the House of Commons to pass an Act empowering them to widen certain streets and to effect other improvements.

The enumeration of the streets they improved, and the houses thus pulled down, enables us to understand a point not indicated elsewhere—how the houses, rebuilt after the Fire on the old sites, in some cases projected many feet into the street, which was thus at certain points made most inconveniently narrow. These proposed improvements, which were not, apparently, all carried out, may be studied upon Rocque's map of 1745. Thus, the north part of Billiter Lane was widened by removing the houses on the east side; the east end of Leadenhall Street was enlarged by the same process; some of the houses on the west of the Royal Exchange were removed so as to widen Threadneedle Street; two houses projecting into Coleman Street were taken down; "the houses at the west end of the buildings between Cornhill and Lombard Street" were taken down—was this the "lucky corner" of Guy the bookseller? A house in Mark Lane next to Allhallows Staining actually projected twelve feet into the street—this was taken down. A great many other houses of the same kind obstructing the street were also marked or destroyed in this list. But, as I said before, the whole of the projected improvements were not carried out. In a mediæval city there was little attempt, save in markets and places where there were shops and stalls, at a continued line. The houses were planted here and there, presenting to the street a gable, a corner, a front, without much regard to the position of the neighbouring houses. These projections had been abolished whenever it had been found necessary to make a continuous line of shops; but they remained the right and property of the owners in those side streets where there were no such shops and stalls. We should not expect to find them in Cheapside, or in Thames Street; but they survived in the side streets.

A considerable factor in the improvement of London must be sought in the numerous fires which broke out every year in various parts. To this point I will return later on.



PROJECTING HOUSES

From a print published by Robert Wilkinson, No. 58 Cornhill, Dec. 1, 1815.

In the year 1760 a new road from Islington, called the City Road, was thrown open; a very important gift to the citizens. This time the road ran through fields—White Conduit Fields and Finsbury Fields—to the end of Old Street.

The condition of the City engaged the attention of the Common Council in the year 1764, when they received a report from the Commissioners of Sewers and Pavements on the subject. They seem to have adopted *en bloc* all the improvements which had been suggested by Gwynn in an excellent pamphlet on the subject in 1754. The Commissioners reported :—

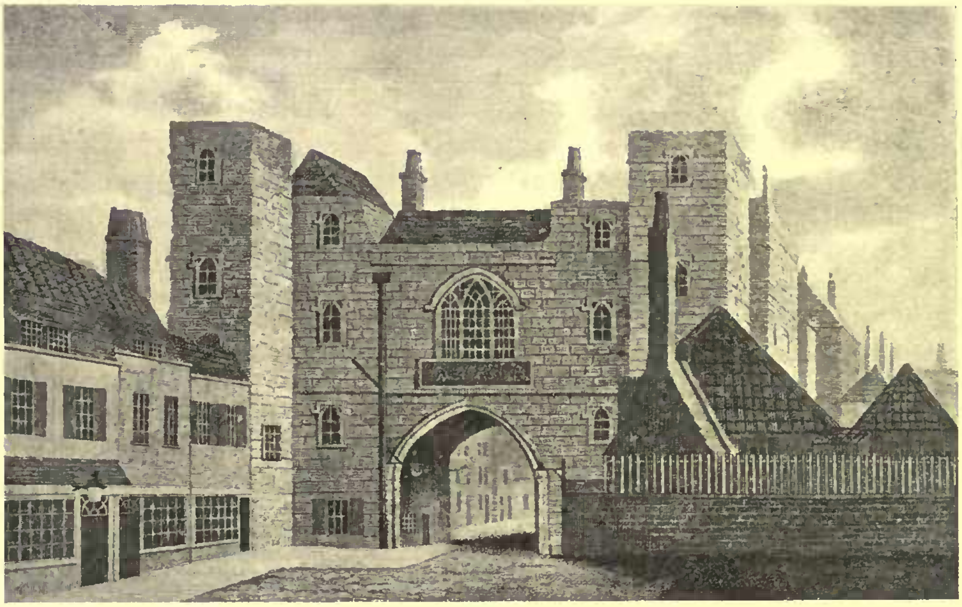
1. That the pavements were very defective, even in the principal streets.

We must remember that the paving consisted either of round stones placed close together, which easily got out of repair ; or, later on, of small square stones, not the broad slabs of present use ; these, unless they were laid very carefully, sank in parts and were mere traps for catching rain and mud and dispersing it among the passengers.

2. The gutter ran in the middle of the street, and was often so deep as to be a source of danger to vehicles.
3. People still continued the practice, against which the Council had thundered in vain for hundreds of years, viz. that of throwing into the street their offal, ashes, rubbish, broken glass, and pottery. In fact, they made the street a kitchen-midden.
4. The streets were constantly obstructed by the unlading in the road of waggons, etc., and by the washing in them of casks.
5. The footpaths were not raised above the roadway, and therefore were liable to be overflowed with mud.
6. The posts placed at intervals for the protection of passengers only served to make the streets more narrow.
7. The footways were obstructed by parcels, boxes, cases, casks, and goods placed out by shopkeepers.
8. The rivalry in the size and projection of the signs obstructed the free currents of air.
9. Old houses preserved the former practice of spouts on the roof, whence rain poured down upon the heads of the passengers.
10. They recommended that the houses should all be numbered.

In consequence of this report, the Common Council issued regulations of a stringent nature providing for the maintenance of the streets by a rate, and, which was the most important point, appointing inspectors with well-defined instructions. These instructions included most of the points presented by the Commissioners. The next step was to obtain an Act for pulling down generally whatever obstructed traffic or impeded the current of air. This was the time for pulling down the City gates, which by this time had become serious obstructions. They were not so old or so picturesque that we should regret them. An old gate survives—not of the City, it is true, but more ancient than any of the City gates—in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. At this time, too, the City Wall itself was razed to the ground between Cripplegate and Moorgate and in many other places.

The numbering of the houses was recommended by a Report in the year 1754; it had, however, already been commenced in a humble street outside the City walls forty years before, and was gradually and slowly making way before the appearance of this report. Prescot Street, Goodman's Fields, was the first street whose houses were numbered. Hatton, in 1708, records the fact. The origin of this practice was probably due to the fact that the street contained many foreign Jews, who continued in London what they had been accustomed to do on the Continent. A quotation from the Ballard collection of letters in the Bodleian (*N. and Q.*, Series VII. vol. ii.) shows that Gloucester Street was numbered in January 1719-20. Cunningham says that, in June 1764, New Burlington Street was numbered, and that the next street so treated was Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1767 an Act of Parliament orders that "The Commissioners shall cause the names of streets to be affixed at the corners, to the houses . . . and may also cause every house, shop, or warehouse in each of the said streets, lanes, squares, yards, courts, alleys, passages, and other places to be marked or numbered in such manner as they shall judge most proper for distinguishing the same. . . ." By the same Act the signs of houses are to be affixed flat to the fronts.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL

Published by J. Coxhead, Holywell Street, Strand, Jan. 1, 1813.

In 1767 an Act was passed for the completion of Blackfriars Bridge; for the rebuilding of Newgate; for repairing the Royal Exchange; for redeeming the tolls on Blackfriars Bridge; and for embanking the north side of the Thames. The last-named scheme provided for the embankment of the river from Puddle Dock as far as Milford Lane, *i.e.* roughly for the whole length of Fleet Street. The embankment, however, was a very small affair, since the whole amount voted for it was no more than £7500. At the same time the proprietors of London Bridge Waterworks obtained permission to occupy the fifth arch of the bridge with their works.

It was not until the year 1735 that the City, after repeated efforts, obtained undisputed possession of the Precinct of Blackfriars. We know the history of the Precinct. At first it occupied the piece of ground between the bank of the Fleet and the City Wall; then the Friars obtained permission to pull down the Wall behind them and put it up before them; so that the Friary was now enclosed by the City Wall. But did it belong to the City? An action was brought by the City (1 T. Charles I.) against a shoemaker for opening a shop in Blackfriars, not being free of the City. The shoemaker lost his case; but the decision was not, for some reason, accepted as final. Therefore, in 1735, a hundred years later, another action was brought by John Bosworth, chamberlain of the City, against one Daniel Watson, shalloon- and drugget-seller, for the same cause, viz. opening a shop in Blackfriars. The counsel for the plaintiff argued that, without speaking of the Precinct before the arrival of the Friars, charters existed which proved that Blackfriars was always considered as belonging to the City. The Court took this view, and there were no more attempts made to treat Blackfriars as outside the City. We may remember that it was because it was so considered, that Shakespeare's theatre was put within the Precinct.

Maitland enumerates at length the improvements effected to the year 1771. The following extract refers mainly to the new streets:—

> "The City and their Commissioners, with these aids of Parliamentary power, presently set about the business for which they were appointed; and have conducted themselves with that judgment and assiduity, that everything almost that could be done in the time, has been effected; and the City of London and its liberties may be said to have risen out of ancient ruins, and become a new city, with enjoyments never before experienced in the first city in the world, whether we look upon the many and elegant buildings, or the number, the spaciousness, pavements and cleanliness of the streets.
>
> As you enter the eastern part of London, the passenger needs only pass down the Great Minories and the new buildings, which fill almost all the west side, from Aldgate High Street to Tower Hill, including George Street and John Street, that open each a spacious passage into Poor Jewry Lane and Crutched Friars; and Hemmett Street, finished at the west extremity with an elegant half-circle of first-rate houses, instead of those wooden hovels, paltry erections, and waste ground, which heretofore were the receptacles of whores and thieves under the City Wall, from Aldgate to the postern on Tower Hill; and he will meet with objects of wonder and amazement; considering the shortness of the time in which these improvements and the new pavements have been completed. The same kind of pavement has been continued under the said commission in Whitechapel, from the north end of the Minories, as far as the bars or bounds of the City liberties; and again down Houndsditch, in which street an opening has been made into Bevis Marks for carriages to pass into St. Mary Axe and Leadenhall Street; and several parts thereof have been already covered with handsome shops and houses, upon a plan which, by setting the new buildings on the west side a few feet backwards, will render Houndsditch a commodious and open street.

As soon as we enter where Aldgate once stood, there appears on the left hand a spacious, broad and open street, and well built, running southward as far as Crutched Friars, which was lately almost impassable, and a terror to the neighbouring inhabitants. The improvement in the width of this street was brought to bear by removing or pulling down the City Wall, which ran behind the former buildings in Poor Jewry Lane as far as Tower Hill.

The east end of Leadenhall Street has been opened by pulling down the houses, upon whose site there is now built the Denmark Tavern; under which, in the vault, are still preserved the remains of St. Michael's Church or Chapel.

The houses directed to be pulled down, in order to widen the dangerous passage between Little Tower Street and Great Tower Street, has been done; and the houses at the north-west corner of Mark Lane are pulled down in order to enlarge the narrow passage at that place; but that work is not yet finished.

In Bishopsgate Ward great improvements have been made. The street where the gate stood in the City Wall is enlarged, so as to make the communication between Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without as capacious and free for carriages as any other part of that street; and the spirit of improvement has so prevailed, that the buildings and pavement in Camomile Street and Wormwood Street have been raised from narrow, dirty, and almost impassable streets and mean inhabitants to the appearance of some of our best streets in London, as far as Broad Street to the west, and Bevis Marks to the east.

On the west side of Bishopsgate Street Within, where later stood Gresham College, is now built on the site thereof, and of the alms-houses thereunto belonging, a most spacious and magnificent building by Government, for the office of excise; very lately removed to this place from their office in the Old Jewry.

In Broad Street Ward, besides the vast extension of the buildings of the Bank of England, that already extend from Bartholomew Lane to St. Christopher's Church, and have not come to their intended expansion, all the buildings and houses between Castle Alley and the north-west corner of Cornhill, facing Prince's Street, have been pulled down, and the ground laid out and covered with capital houses, adapted to trade and for public offices; and so as to make that part of Threadneedle Street, which between those houses and the Bank was very narrow and incommodious for all people, a broad and elegant street next the Bank, and with a cross street which makes a handsome wide opening out of Cornhill, facing the grand entrance of the Bank.

The footway in Lothbury has been rendered more safe and easy, as in all the streets mentioned, by the new pavements, but especially by pulling down a parcel of little shops, built in the front of St. Margaret's Church, and laying the site thereof open for the public good, by an order of Vestry.

In Throgmorton Street, there is the General Penny Post Office.

At the north-east corner of the Old Jewry, and at the south-west corner of Coleman Street, one house at each corner has been pulled down, and the ground laid into the street, to relieve the difficulty carriages often met with in turning these corners.

Several houses have been pulled down at the south-west corner of Cheapside, and the ground laid into the street as much as necessary at the north-east entrance into St. Paul's Churchyard; and on the remainder are built very handsome shops and houses.

In Farringdon Without we must remember the new Session House and a new Newgate, whose foundations are laid on the east side of the Old Bailey; and the dirty narrow passage from the end of the Old Bailey to Snow Hill under St. Sepulchre's Churchyard wall, so troublesome and dangerous to foot-passengers, is now rendered a safe and good way for carriages by a proper pavement and for foot-people by taking away the said wall, and opening the churchyard for a footway to the public.

In addition to these improvements, the Commissioners have paved all the streets of any note or traffic with regular pavement of stone with a flat face, and laid together so as to make one even compact body, easy for all sorts of carriages; and a commodious foot-way on each side of the street, laid with flat stones. The signs are pulled down; the posts before the doors are taken away; and the water from the tops of houses, that used to be a great nuisance to passengers in wet weather, is now brought by proper conveyances down to the channels; and the channels are all laid on the outside of the footway and with a proper current to empty themselves into the common sewers.

The like improvements have extended themselves, by special commissions under separate Acts of Parliament, to the borough of Southwark; to the parishes of St. Mary, Whitechapel; St. George, Middlesex; St. John, Wapping; St. Paul, Shadwell; the hamlet of Ratcliff, the Tower royalty, and to the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; and most of those places are either finished, or very forward in their work of paving and removing nuisances.

As for the increase of buildings, we have seen the south side of Mile End Old Town inclosed with brick houses; and in the south quarter of Mile End New Town that formerly laid waste, are risen many streets, to the great improvement of the Earl of Halifax's estate.

The great dunghill called Holloway Mount, lying between the north-east corner of the upper Moorfields and Shoreditch, is removed to make way for several streets of brick buildings and a turnpike road; and Bethnal Green has gained the addition of Camden Row and Wilmot Street on its west side, between the green and the church.

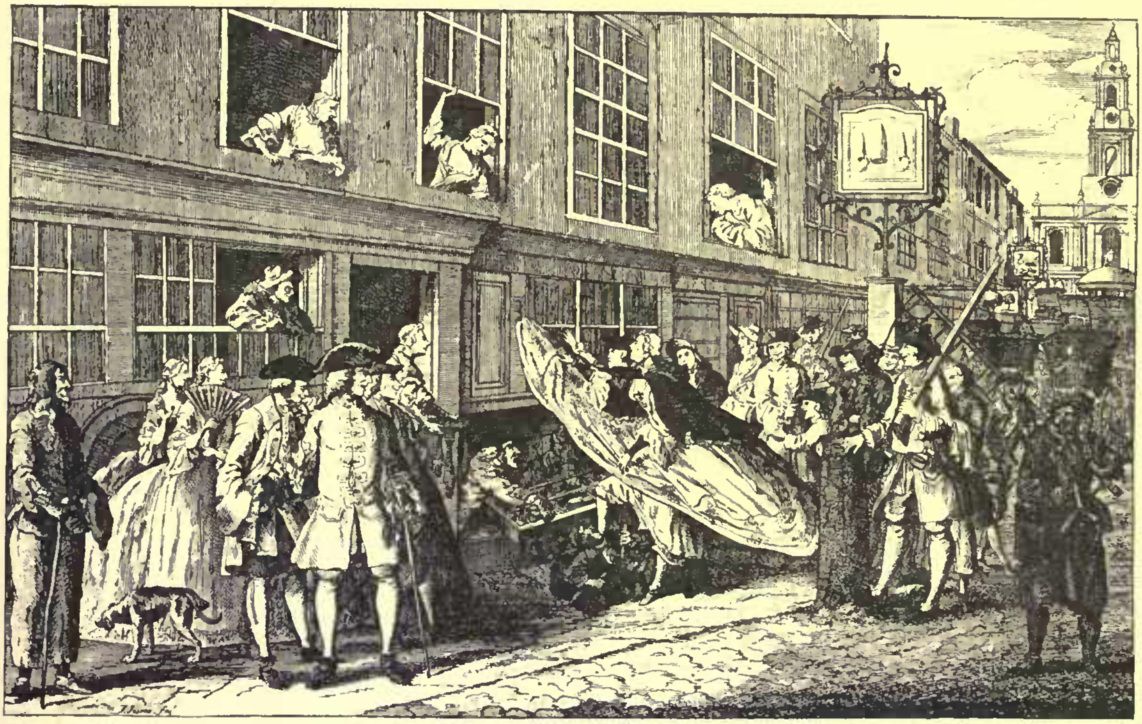
But as these buildings are all much inferior in number to those erected, and daily continuing to be built, in the western and northern extremities of the city and liberties of Westminster, so the Adelphi, those superb buildings erected upon that ground called Durham Yard in the Strand, where the ancient habitations were totally in ruins, excel all other buildings in magnificence and architecture in and about this metropolis.

We shall conclude with observing that there is erected a wooden bridge from Chelsea to Battersea; and that the navigation of the River Lea has been improved and facilitated by several channels with locks; one of which begins at Bromley and, cut in a direct line almost, terminates in the River Thames, near the bridge at Limehouse; by which improvement the barges from Hertfordshire, and the other parts of the River Lea, save about seven miles, and the impediments and danger which, at certain times and in tempestuous weather, delayed and rendered their navigation tedious, and sometimes hazardous through Bow Creek and round the Isle of Dogs."

CHAPTER VI

GAY'S "TRIVIA"

Gay's *Trivia*, often quoted, supplies us with an excellent exaggeration of the streets, the names of the streets, and their dangers. He is, indeed, the Fitz-Stephen of the eighteenth century. Let us, in his company, visit London in the year 1716.



STREET SCENE

From a contemporary print.

We are awakened in the morning by the street-cries; they begin early, and they go on all day long. We look out of the window: the weather is threatening; we must go out with the second-best wig; down below we observe that a footman has screened his wig from the rain by drawing down the flaps of his hat. The unwieldy signs, hanging over the street, show by rumbling uneasily that the wind is rising.

"Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rail; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue:
On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side:
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour."

The women who are caught by the storm cover their heads with the riding-hood; some, however, have put on pattens and hold up the umbrella's "oily shed."

The storm is over; let us sally forth. There are as yet few passengers. Here is a "draggled damsel" carrying fish from Billingsgate; here the "sallow"—why sallow?—milkmaid chalks the score on the doors. We meet the team of asses going out to be milked by order of the physicians for the "lovesick maid and dwindling beau." Before one house stands a company of drummers. What do they mean by this martial salute so early in the day? It is the salute offered to the new-made bride. In the evening she was saluted by the marrow-bones and cleavers; in the morning by the drums. The former custom was kept up for a long time; when did the latter cease?

It grows later: the shops open; the newspaper-boy runs along shouting the news; coaches begin; carts "shake the ground, and all the streets with passing cries resound."

The cart and waggon had no springs and were provided with broad wheels; the roadway was paved with round stones; the rumbling and growling of the wheels filled the streets with a continual noise which to ears more sensitive would have been intolerable. Our guide warns us of the dangers to be avoided:—

"If clothed in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguished by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid: Oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh:
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat:
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,

With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butchers whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
 Let due civilities be strictly paid;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age;
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath; clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes:
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnished lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

. . . .

 When waggish boys the stunted besom ply
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porter's hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post."

The genesis of the shoeblack, child of the dustman and the goddess Cloacina, dropped as soon as born beneath a bulk, may be passed over. Not so the goddess's instructions, later on:—

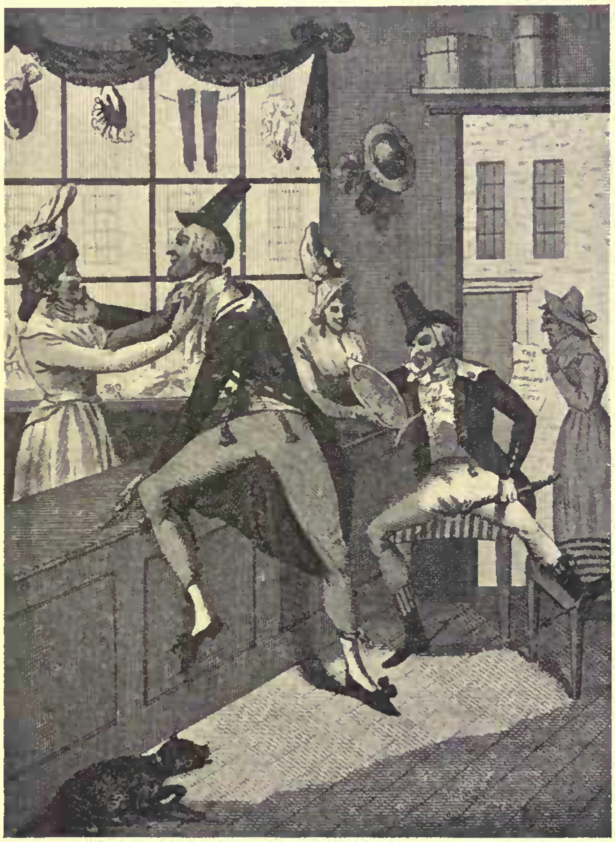
"'Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.
Temper the sóot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew
At thy request support the miry shoe,
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.'
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud;
The youth straight chose his post; the labour plied
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes, 'Clean your honour's shoes.'"

Here is a wretch in pillory:—

"Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjured head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow."

Narrow and difficult is the way along Watling Street; broad is the pavement of Cheapside; "rugged" is the street which stretches, a mile long, from the Fleet to the Tower:—

"Here steams ascend,
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Cornavian cheeses lie?"



From a contemporary print.

In the west may be found a calmer place and a sweeter air:—

"O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell;
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach:
No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs denied,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide

Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend."

The day of the week, the season of the year, are denoted by the sights and shows of the streets. On Mondays and Thursdays the bear and the bull are led out to the baiting at Hockley-in-the-Hole; on Wednesday and Friday the fish-stalls are covered with double their customary store—

"Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts."

Saturday is marked by the universal washing—

"When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dex'trous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears."

The arrival of spring is marked by

"Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud:
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood."

June is marked by the bawling of mackerel; autumn by plums, pears, and walnuts; Christmas by the appearance in the barrows of rosemary, bay, holly, laurel, and mistletoe. We visit the markets—

"Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such, Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leadenhall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames Street gives cheeses; Covent Garden fruits;
Moorfield old books; and Monmouth Street old suits.
Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife."

Night approaches; we are detained by the narrow pass between St. Clement's Church and the Strand (this passage was greatly widened some years later)—

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware,
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street;

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the rough harness; here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try
And the blood gushes down their painful eye,
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud."

Beware of the pickpocket—

"Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtile artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn:
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy: whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practised sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies:
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue 'stop thief' resounds."

The streets after dark are full of dangers—

"Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need the officious link-boy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown."

Not the least peril are the wiles and snares of the ladies of Drury Lane—

"'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow:

With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
'My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!'
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the Change;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury Lane.
She darts from sarsnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again."

Out of these graphic scenes and descriptions, which are, of course, exaggerated after the poetic manner, we can construct a good part of the London of Gay and Pope. The noisy streets; the careless tradesmen—barber, baker, painter, sweep—who plod along without caring much whom they jostle; the ill-laid paving, which after rain splashes the white silk stocking; the bawling hawkers; the fights of the carters; the man in the pillory; the chase of the pickpocket; the beau so splendid with his cane, his sword and sash, his mincing gait; the chariot with its painted sides, coats-of-arms, or nymphs; the fine lady escorted by a company of footmen with links; the street lamp with its glimmer; the quiet City alley; the stinks and noises of Thames Street: all these we see and can understand. None of the essayists has given us so complete a picture.

CHAPTER VII

A SLUM IN 1788

THIS section may be concluded by three contemporary accounts of slums. The first is taken from Percy's *London* :—

"Of the inhabitants of the 'Holy Land' there is, at least, a floating population of 1000 persons who have no fixed residence, and who hire their beds for the night in houses fitted up for the purpose. Some of these houses have fifty beds each, if such a term can be applied to the wretched materials on which they sleep; the usual price is sixpence for a whole bed, or fourpence for half a one; and behind some of the houses there are cribs littered with straw, where the wretched may sleep for threepence. In one of the houses seventeen persons have been found sleeping in the same room, and these consisting of men and their wives, single men, single women, and children. Several houses frequently belong to one person, who thus lets them out, and more than one lodging-house keeper has amassed a handsome fortune by the mendicants of St. Giles. The furniture of the houses is of the most wretched description, and no persons, but those who are sunk in vice, or are draining the cup of misery to its very dregs, could frequent them. In some of the lodging-houses, breakfast is supplied to the lodgers, and such is the avarice of the keeper that the very loaves are made of a diminutive size, in order to increase his gains, and the candles, with which each poor creature is lighted to his dormitory, are made expressly for the purpose, and so minute, that a member of the British House of Commons, distinguished for his philanthropy, and for the zeal with which he 'inquires the wretched out,' assured the writer, that there were two hundred and forty candles in each pound, or forty candles, each of which was divided into six parts. Yet, amidst so much wretchedness, there is much of wanton extravagance; and those who have traversed the purlieus of the 'Holy Land' on a Saturday night, must have felt convinced, that the money squandered away in dissipation would have procured much daily comfort both in bed and board." (II. 271.)

The second describes the common lodging-house of 1788 :—

"He himself holds twenty houses by lease, which are let out, ready furnished. Matters are conducted in a manner so perfectly economical, that though there is no more than one bed in each room, there are usually two or three, and sometimes even four, occupiers of that one room and bed. That the furniture is of an expensive and luxurious kind no one can say, as it consists only of a stump bedstead, a flock bed, a pair of sheets (frequently only one sheet), a blanket or two, a chair or two (generally without backs), and a grate, but mostly without shovel, tongs, and poker. The sheets are usually marked with the name of the owner, and the words 'stop thief' are added, for private reasons.

In two adjoining alleys are forty more houses, let out in like sort to inhabitants, in number 400, consisting of whores, pickpockets, footpads, housebreakers, and thieves of every description, from all quarters of the town. But what then? They must have lodgings as well as other people, and if they were to be in the street all night it would be dangerous for the rest of His Majesty's subjects to pass. To avoid suspicion the houses are continually lighted, and kept open all night; and to show that hypocrisy has no place there, what used to be practised only in private at midnight is now practised in public at midday.

To accommodate the poor, there are twopenny lodging-houses. One man, in particular, makes up every night thirty-five beds, and takes in men and women, at twopence or threepence a night; but if a man and woman come in together, he receives one shilling a night for the two.

No society can be under better regulations than this is. Thus, for instance, when a prostitute has decoyed a man, and robbed him, the mistress of the house has half the pay and the plunder; and if one of these ladies intrude upon that beat and walk which another regards as her exclusive right, the matter is determined, as much greater matters are, by a battle.

Nor can there be reason to fear that this society should ever become so numerous as to be any annoyance to the public; since care is taken that a sufficient number is hanged every session to maintain a balance; and some rooms are always reserved for the reception of the dead bodies, which are brought back after execution to their old lodgings, till they can be otherwise disposed of."

The following picture of a wretched London suburb called "Lock's Fields," in Southwark, is from a now forgotten novel, *Godfrey Malvern.* It belongs to the early part of the nineteenth century, but it represents a slum of the eighteenth :—

"'In the grave,' says Chaucer, 'there is no company'; and were one part of London buried 'full fathom five' it would never be missed by the other; for in such spots as we are about to describe 'there is no company,'—the wealthy and the titled great come not there, misery has only misery for companionship. Any one walking from the Elephant and Castle, down the New Kent Road, would be struck by the goodly appearance of the houses, the neatness of the gardens on the left-hand side, and the picturesque effect of the fountain, with its little sheet of water, and its bending Triton, who, throughout the sunny summer day, blows the 'arched silver' through his crooked horn. Let him, however, strike down one of those streets opposite to where the fountain plays, and thread his way for half a mile or so from the right-hand side of the road, and he will find himself in the locality of Lock's Fields. Here spreads out a huge morass of misery, a vast space of low, damp land intersected with noisome ditches and unhealthy patches of garden ground, broadening over what is still called Walworth Common; and hemmed in on the one hand by the long line of Walworth Road beyond the turnpike, and on the other, deep and far across, the Old Kent or Greenwich Road.

Here stretch scores of streets, which at night are utterly dark, and in one of those dark streets the cabman halted; for not a lamp burns in this dismal district, although within it sleep nightly thousands of our fellow-creatures. Oh, what a lesson would the true statistics of this almost unknown district furnish forth for our modern wiseacres! But there is now a police station, formed near the centre of this swamp —one step taken to produce either a brutal or a blessed improvement.

In the windows of almost every other inhabited house you see a bill announcing 'Unfurnished Apartments to Let'; in almost every street numbers of houses shut up, and huge padlocks on the doors, which tell that the late wretched inhabitants had been rendered still more wretched, their few goods sold and themselves either driven to the parish, or, with their bed of straw, housed in some new and wretched habitation. Houses there are which have never had a coat of paint on them for years, and many of these must once have been respectable-looking places. But now the broken windows are repaired with paper; or, where the inhabitants are too indolent even to do this, huge, unsightly, and filthy garments are thrust into the broken panes, and left there until summer comes, and the cool air is then welcome.

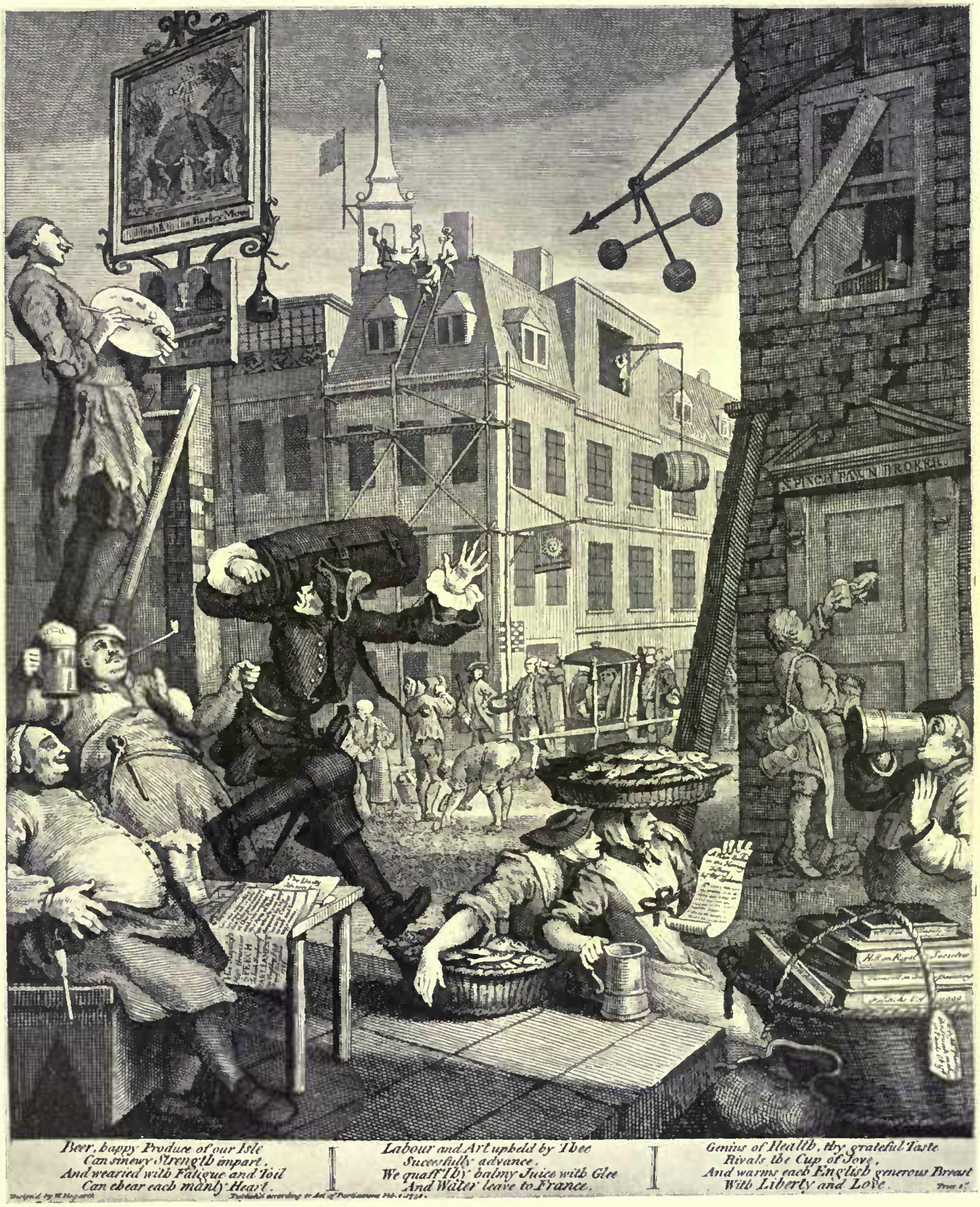
There stand sheds, in which the now useless dogcarts are placed, unless the owner is still compelled to wheel out the hearthstone himself, or drag his load of 'cat's-meat' along the street by his own strength. There dwell your dog and bird fanciers, living in little huts, among dogs and fowls, rabbits, birds, and guinea-pigs, and surrounded with children, who all day long play in the dirt before the doors, and yet look as healthy and fresh in their filth as potatoes just turned out of the mould. And these little barefooted, uncombed children take their baskets (often patched with cloth where the bottom is gone) and buy the fat, dirty slices of pork and bacon which lie in the neighbouring shops, marked threepence or fourpence a pound, and sopping their potatoes in the fat, lick their fingers and thrive, learning to swear almost as soon as they can talk. Here and there you see a cook-shop, and in the window, about noon, smoke great suet puddings, with lumps of fat as large as walnuts in them; and great black flat tins filled with baked potatoes, and swimming in the grease of pork which has been cooked because it would keep no longer; while at the windows the little dirty children stand 'looking hunger' at the savoury viands, and flattening their little noses against the panes. A penny to purchase a piece of pudding, or a few of the brown-baked and greasy potatoes, and they are happy, and can play with their light and merry hearts until hunger again visits them.

Others contrive to keep a poor horse, high of bone and low of flesh, one bought at the 'knacker's,' and cruelly saved from death; and this is yoked in a cart, the cart itself tumbling to pieces, and when not in use the owner is ever mending it, driving in a nail here and there, then going his daily round, and crying 'Dust O!' Before his door stands a mountain of ashes; this his wife riddles for the cinders, the dog meanwhile feeding from the filthy heap. During his absence his children turn it over and pick out the bones and rags, and all are thrown into separate heaps and then sold. So they live in dirt, drunkenness, and misery.

Then comes a shop where they sell cat's-meat, coals, cow-heels, coke, wood, and tripe. And ever and anon a load of coal comes in, and black clouds of dust arise as they are emptied in the shop, settling on the cow-heels and the tripe and the pillars of pudding; yet these they eat all up, and as one of them once remarked in our hearing, 'The dust does instead of pepper.' From morning to night the pot-boys are seen carrying out beer; from 'early morn to dewy eve' it is 'beer,' still 'beer'!—breakfast and tea cannot be made without beer. Even the little children who can but just walk, and are sent to fetch it in their own jugs, stop at every turning to taste of this 'beer,' and as they grow up they learn to despise tea and milk, and all such feminine *et ceteras*, and grow brown and broad on beer, until gin comes and 'strikes flat the thick rotundity'!

Yet trade is carried on even here. They make those blue boxes, such as hatters give away when their customers purchase a 'four-and-ninepenny.' They bottom chairs with cane, such chairs as, when complete and coloured to resemble rosewood, sell for twelve shillings the half-dozen. They cut and bind up wood, and it takes them a day to sell what they have done up the day before, at three bundles a penny. Sometimes you see a poor mechanic carrying home the skeleton of a sofa on his head, or part of a French bedstead; then return with a small portion of wood, of which to make others the following week. He works for the 'trade,' the shops that ticket low, and sell still lower, and make such chairs and bedsteads that, if Dandie Dinmont threw himself into them in his rough riding-coat, as he did in the prison scene in *Guy Mannering*, he would leave nothing but 'a wreck behind.' Here all streets are without water, saving what they get from shallow wells; for what company would lay down pipes in such a neighbourhood? The children are seen with rusty cans and battered tin-kettles going from house to house to beg water—no marvel they soon become so fond of beer.

If a fire breaks out here even the landlord is glad, for he gets rid of a bad tenant and a bad house at the same time, and there is still the ground to let. They need no fire-engines who have nothing worth saving. Many of the wooden sheds and tumble-down houses a strong man might throw over into the ditches, which seem to stand sluggishly as if yawning for the ruins. Beside many of the ditches grow stunted elder-bushes; they are hung with broken saucepans, rags, and filth, which the inhabitants were too weak or too lazy to throw into the ditches. There live your men who sell cheap flounders and soles in the morning, and on an afternoon cry shrimps, water-cresses, and periwinkles. There walk home your women of a night who sit at street-ends in the day, with little piles of withered apples, oranges, and cocoa-nut shells before them, and are begrimed through roasting chestnuts. Here is stowed away the tall theatre in which Punch and Judy exhibit in our streets, the deep drum and the shrill pipes; the big caravan, the poor horse that draws it, and the dwarf or giant it contains, have here their home. The manly-voiced woman who cries, 'Walk in, only one penny!' and the velvet-coated man who shows the last murder in his peep-show, here sit side by side and drink their beer, smoke their pipes, swear, and


N. PINCH PAWN BROKER
Beer, happy Produce of our Isle
Can sinewy Strength impart,
And wearied with Fatigue and Toil
Can chear each manly Heart.
Labour and Art upheld by Thee
Successfully advance,
We quaff Thy balmy Juice with Glee
And Water leave to France.
Genius of Health, thy grateful Taste
Rivals the Cup of Jove,
And warms each English generous Breast
With Liberty and Love.
Design'd by W. Hogarth
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament

BEER STREET

From Hogarth's engraving.

fight—then sleep in peace. Here a board announces that 'Messages are Delivered and Errands Run.' But every one there is his own messenger, and goes his own errand; and if a postman appears in the neighbourhood, or a double knock is heard at any of the doors, every head is seen projecting outside all the way down the street. They walk into each other's homes without ceremony while they are friends, and when they have quarrelled never speak, except 'to blow each other up,' for weeks after; unless sickness or sorrow comes, when the past is forgotten, for they are still true to one another when misery bares her arm. 'Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!' and here thousands are born, live, and die, and in some instances find more real sympathy and kindness in the last struggle than others who end their days in the 'high state' of the cold, formal world. Poor and ragged and ill-housed as they too often are, they are not altogether miserable. They help each other, although they talk about it afterwards. They have their bright and dark sides—their whims and ways, bad passions and kind feelings, just like the high and wealthy, the great and the titled. But poverty and crime dwell here!

O God! what have we not witnessed amid these scenes! Blear-eyed drunkenness, prowling theft, and red-handed murder!—for here shrieks and cries for help are too common to be regarded. Here they turn in their wretched beds and say, 'It is only so-and-so quarrelling with his woman,' and, stupefied with the fumes of 'turpentined gin,' are soon asleep. Beauty dwells here, but not such as God made. Women live here—too many, alas!—faded and fallen!—the majesty gone, the virtue worn and wasted, the goodness and kindness and gentleness of their nature lost, battered, hardened, and now cruel and selfish. No Adam to lead them forth when they fell; they left the garden of their Eden alone—those who shared in their guilt had long deserted them. They had no bosom left to lean and weep upon. Drink dried up their tears, and burnt up their hearts; their sighs were lost amid the loud swearing of their companions. No law protected them, and they soon hated all laws; none loved them, and now they have no love left.

Here they drag out their existence from day to day; but no one comes to ask how—they live, die, and are buried, and their names are never known! The virtuous and the vicious are swept away together; those who were most honest and industrious, and those who lived by the most disreputable means, sleep side by side in the same churchyard. How they lived or died no one cares to inquire. And this is in London!—in England!—in our own time! Ay, even now whilst we are writing, and now whilst thou art reading this very page!"

CHURCH AND CHAPEL

CHAPTER I

THE CHURCH AND THE CITY

A SET of tables (*see* Appendix I.) shows the services held daily and weekly in every London church in the year 1732. It also presents a list of the charity or free schools, the bells, and the organs (where there were any) of the 143 parishes, including those whose churches were not rebuilt after the Fire. Thirty-three were then united to other parishes; there remain, therefore, 111 churches for the whole of London, Westminster, and the suburbs, omitting the two cathedral churches of St. Paul's and St. Peter's.

In Appendix II. mention is made of the Nonconformists. At this time there were as many places of meeting as there were churches in London and its suburbs. In the year 1732, about the forty-fifth year of toleration, 120 congregations worshipped in their own way within the Bills of Mortality. We shall return to the subject of Dissent: at the present we are dealing with the Church only.[1]

The importance of these tables is twofold. First, they indicate how far the times were favourable to the outward observance of religion. We cannot but consider the frequency of services as a considerable factor in the estimate of such outward observance of religion at any period. There are many persons in every age to whom the services of the Church, at stated periods, are a necessity to the peace of the soul and the maintenance of faith. It is quite possible, however, that those persons may be satisfied with a weekly service. But there are others by whom a more frequent service is welcomed—even a daily service; there are others, again, who are never so happy as when actually in church—monks and nuns by vocation never seem to weary of those litanies whose iteration to the worldly-minded is maddening. If, therefore, we find everywhere a multiplication of services, we may be very sure that they represent a deeply rooted and widespread religious sentiment, and that they answer to a not uncommon want. When there is a general apathy, or deadness, in religion, such services are no longer attended—clergymen certainly do not go on reading the prayers to empty pews, unless they profess a modern

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[1] I beg the reader to look at the first list before proceeding with this chapter.

High Church theory that they are speaking in the name of the parish; and without the existence of such a religious demand the most hardened hypocrite would not pretend to zeal for frequent acts of worship.

What, then, do we find in our tables in the year 1732? It is near the middle of the eighteenth century. It is the very time which is generally considered to be that in which religion in the country was at its lowest ebb. It is a commonplace that the Church of England in the reign of George II. was at its worst. Yet this lowest ebb must be acknowledged to have been, in London at least, very far from stagnation. A glance at our tables proves so much. It is true that many most excellent people at this time solemnly lamented the decay of religion. Let us ask, however, how far the alleged decline of religion affected London. First, then, the general decay was largely attributed to the miserable pay and position of the assistant clergy, for whom promotion, for lack of family interest, was next to impossible; whose income was seldom above £50 a year; who eked out their slender income by selling beer, poultry, and pigs. Next, it was attributed to the pluralities and non-residence of the beneficed clergy; to the monstrous incomes of the bishops; to the immorality commonly, but loosely, alleged to have been general in all classes. One denies the immorality in one class at least. There was no more immorality in the middle class than at any other time.

Most of these causes were not operative in London at all. Here the clergy were always resident; always fairly paid—their stipends varying from £100 a year to £700, with a house and valuable fees; they were always held in honour and respect—except in the rare cases when respect was impossible: here the patrons were, for the most part, not private persons who could reserve the livings for their own sons and relations, but the Bishop of London, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, Westminster, and Canterbury, or the City Companies. The lecturers, another factor in the religious life of the time, were appointed by the parishioners themselves, and for the most part paid by them. The average Londoner might possibly have been told that many of the clergy were half starved and forced to get money in unworthy ways; but those of the clergy whom he knew were scholars and divines, serious and dignified, expecting honour and respect, and commanding both by their virtues and their learning. Again, when some writers ask us to believe that religion was dead, we find that they do not allow Nonconformists to be considered at all. Now, in the eighteenth century something like a fifth part of the population of London belonged to the Nonconformists; and that fifth part was equally removed from the nobility on the one hand and the lower classes on the other. At both extremes, viz. among the nobility at one end and the lowest classes at the other, one is quite willing to admit that there was decay or even vanishing of all religion. Let us allow three-fifths for these two extremes: I think it is too much. Then we must acknowledge a small proportion of infidels among whom it was the fashion, all through the eighteenth century, to ridicule religion; they were philosophers and aristocrats—were their wives and daughters also infidels? I doubt it. And there was still a huge contingent consisting of the lowest class, who were outside the reach of education or of religion, who had no religion and had never been taught any. There still remain the merchants, the retail tradesmen, the more respectable craftsmen, the clerks, the servants, and the professional men, living within the Bills of Mortality. It is of the religious life of this great body that the tables speak.

First, as regards the services. There were forty-four of the London churches which then held daily services; in almost all cases they were held both in the morning and the evening. But in some of the churches we find a daily sermon, or one, two, or three sermons in the week; three services every day, as at St. Andrew's, Holborn; additional services on Wednesday and Friday, as at St. Sepulchre's; four services a day, as at St. James's, Westminster, and St. Paul's, Covent Garden; while on Sundays there were at St. James's, Westminster, five services, and at other churches three. Again, in more than half of the churches there was, as yet, no organ; it was not, therefore, for the musical part of the service that the people came to church. It seems, again, as if the people cared more for a peal of bells than for an organ; for the number of bells is entered in almost every case: those churches which possessed as many as five bells form nearly a half of the whole.

In almost every church there were "gift sermons"—endowments which in a way corresponded with the old charity bequests. One could no longer endow a perpetual mass for the soul—the endowment of a mass in perpetuity should logically be a convincing proof of disbelief in the efficacy of the mass,—but one could certainly, except in extreme schools, offer a proof of Christian faith, even if one could no longer assist the soul by good works, by an endowment for a sermon, in the time when the sermon was everything and when all the churches were built for preaching-houses. Later on, when the sermon was regarded with less respect, the almshouses took its place.

Of "gift" sermons, therefore, 108 churches belonging to my list held between them no fewer than 189 endowments of sermons.

Outside the churches which held daily services came those which had service on Wednesday and Friday and on every holyday. It is true that the hearing of sermons, the frequent attendance at services, do not by themselves make up the life of religion. The multiplication of services indicates, however, I repeat, the existence of a widespread religious sentiment, and of a very large body of people who desired them and attended them.

The next point to observe is the publication of religious or controversial books. Now, the eighteenth century saw the publication of an immense mass of theological literature. There were sermons innumerable. Not only the Church, but Christianity itself, was as vehemently defended as it was attacked. Upon these controversies—which have little to do with the religious life of London, because the worthy merchants read none of them—we have nothing to say, except to remark that a fighting Church is not a dead Church, and that a Church which could produce such champions as Butler and Berkeley can surely not be called a Church in decay.

Another indication that religion was not dead, but very much alive, may be found in the fact that so many divines, jealous of their Church, or infidel writers, anxious to see it destroyed, were constantly lamenting, or proclaiming, this decay. If the decay were really universal, would all these divines, themselves a body decadent with the rest, be lamenting the fact? What they saw is what men see in every age, the prevalence of carelessness or of vice. Voltaire, with pleasure, announced that of religion "il n'y a guère aujourd'hui dans la Grande Bretagne que le peu qu'il en faut pour distinguer les factions." Warburton would not allow this to be true: he acknowledged, thinking of the position of the clergy, that the condition of the Church was "miserable," but prophesied a revival. Again, some of the Dissenters complained that their churches also were showing signs of decay. Doddridge pointed out that if there were decay it was because the pulpit no longer proclaimed the old doctrines, and recommended a return to evangelical preaching.

The world, for the time, was weary of the old doctrinal preaching and the Calvinistic creed; this accounts for much of the so-called "decay." Responsible people settled down, in London at least, to an observance of outward forms, to serious and sober views of life, to the natural and moral grounds on which religion rests, rather than to the definition of doctrine. A more comfortable form of religion was unconsciously adopted—the eighteenth century loved comfort in all things. The citizens of the time dreaded fanaticism: there were memories of fanatics and enthusiasts still in the minds of men: what divines called the decay of faith was often nothing but a weariness over the disputes concerning those points of faith which, as a listless and heedless folk were from time to time reminded, if a man do not hold aright there is no doubt that he shall perish everlastingly.

There was published in the first half of the eighteenth century a series of papers called the *Athenian Oracle* and the *British Oracle*. These papers, afterwards collected and bound up in volumes, consist of questions supposed to be put by the reader and to be answered by the Oracle. The persons who formed the Oracle were three or four: one scholar at least was among them; their journal was intended for the average citizen and his household—for the middle class of London. It therefore occupied itself entirely with such questions and answers as would amuse these people, and would treat of subjects which formed part of their daily conversation. In fact, the discourse and the thoughts of the well-to-do middle-class household are here fully revealed; they are books which tell us how in the matter of conversation and speculation the people lived. A very large proportion of the questions are upon subjects either religious or arising out of the Bible. They show—which I insist upon as proving that the middle classes were still deeply religious—that the citizens read the Bible and talked over points which troubled them and were difficult of explanation. Here, for instance, are some of the questions:—

How long did Adam and Eve continue in a state of innocence?
Has true Religion anything to fear from ridicule?
How can Light be created before the Sun?
Why is Moses depicted with horns upon his head?
Cain took a wife out of the Land of Nod. Of what family?
In what part of the body lies the Soul?
Where did the Lord reside before the Resurrection?
Is the Book of Job a real history?

Those questions which are not of the above religious character are just the general kind of questions that would occur to the average untaught mind, as:—

What is Love?
What is the cause of Thunder?
What is Laughter?
What is your opinion of Stonehenge?
Is Envy a sin?
Why do Angels have wings?
What is the origin of the Horn Fair?

The first set of questions, which form the larger part, do distinctly reveal a religious atmosphere in the middle-class household. Another point which to my mind indicates the bourgeois respect for religion is this. It was an age in which a good deal that was coarse, a good deal that was intended to be lewd, a good deal that was designedly immoral, was written and published. To get behind the scenes in this century, as regards its manners and its literature, is one of the most amazing things possible. Except in one or two cases, the books of this kind always put on a sham deferential attitude towards religion: the most shameless narratives were advanced under the hypocritical disguise of upholding virtue and exposing vice. Of course, I am not speaking of the flagrant obscenities which were printed just to be handed round privately, but of the narratives of seduction and prostitution which were really written for one purpose, that of exciting the passions; and pretended to be written for another, that of chastising vice. If there was no religion left at all, why was it necessary to exhibit a continual deference to the religious spirit? Why was it necessary to apologise for writing on the sensual passions if there was no religion left to restrain the readers? Above all, we must take into account the differences in the way of regarding things then and now. The church, the ritual, the sermons, were not such as we are accustomed to find in the present age. To begin with, the church itself was frankly a preaching-box—a barn if you will, yet ornamented with carved wood and gilding till it had a dignity and even a beauty of its own. Dignity is the special distinction of the Georgian Church: the rector was full of dignity; so were his churchwardens; so was the beadle, then in no way ridiculous; so were the citizens, who sat each in his own high pew with his family around him. The service was plain and simple; many churches, as we have seen, had not an organ; the sermon was preached from a high pulpit; the preacher wore a black gown; the preacher of the evening sermon was generally called the lecturer, and was in no sense a curate. The post was in the gift of the vestry. When it was vacant, the candidate had to canvass the vestrymen, to drink with the husbands, and to say soft things to the wives. It was sometimes endowed, but mostly paid by voluntary gifts of the parishioners, for which the churchwardens and overseers carried a collecting-book round the parish. If the lecturer were unpopular he found it out very quickly by the falling-off in the income. But the office was never well paid. Few of the lecturers got so much as £100 a year for preaching once every Sunday.

Things now called abominations flourished: it was not thought wrong for a man to be a pluralist; the parishioners were often left quite alone; there was no visiting; none of the modern working of a parish; no mothers' meetings, no "day in the country," no concerts, no lads' clubs, no lectures, no activity at all. But the people might come to church if they liked, for the sermon, and the sermons were sound.

There were as yet no Sunday Schools; there was no teaching of poor children at all. So far as the Companies still had control over the craftsmen, they were all expected at church on Sunday.

Station and order were preserved within the church as without. The rich merchants and the masters sat in the most beautiful pews possible to conceive, richly carved with blazoned shields and figures in white and gold, with high backs, above which the tops of the wigs proudly nodded. These pews were gathered about the pulpit, which was itself a miracle of carved work, though perhaps it was only a box stuck on to the wall. The altar, the walls, the galleries were all adorned with wood-carvings. Under the galleries and in the aisles, on plain benches, sat the folk who worked for wages; the bedesmen and bedeswomen; and the charity children. The retail people, who kept the shops, had less eligible pews behind their betters. They left the church in order, the great people first, then the lesser, and then the least. An excellent example of an eighteenth-century church was to be seen until the year 1898 in Thames Street. It was the church of Allhallows-the-Great, now pulled down. The building itself was just a square room, with no beauty except that of proportion. It was rich in wood-carvings: the pulpit, lavishly adorned with precious work, ought to have belonged to some great cathedral; it had a screen of carved wood standing right across the church, a most beautiful screen, now removed to St. Margaret's, Lothbury. The old arrangement of the eighteenth century was preserved to the end: the pulpit was placed against the middle of the wall, the pews of the merchants were gathered about, while the pews of the common people were those nearest to the communion table. Formerly the latter were appropriated to the watermen's apprentices. These youths, once the hope of the Thames, sat with their backs to the table, and have left the record of their presence in their initials carved, with dates, on the sloping bookstand. There they are—'J. F. 1710,' 'B. R. 1734,' with a rude carving of a ship, showing how they beguiled the tedium of the sermon. The arrangement of the pews illustrated, you observe, the importance in which the sermon was held. The people, as at St. Paul's Cross, gathered about the preacher. The church is now gone: it was pulled down and ruthlessly destroyed by the hand which should have preserved it.

There were penalties for absence from service. A man who stayed away was liable to the censure of the Church, with a fine of one shilling for every offence. He was called upon to prove where he had been to church, because it was not thought possible that anybody should stay away from service altogether. If a person harboured in his house one who did not attend the parish church, he was liable to a fine of £20 a month, the third part of the fine being given to the informer. I do not suppose that these laws were ever rigidly enforced, otherwise the Nonconformists would have cried out oftener and louder. But the spirit of the laws remained. During the week, the parish, save for the services, was left to take care of itself. There were no visits, no concerts, no magic-lanterns, no Bible-classes, no missionary meeting—nothing; everybody attended to his own business. The men worked all day long; the women looked after the house all day long: in the evenings the taverns were crowded; there were clubs of all kinds; everybody took his tobacco and his glass at a tavern or a club, and no harm was thought of it.

For the old people there were almshouses, and there was the bounty of the Companies. And since there must be always poor people among us, there were doles in every parish. Special cases were provided for as they arose, by the merchants themselves. Finally, if one was sick or dying, the clergyman went to read the office appointed for the sick; and when one died, he read the office appointed for the dead.

All this is simple and intelligible. The Church provided instruction in doctrine for old and young, forms of prayer, consolation in sickness, baptism, communion, and burial for all. Some churches had charitable endowments; the rest was left to the parishioners themselves. This is not quite the modern idea of the parish, but it seems to have worked as well as our own practice. Their clergyman was a divine, and nothing more: ours undertakes the care of the poor first of all; he is the administrator of charity; he is, next, the director of schools, the organiser of amusements, the leader of athletics, the trainer of the choir, the president of musical societies, the founder of working lads' institutes; he also reads the service at church, and he preaches a short sermon every Sunday; but the latter functions are not much regarded by his people. Their clergyman was a divine; he was therefore a scholar. Therein lies the whole difference. We have few divines now, and very few scholars among the parish clergy, or even among the bishops. Here and there one or two divines are found upon the Episcopal Bench, and one or two at Oxford and Cambridge; in the parish churches, few indeed. We do not ask for divines, or even for preachers; we want organisers, administrators, athletes, and singers. And the chief reason for calling the time of George the Second a dead time for the Church seems to be, so far as London is concerned, that its clergy were not like our own.

We have to consider, next, in connection with the religious side of the century, its charitable work: first, as regards the provision made for the young; and next, that made for the old.

Out of the 111 churches, representing 144 parishes, we find charity schools supported mainly by voluntary contributions of the parishioners in 63 of them. These schools received, educated, and in many cases put out as apprentices, or sent into service, 4783 boys and girls, without counting the cases—not very numerous—in which children were sent to "horn-book" schools kept by dames.

Schools are sometimes mentioned without the number of the children educated in them. Let us roughly estimate the whole number of children at the charity schools at 5000. If the population of the City about the middle of the eighteenth century was a million, the proportion of those who were under fourteen and over seven years of age was about one-eighth of the whole, or perhaps more. Let us set down the whole number of children between these ages at 200,000. Now, the schools of the poor consisted, first, of "dames' schools," or horn-book schools, where a little teaching of the merest rudiments was attempted; next, of schools kept by working-men, or craftsmen, broken down, and unable to work at their trade from age or infirmity—we know simply nothing of these schools or of their efficiency, only that they existed; next, of the charity schools above enumerated; then of the City public schools; and lastly, of the private schools which were scattered all over the City. Making every possible allowance, we must admit that though the Charities and the Companies educated a goodly number of children, there must have been many thousands who never received any kind of education at all. And this we know from other sources of information, as from Defoe and Hanway.

There remain the almshouses and the provision for the aged, the decrepit, and the impotent. So long as the craftsmen remained under the care of their Companies, they had no fear as to provision for their old age; the Companies looked after that time of life. In every parish there were appointed overseers, or collectors, for the poor. When a man or a child came upon the parish, he had to be kept: in some cases there were workhouses belonging to the ward or parish, but not in all; the system was generally one of outdoor relief. Therefore the form of charity which most commended itself at the time was the endowment of almshouses—places where the aged poor might find a haven of rest for their last years, a sound roof, a fire, food in sufficiency, and not to be on the parish. A list of the almshouses existing in London in the year 1750 will be found in Appendix III.

There was, as will be seen from this list, accommodation provided in the almshouses of the City—allowing for those in which the number of bedesmen is not stated—for over 600, which is not much. There were many thousands, therefore, of aged poor who had to come upon the parish.

In addition to the schools, the almshouses, and the hospitals, the King sent every year the sum of £1000 to the poor in London. This sum was increased by the voluntary donations of citizens, and was then distributed among the parishes. About 500 families were thus relieved.

The number of persons contained in the various hospitals and almshouses, together with the children taught and apprenticed, amounted, in the middle of the eighteenth century, to over 8000, and the sum spent upon them to £78,519 : 1 : 2.

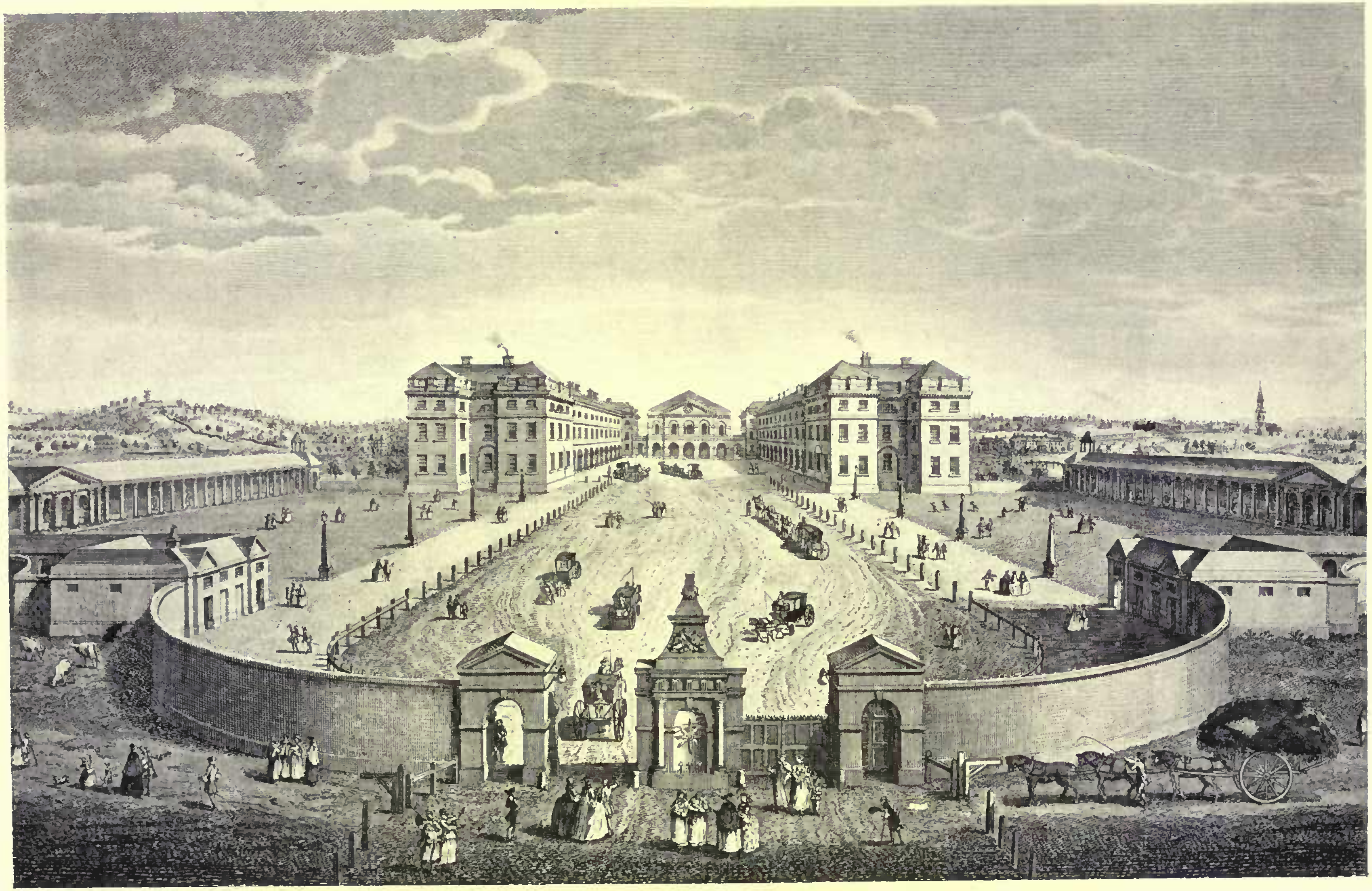
There were also benefit clubs, called Box Clubs, for mutual assistance in time of sickness or want of work. The subscription was two, three, or more pence per week; the members met once a month for the purpose of counting their money and considering cases of distress. It was calculated that many thousands of working-men belonged to these clubs, which were of the greatest benefit to the various parishes in keeping down the poor-rate.

The following were the principal hospitals:—Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, St. Bartholomew's, Christ's, Bridewell and Bethlehem, St. Thomas's, Guy's, the Westminster Infirmary, St. George's, the Foundling, three lying-in hospitals, the London, the Middlesex, the Smallpox, the French Protestant, the Lock, the Wounded Seamen's, St. Luke's, the Marian Society, the Welsh Charity, the Asylum, the Magdalen, the London Workhouse, the General, Public, Middlesex, and Westminster Dispensaries, the Medical Society, the Humane, the Corporation of the Care of the Clergy, the Orphan Asylum, the Trinity House. These institutions are treated in their place.

As an institution which belongs specially to this century, I would place here a brief account of the Foundling Hospital. As for the foundling himself, he has entirely disappeared from among us. It is wonderful to remember that he was once a common and ever-present burden. He is no longer seen, because the cause of his existence has vanished. The crowded roads, especially the roads that led to London, contained not only an endless procession of coaches, carriages, waggons, carts, pack-horses, pack-mules, pack-asses, getting along to London and coming away from London: at distances of five or six miles there stood the stage inn where the coaches stopped and travellers fed, and which were full, every evening, of people who put up for the night. Soldiers, sailors, strolling actors, "riders" or merchants' travellers, servants,—these all slept under the same roof with the "quality," though they did not mess at the same table. There was also, in addition to these, another company not recognised or known, but a numerous company which thronged all the roads; these were the tramps. We have the tramp, it is true, still with us, but in lesser numbers and much more under control. These people, male and female, streamed along the road: there was no end to them; they were always going or coming; they begged, they stole, they robbed; they were a terror of the farmhouse and of the solitary wayfarer. Sometimes when a baby was born to them, they rid themselves of the trouble and the charge by leaving it on a doorstep. Then the guardians of the poor took charge of the child; baptized it, sometimes after the day of the week when it was found, and gave it a surname, often after the name of the parish. Thus, a child found in Cripplegate might be christened Saturday Cripplegate. Once a child, newly born, was found, still alive, in a cinder-heap; they christened that child Job e cinerĕ Extractus. Unfortunately, the child died next day, and lies buried in the churchyard of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

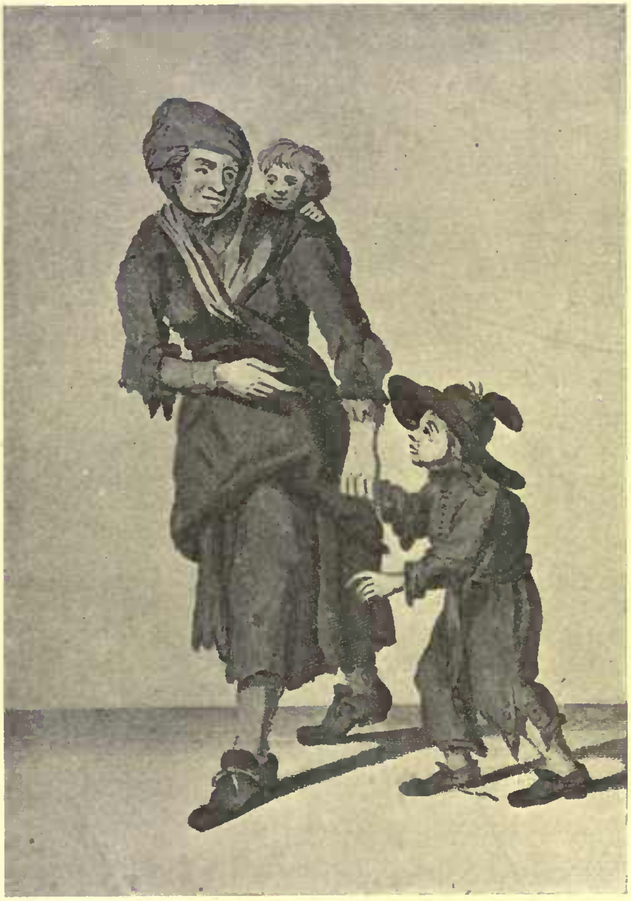
In the reign of Queen Anne certain worthy merchants of the City, observing the neglect of these poor children, and the way in which they were brought up to be a pest and nuisance, rather than a prop and help to the State, resolved to found some kind of hospital where they could be cared for in God-fearing fashion and put out to some honest trade. At the time they were opposed by those who regarded the place as an encouragement to vice, these children being for the most part baseborn. And so it remained for some years, when the plan was taken up by Thomas Coram, a captain in the merchant service, who gave up his work and laid himself out to carry through the scheme. Like a prudent man, he did all the work himself and got great people to give their names. In the year 1738, he was able to show a memorial document signed by twenty-one ladies of the highest rank.

He then drew up a similar memorial, to which he procured the signatures of many noblemen and persons of reputation. With these credentials he was able to procure, in December 1738, first a licence for nominating trustees, and next a charter for the purpose of erecting a hospital for foundlings. After the reading of the charter, the trustees formed themselves into a court and elected a secretary. The ground was bought of Lord Salisbury for £7000, and the architect was Theodore Jacobsen. The first foundlings admitted were named Thomas Coram and Eunice Coram, called after the founder and his wife. The stronger among the infants were designed for the sea, and were named Drake, Blake, etc. This was in 1741. The original purpose of the hospital did not long remain in force; the plan of receiving foundlings, *i.e.* children abandoned by their parents, was given up. The hospital,



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

in place of it, received illegitimate children of mothers who were known to have been of previous good character. These poor creatures, in distress and shame, were tempted to conceal their children, to murder them, to put them out to the wretched people who received them and brought them up as thieves and prostitutes. The real foundlings, on the other hand, the children of the tramps, were taken care of by the guardians, for the most part in a charitable and humane manner. A child received in this hospital never learns the name of its mother or its father. It is pleasant to remember that good old Thomas Coram lies buried in the vaults of the chapel, and that his portrait, by Hogarth, occupies a place of honour in the Board-room.



A BEGGAR

From a contemporary print.

Lastly, there were the workhouses. The first workhouse was that of the Middlesex Liberty, now the parish of St. Luke, Old Street. This was erected in the year 1724 for the reception of the poor of that Liberty. The poor-rates immediately went down from three shillings in the pound to two.

Other parishes began to follow this example, until the present workhouse system became universal. If you desire to know how the paupers lived, you can read the table that follows. The fare allotted to the inmates of St. Margaret's Workhouse, Westminster, was as follows (A.D. 1756):—

	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
Sunday . .	Bread and beer.	Meat and broth.	Bread and cheese.
Monday . .	Bread and broth.	Pease and pottage.	Bread and butter.
Tuesday . .	Bread and gruel.	Meat and broth.	Bread and cheese.
Wednesday . .	Bread and broth.	Hasty pudding.	Bread and butter.
Thursday . .	Bread and gruel.	Meat and broth.	Bread and cheese.
Friday . .	Bread and broth.	Barley broth.	Bread and butter.
Saturday . .	Bread and gruel.	Baked puddings.	Bread and cheese.

This kind of fare may be taken as indicating the food of the humblest class. There was very little meat, but a good deal of cheese. There was neither tea nor coffee; but beer, it is added, was given both at dinner and at supper.

Almshouses, schools, Church services, hospitals—all these institutions flourishing and held in respect do not testify to a time when religion was dead, or even decaying. It must be owned, however, that there were many and weighty reasons for the cry which was heard, with more or less bitterness during a hundred years, that religion was decaying. The profligacy of Charles the Second no doubt produced abundant imitation outside the Court; there grew up a school of philosophic freethinkers; yet in 1705 Burnet thought that irreligion was no more widely spread than before. The charitable and religious institutions mentioned above prove that efforts, at least, were made to maintain Religion and her handmaid, Charity. I shall return to the subject immediately, at greater length. In this place I desire to consider these institutions with reference to the religious life of the time.

Nor did the above-mentioned efforts stand alone. Early in 1692 there was started a Society for the Reformation of Manners, which was followed, in 1698, by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and by other associations with objects definitely religious: such as the deepening of religious life among the people; the suppression of disorderly houses; the infliction of fines for swearing and drunkenness; the erection of charity schools; the diffusion of knowledge; societies for missionary work; associations holding services of preparation for the Holy Communion; for the founding of libraries. In considering the religious life of the century we must not omit these things, even while we acknowledge the immoral lives of (apparently) the greater part of the aristocracy, and the abandoned lives of (apparently) the whole of the lowest class, and the prevalence of Deism, Freethought, and Atheism. We must also consider the temper in which these efforts were regarded by the people. Addison, who observed and imitated—or reported—the thought and tendency of his own times, as much as he led and suggested the thought and influenced the tendency, said of the charity school: "I have always looked on this institution of charity schools—which of late years has so universally prevailed through the whole nation—as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to revive it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early inculcation of religion."

We have seen that Addison spoke without consulting his arithmetic. Praiseworthy as was the establishment of charity schools, they went a very little way towards the education of the thousands of London children.

We must remember that the people of whom we are speaking, the mass of the citizens of London, were at this time inarticulate, or at least silent. There is neither a Pepys, nor an Evelyn, nor a Machyn; there is not even a single chronicler belonging to London of the eighteenth century. Men and women of the West End wrote anecdotes, reminiscences, and letters; we know very well what they thought and how they lived; their manners and customs are perfectly well known to us. But the merchant, the shopkeeper, the schoolmaster of the eighteenth century neither wrote chronicles, nor anecdotes, nor letters; we only know how he lived from certain novels and from certain essays. It is in the unknown and the forgotten novels that we find most light thrown upon the City manners. I have come to the conclusion, from the study of many books of this kind, that the standard of morality, especially of sexual morality, held by the merchants and men of position was always high, and that the religion to which they mostly clung was as formal and as well defined as their morality.

The voice of the more serious side of London was heard from time to time in the presentments made by the Grand Jury. These were, of course, always on the side of religion; they were always clothed in language which proved that their denunciations of vice and infidelity were not merely perfunctory, but genuine expressions of sincere piety. A small thing, perhaps; but so long as the leading members of a community can speak and think as the Grand Juries of the eighteenth century spoke and thought, it is idle to talk of religion as being dead.

In a word, the great mass of the respectable and responsible classes of London, all through the eighteenth century, remained profoundly and deeply religious. It was not the religion of Wesley and Whitefield. The merchant of London looked askance upon enthusiasm; he dreaded enthusiasm above all things; he had heard tales of the wild fanatics of the last century; all these people were canting hypocrites in his eyes; but he remained in his way religious. It was the religion of George III.—the King's strong sense of religion and high moral principles—which made the people love him, though he would hear of no reforms, and would listen to no reason. London could not choose but love a king both moral and religious, though he snubbed the City and took no notice of their remonstrances.

The century saw many phases of faith as it passed through its allotted space; these things belong to the history of religion: they touched the bourgeois mind at one point or another; but whatever their transient effect, the responsible citizen of London remained throughout firm in his religion and his morality. The so-called "decay" of faith did not touch him; he took no part either in the polished atheism of Lord Chesterfield, or the brutal impieties of Newgate and the gaol-birds.

CHAPTER II

CHURCH DISCIPLINE

The arguments above advanced against the theory of universal decay might be strengthened by the following proofs of the vitality of Church discipline. They may be instanced, however, simply to prove that Church discipline did exist and was active. The first is a case of penance.

In the year 1790 an action was heard in the Arches Court, Doctors' Commons, in which a certain person named Ride was charged with committing what was called incest—that is to say, with marrying within the relationships forbidden by the Church.

The man and woman were sentenced to stand in white sheets at the porch of the church during the ringing of the last bell for divine service on Sunday, and until after the first lesson, asking forgiveness of all persons entering the church. They were then to be led into the church and made to stand in a conspicuous place. Here they were to remain until the gospel of the day was read. They were then to repeat a submissive acknowledgment of the crime imputed to them; to implore the forgiveness of God, promise not to offend again, and to entreat the whole congregation to join with them in saying the Lord's Prayer.

The second is a case of clandestine marriage.

Clandestine marriage, if the girl was under age, could be pronounced null and void if the case was brought into court. In most cases the remedy was considered worse than the disease. In this case one John Lester was indicted for marrying secretly, and enticing from the guardianship of her father, one Susannah Hyett, she being then under twenty-one years of age. The jury found him guilty; the judge declared the marriage null and void, and sentenced the offender to an hour's pillory and a year's imprisonment. The pillory seems out of place in such an offence, which certainly did not, without further complications, carry any sense of shame with it to the offender, or of disgrace or indignation to the spectators, but quite the contrary.

Excommunication as an ecclesiastical punishment is generally supposed to have ceased at the Reformation. It was, however, continued down to the nineteenth century, as is shown by a certain case, *Beaurain* v. *Sir W. Scott*, tried in the year 1813. The case was as follows:—

The plaintiff, an attorney, had a son who, although a minor, was already a married man. Against this son his wife brought an action for divorce on account of adultery and cruelty. The defendant, judge of the Bishop of London's Consistorial Court, ordered the father to act as defendant in such case: this he refused to do, fearing the liability of costs. He was, however, duly called to appear before the Court, and as he did not appear was excommunicated for manifest contempt and contumacy. The sentence of excommunication was pronounced in the plaintiff's parish church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, before the whole congregation. It lasted for ten months. The effect upon the person excommunicated was that he could not sue, nor be a juror, nor be a witness; one imagines also that there were certain disabilities connected with the Church and its services, especially the rite of Holy Communion, but of these disabilities nothing is said in the case before us.

Shortly after the sentence was pronounced the attorney found himself a prisoner for debt. This misfortune he attributed, together with the falling off in his practice, to his excommunication. He therefore addressed a letter to the judge, Sir W. Scott, then a man of very advanced age, begging relief; the judge, very compassionately, took him out of prison, paying off the detainers himself at a cost of £150. The grateful attorney, once released, cast about for some pretence for making the judge give him more. He found one. He pretended to interpret the first gift as directed by fear, and in the hope of averting further consequences. He therefore proposed that the judge should buy him a post worth £2000. When this attempt failed, he brought the action, which, on some technical points, he won. But the jury only gave him £40 costs, so that one hopes that he speedily retreated once more to the shade and the security of the Fleet Prison.

The case does not concern us except for the fact that people were liable to excommunication in 1813, and later; that it was a real thing, carrying with it definite penalties; and that it was a public thing, proclaimed aloud in the parish church.

The fourth is a case of non-residence.

An action was brought by one Middleton against the Rev. Mr. Blake, vicar of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch—then a rural parish—to recover eleven penalties for non-residence. He had been vicar for nineteen years, but lived on his estate at South Molton, Devon, and only came up to London once a year in order to receive the Easter offerings. The defence was that the vicar was in very bad health, and that the air of London made him worse. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £100.

Lent was still observed by a very few, in a fish diet; by the more devout, in going to church more frequently; the lower classes paid no heed to Lent at all. The pulpits and the communion tables were hung with black. The butchers' shops no longer put up their shutters during this season, as they certainly did until the Revolution. I suppose that the practice, then abandoned, was never again restored even under James the Second.

There was an office in the Royal Household called the "King's Crower," or the "King's Cock and Crier," whose office it was every night during Lent to crow the hours instead of calling them like an ordinary watchman. The practice was continued at least till the reign of George I.

It seems as natural that Good Friday should be kept as a holyday as Christmas Day; yet the great mass of the people had entirely forgotten it, or at least neglected it. The shops opened as usual; business was carried on as usual. It was Bishop Porteous, in 1772, who restored the ancient observance of the day, and procured the partial closing of the shops.

Easter Monday was a great holiday always. This was the day of the Epping Hunt. It was also a day for cock-fighting, bull-baiting, prize-fighting, and other amusements appropriate to the day and to the events it commemorated.

In the Church itself the Athanasian Creed was still read without question; the 30th of January was still observed, and Restoration Day; and the Commination Service still regularly cursed many and sundry. In time of war a general fast was always proclaimed, and kept by the cessation of business, if not by universal attendance at church.

There were customs of a strange and fanciful kind. Thus, the following is curious. When did the custom cease?

> "The beadles and servants of the worshipful company of Salters are to attend divine service at St. Magnus Church, London Bridge, pursuant to the will of Sir John Salter, who died in the year 1605, who was a good benefactor to the said company, and ordered that the beadles and servants should go to the said church the first week in October, and knock upon his gravestone with sticks or staves, three times each person, and say, 'How do you do, brother Salter; I hope you are well?'"

It will be remarked that, while Sunday of London in the eighteenth century was a day of amusement to most of the people, a day in which the taverns, gardens, and places of resort were crowded, when every suburban inn had its Sunday ordinary, no mention is made of water-parties on the river. The reason of this omission was that, by a certain ancient Act of Parliament, parties of pleasure could be kept off the river, because it was forbidden to hire or to let boats on Sunday. But the people could not be kept out of the gardens and the taverns, because the Act did not close these places. The observance of the Sunday as the Jewish Sabbath was not enforced by Act of Parliament till the Act of 1676. In earlier times the Sunday was always a day of rest. King Alfred, Canute, Edward III., Richard II., and Edward IV. all in turn forbade all labour, traffic, and legal processes on the Sunday. When the

Puritans began to teach and to hold that Sunday was the Sabbath of the Jews, they endeavoured to enforce a stricter observance of the day. The Act of Charles II. in 1676 laid down a very strict law on the subject, quite from the Puritanic point of view. No one was to follow his trade or calling on the Sunday. Works of necessity were excepted: a baker must not bake his bread, but he might bake other people's meat, as he does to this day. There was to be no paying for amusements; but already, fifty years before, by the Act of Charles I., it had been ordered that persons should not assemble out of their parishes for any sport whatever, nor should they have baiting of the bull, or plays, or interludes on the Sunday. The Act of 1676 contained a clause forbidding the hire of any boat or barge. This clause, already mentioned, actually closed the river to holiday-makers for nearly two hundred years afterwards. The Puritanic spirit kept the Sunday observance laws in force, but they were seldom applied, as is manifest when we read of the general holiday-making and even profligacy which belonged to the Sunday all through the eighteenth century. The early years of the nineteenth century, however, witnessed a far stricter observance of the day. Several causes were at work to produce this result. The City had been much sobered by the apparently endless struggle with France; the upper classes were more religious and less infidel; the prevalent religion had become a gloomy Calvinism, growing daily more gloomy, and the lower classes were gradually falling more and more under the influence and into the power of a religion which was simple and intelligible even if narrow and cruel. Everybody could understand the creed of the Particular Baptist or the Primitive Methodist; these were the sects most attractive to the common people: they seriously discussed, about this time, the great question whether shaving was lawful on a Sunday; at a conference of one of these sects it was resolved to expel from membership any barber who should shave a customer on a Sunday. We have ourselves seen, less than twenty years ago, a zealous minister of one of these sects waging war against a Sunday apple-stall; and every Sunday we may still see the suburban publican inviting his customers to utter lies before the Lord, before the law allows him to serve them with a glass of harmless beer. The Puritan Sabbath still lingers among us, though it is fast dying out. Yet a few years, and it will become merely an academic subject for the historian of manners. Already, Sunday concerts are given in London; on Sunday, the suburban youth play lawn-tennis in the summer and secular music in the winter; on Sunday, the roads are black with bicycles. We are returning to the Sunday of our ancestors. The workshops are shut, and only those people are made to toil who are wanted for the amusements of the rest—the railway servants, the steamboat crews, the omnibus-drivers, the cab-drivers, and the people of the suburban taverns. Even the streets are brighter owing to the new custom of keeping part of the shop-windows open to view. The Sunday that Dickens describes is gone. The day has become once more, what it was before, *Dies Dominica*, the Day of the Lord.

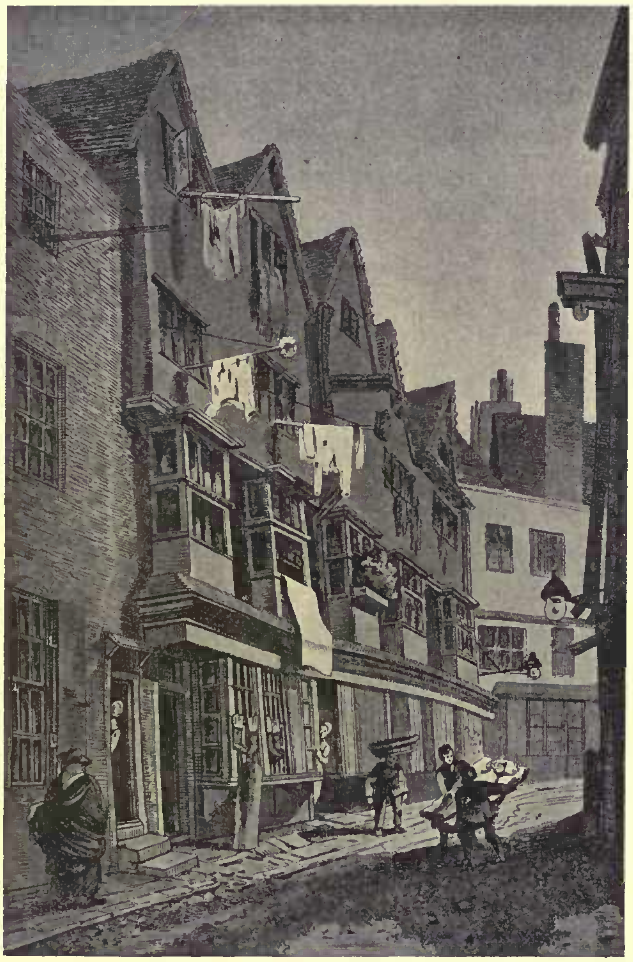
Of this day Tom Brown observed that "the Sabbath is a very fine institution, since the breaking of it is the support of half the villages about the metropolis."

The practice of "Sabbath-breaking," which was inveterate, and not to be put down by any laws or proclamations whatever, called forth frequent attempts at suppression by way of legislation. Of these attempts none succeeded but for a very short time. There must be no trading on the Sabbath, yet in the poorer parts the streets on the Sunday mornings were crowded with stalls; the gardens and wells were all day long filled with company eating and drinking; there was an Act introduced to forbid the publication of Sunday newspapers. Colonel Hanger satirically professes to lament the wickedness of those who ring the bells on a Sunday, and the equal wickedness of those who entertain their friends to dinner on that day. There was a book—nay, there were many sermons stern and sorrowful—published on the immorality of the age. Books and sermons alike advocated sharp and systematic punishment of the Sabbath-breaker. He should, the moralist urged, be treated leniently—that is to say, he was to be fined, but lightly—for the first offence: not more, he mercifully asked, than the third part of his estate; for the next offence, he should put up a seat at his own expense for himself in the parish church, which should be higher and more conspicuous than the rest, and there he should have to sit every Sunday for a twelvemonth; once a week he should be examined as to what he remembered of the sermon—a most terrible punishment! and once a month he should stand up in church and openly recite the Catechism before the whole congregation. Here was zeal for righteousness!

In the eighteenth century there were no longer sanctuaries recognised by law for the refuge and the resort of ruffians and murderers, but there were places where no bailiff dared to serve a writ, no constable dared to make an arrest; there were quarters in which no decent people could even venture, much less live; and these served all the purpose of sanctuary. These were the quarters where the thief-taker went in order to know what his man was doing, and where to find him when his time came; in these places lived and flourished roguery in all its branches; these were the houses of those who were taken out by dozens every year to be hanged. The name of the Sanctuary had gone, but its memory was preserved by the noisome and crowded alleys and lanes of Westminster; by the denizens of the Borough; by those of St. Giles, Holborn, and Whetstone Park; in parts of Clerkenwell—Field Lane, Blueberry Alley, and Saffron Hill, for instance, received chief part of the City rascality.

Sanctuary, in fact—although Westminster and St. Martin's no longer offered refuge, though Milford Lane and Fulbourne Rents were respectable, though Alsatia had disappeared,—still existed. Its last place was in the Borough; it left St. Saviour's Close, which was a seventeenth-century sanctuary, and it seized upon that small precinct known as The Mint, Southwark. At another time a company of ruffians attempted successfully to open another sanctuary behind the Tower, calling it the New Mint. The following is a little story showing the reality and security of the refuge offered by The Mint, Southwark:—

In the year 1715 a case was heard in Westminster Hall, *Dormer* v. *Dormer and Jones*, the case being one for divorce, in which the man Jones, the co-respondent, had been footman in the house of Mr. Dormer. It appeared that there was no doubt as to the facts, and the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding him the sum of £5000 damages. On hearing the award, the co-respondent rushed out of the Hall, made his way to the stairs, took boat across the river, and was safe on the other bank before any one pursued him. Why did he run away? Why did he get across to the Surrey side? And why was he safe there? First, because he



THIEVING LANE, WESTMINSTER

From a drawing made by J. T. Smith, Dec. 15, 1807.

had no money at all with which to pay those damages ; next, because there was no Court of Bankruptcy ; thirdly, because he would infallibly be clapped into the King's Bench ; and lastly, because he would most certainly have to spend the rest of his natural life between those walls. And he fled to the Surrey side because there was a district on the west side of the High Street called The Mint, and because The Mint was still a sanctuary where bailiffs and catchpoles were afraid to be seen and His Majesty's writ was never served. What became of this gallant afterwards is perfectly easy to read. Honest work being stopped for him, he became a rogue, a thief, a highwayman, an ornament to Tyburn tree.

CHAPTER III

DISSENTERS

THE Dissenters of the eighteenth century laboured under the oppression of the Corporation Act of 1661 and the Test Act of 1673. By the first Act, every one who took office as mayor or alderman, common-councilman, recorder, bailiff, or town clerk in any city or town, must show that within twelve months before entering upon office he had taken the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the rites of the Church of England. The latter Act provided that any person who held any office at all in the pay of the king must within six months take the oaths and subscribe the declaration against transubstantiation, and must also, within six months, take the Sacrament according to the British ritual.

These Acts were felt by the Dissenters to be an intolerable injustice. Another Act, called the Occasional Conformity Act, turned out of office any one who should even attend a conventicle. The Nonconformists continually agitated for the repeal of these Acts. In 1717 Earl Stanhope introduced a Bill for the repeal of all three; he succeeded in procuring the repeal of the Occasional Conformity Act and a promise of the repeal of the other two—a promise never kept in the lifetime of any man then living. Seventy years later, in 1787, in 1789, and in 1790, Bills were introduced for the purpose, but the time was not then opportune for the enlargement of liberty; and it was not until 1828 that the Test and Corporation Acts were finally repealed.

Meantime, the Committee known as the Dissenting Deputies was founded in order to watch over religious rights and liberties. Before long this body found an opportunity of acting. It was customary for citizens who did not wish to serve as sheriff to pay a fine. Dissenters, of course, could not serve. If, therefore, they were nominated and refused on account of their disabilities, the imposition of a fine became not only a monstrous injustice, but the means of intolerable persecution.

In 1753, however, immediately after a General Election in which the Dissenters were active, two of them, Mr. George Streatfield and Mr. Alexander Sheafe, were nominated sheriffs, but refused to serve on the ground of being Dissenters. The Court of Common Council thereupon proceeded to another election, whereupon Mr. Allan Evans, being elected, refused to serve on the same grounds. The Court therefore resolved on prosecuting these gentlemen for the fines. They rested on a precedent in which the Court of King's Bench had supported the City in such a claim, and the fine was fixed at £400 for declining to stand for office and £600 for refusing to serve after being elected. There seems to have been at this time a disposition on the part of the City to elect a man because he was a Dissenter, solely in order to extract the fine from him. We hear of an accumulation of £15,000 collected in this way from Nonconformists (see also p. 23). This time the three who refused to serve also refused to pay. The Dissenting Deputies took up the case and fought it. The Sheriffs' Court gave judgment against them; the Recorders' Court of Hustings gave judgment against them. They then appealed for a special commission of five judges, who reversed the decision of the courts below. The City took up the case to the House of Lords, where they lost, receiving a well-merited rebuke from Lord Mansfield. There was an end to nominating Dissenters.

Nonconformists in the eighteenth century were naturally Protestant and Hanoverian to a man. In all the Jacobite riots, in the mad brawlings of a mob which in some muddled way called itself High Church and Tory, the chapels of the Dissenters were broken into, sacked, and burned, and the houses of well-known Dissenters had their windows broken.

Meantime, Nonconformity in London, as in the country, steadily declined in influence: there were many families who remained staunch to the old principles; there were many others who for social reasons went over to the English Church. To be only tolerated, to be refused office on account of opinions which really matter very little, while it stiffens and hardens some minds, makes others uncomfortable and unhappy,—it is more pleasant to swim with the current. Since the Universities were closed to Nonconformists, by the end of the century the ministry of the chapels, with few exceptions, had ceased to be learned: the congregations were no longer composed of substantial merchants, but of humble tradesmen; there were Dissenters in thousands, but Dissent no longer possessed any power. I am aware that power has now returned to Dissent, perhaps because learning has returned to her ministers; but by the end of the eighteenth century Dissent as a political force appeared to be dying.

The Dissenters generally belonged to the class of tradesmen and the better sort of working-men; the better families who belonged to the Nonconformist bodies in the seventeenth century dropped out with few exceptions in the eighteenth. Let us repeat the disabilities of Dissent—are they not quite sufficient reason to account for the withdrawal of the educated or the least stubborn? It is intolerable to live under a ban, outside the life of one's fellow-countrymen. By the working of the Acts already described a Dissenter could not hold a commission in the army or the navy;

he could not go to Oxford or Cambridge; he could not, therefore, be received by the College of Physicians; he could hold no municipal office; he could not become a judge, a member of Parliament, or a peer. Every avenue of distinction was closed to him, except literature. What wonder, then, that in spite of the most sturdy tenacity and the most unbending pride, young men were found willing to change the Church in which they had been brought up for the Church which oppressed them? The social disabilities of Dissent, apart from the civil disabilities, have caused many to fall off.

The salaries paid to the ministers were not such as to attract men. Dr. Watts, for instance, received £100 a year. The attractions to the Dissenting pulpit were, first, the undoubted "call"—the inward call; next, the honour and respect of the congregation; then the opportunity of "convincing" sinners; and lastly, with many of them, the life of study and meditation, so much more delightful than that of trade.

The Dissenting academies were famous private schools. Most of the ministers were educated at these places. At one of these schools were educated Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and the learned Butler, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

Local associations were formed at which the churches met once a year. In 1704 a meeting of thirteen Baptist churches was held in London. These associations, however, did not prevent the formation of new branches with new points of difference. There were, for instance, General Baptists and Particular Baptists. So, at the present day, there are Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, and so on.

The number of Nonconformists in London may be arrived at approximately from the statement of Daniel Neal, author of *The History of the Puritans*, that there were 91 congregations in Middlesex—including London. If we take 70 congregations for London, and estimate 400 as the average number of each congregation—we find some chapels, for instance, with 1500 members,—we have nearly 30,000 Dissenters for London alone.

It is strange to find the halls of Companies used as chapels. Yet a congregation of Independents met for many years at Pinners' Hall; another at Salters' Hall; and a third at Plasterers' Hall. The Moravians, who can hardly be called Dissenters, came over about 1728 and formed a small society which met in Red Lion Street. After bringing their claims before the House of Commons, the Moravians were recognised as being, not Dissenters, but an ancient Episcopal Church.

The arrival of the French refugees colonised Spitalfields and caused the erection of thirty churches for them. The rapid absorption of the people into those of their new country, which turned the children and the grandchildren into Englishmen and Englishwomen, caused these churches to decline and to die. There are now only two or three churches where the service is conducted in French. Methodism, or

Wesleyanism, was not founded in London, nor was the first Methodist church built in London. The second church, however, was built at the Foundry, Moorfields, in 1734. In 1744 the first Conference was held in London. In 1749 London was recognised as the Mother Church, to which all information was to be sent up, Wesley himself being superintendent of the London circuit.

The "Lady Huntingdon" Connection began by clinging to the Church of England. The famous chapel of Spa Fields belonged to this body, who were forced into declaring themselves Dissenters.

The Nonconformists remained to the end of the century a body of free churches, whose strength lay chiefly in the trading class. They enjoyed the teaching of many remarkable men of great piety and profound learning and singular eloquence; they formed a compact body of men and women who maintained a pure and simple form of Christianity; they taught, in an extremely coarse age, the virtues of decency in conversation and in morals; in a drunken age, the virtue of moderation; in a frivolous age, the seriousness of life. We ought to recognise these qualities in the Nonconformists of the time. The influence of Wesley fell upon all the churches from the Anglican downwards; by the end of the eighteenth century all alike had become Evangelical; in London, at least, religion had returned to thousands upon thousands who seemed fifty years before to have deserted their faith and thrown it aside as a worthless rag. But as yet the very lowest classes were untouched by the revival of religion.

The Quakers, during the eighteenth century, became a quiet, prosperous, and respected body. They were all engaged in trade, they had the reputation of honesty, many of them became rich; but their numbers did not increase. Occasionally the old spirit of enthusiasm broke out. Thus, the story of John Kelsey the Quaker is astonishing.

He conceived the idea of going to Constantinople in order to convert the Sultan. He found his way to that city, probably on board some trading ship, and began to preach at the corners of the streets. As he knew no language but his own, the people naturally took him for a madman, and locked him up for six months. At the end of that time one of the keepers heard him make use of the word *English*, and carried him to Lord Winchilsea, then our ambassador at the Porte. Kelsey appeared before the ambassador with a torn and dirty hat, which he would not remove. Lord Winchilsea, thinking that in Turkey one should behave like a Turk, ordered the man to be laid on his face and to receive a "drubbing on the feet." The story goes on to say—which one can hardly believe—that he confessed that the "drubbing had a good effect upon his spirit." In his pockets was found a letter addressed to the Sultan, in which he announced himself as a scourge in the hand of God to chastise the wicked; and that he was sent not only to announce but to execute vengeance. Lord Winchilsea put him on board a ship bound for London.

He escaped; returned to his preaching; was again caught and put on board another ship, where he was effectually bound and so brought home.

Let us next turn to the principal Meeting-houses of London, with the assistance of Mr. Godfrey Pike's book, *Ancient Meeting-houses* (1870). It is not necessary to give the history of each in such detail as will be found by the curious in that book.

The first is the Meeting-house of Devonshire Square. The year of its foundation cannot be ascertained, but it is believed to have been in 1638. The first minister of whom we hear is William Kiffin. Among the sturdy Dissenters of that century Kiffin stands out as one of the sturdiest and most interesting. He was born in 1616, and at the age of nine lost his parents by the plague of the year 1625. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the notorious John Lilburne, the most quarrelsome man in the world, a brewer by trade. How Kiffin was "converted" and left the Church and became a Baptist we need not relate. He was imprisoned; he nearly died of fever; he became a merchant, prospered, and grew very rich The two boys named Hewling who were executed for being out with Monmouth were Kiffin's grandchildren. It was Kiffin who made that famous reply to King James. He remained pastor of the Devonshire Square Chapel till his 77th year, when he withdrew. He died in 1701, in his 87th year.

In the year 1580 there came to London a Venetian named Verrelyn, as the Londoners wrote and pronounced it. This man was a glass-blower, who made glass after the beautiful Venetian fashion, and encountered considerable opposition by reason of the jealousy which was always felt towards foreigners. He carried on his work in the hall or refectory of the old Augustine Friary. After his death or retirement the hall was acquired, I know not how, by the Pinners' Company. This probably took place about the year 1610. The Company was poor and of very small account. It would seem that it was glad to let its hall on lease to a society of Baptists who used it as a meeting-house in the time of Cromwell; and to another of Independents, whose first pastor was Anthony Palmer, about the year 1661. In 1670 the famous Merchants' Lecture was begun in this hall. The congregation quarrelled over some doctrinal point, and a rival lecture was held in Salters' Hall. The Independents met only in the morning; in the afternoon it was used by the Seventh Day Baptists. Dr. Watts preached here for a time: a long succession of eminent Nonconformists preached in the hall. It was pulled down at the end of the eighteenth century. The Pinners' Company is now defunct.

Crosby Hall, fully described in its place, suffered from the Great Fire of 1666, which destroyed a part of it, and from another fire six years later, which destroyed more of it. Fortunately, the Great Hall remained. In 1672 Thomas Watson, ejected minister of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, took the Hall on lease and used it as a chapel. It is not, however, Thomas Watson who is the glory of the place, but Stephen

Charnock, the author of the *Discourses of the Attributes of God.* This extraordinary scholar and theologian died in 1680, aged 52. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Michael, Cornhill. The lease of Crosby Hall came to an end in 1769, and its members were too few to renew it. The congregation therefore broke up.

The Old Jewry is connected with the name of Calamy, dear to Nonconformists. There were two, father and son, of this name. The elder, Edmund Calamy, was born in London in 1600. He studied at Cambridge, took his degree, was ordained and received a chaplaincy from the Bishop of Ely. He was deprived of this for refusing to read the proclamation about the Book of Sports. He was presented to the living of Aldermanbury, where he became celebrated and popular as a preacher. He encouraged the Restoration, and was rewarded by being consigned to Newgate. His imprisonment was received with such an outcry that it was thought best to release him. Soon after the Great Fire he was driven in a carriage through the ruins of the City. The sight so much affected him that he retired to his room and shortly afterwards expired. One would like to know how many were affected in the same way—how many fell dead at the sight and thought of that terrible destruction.

His son, Edmund Calamy the younger, also graduated at Cambridge. On leaving the University he became minister of Moreton. At the Restoration he retired to London, and there preached to a congregation of Nonconformists who met in a private house. On the Proclamation of Indulgence in 1672 the congregation removed to Curriers' Hall, but there was more persecution. Calamy died at the age of 50. The congregation kept together, and in 1687, when the Act of Toleration was granted, they built a chapel in Old Jewry. Its site, however, is not in Meeting House Court, a name which commemorates a Presbyterian church. Among many able and distinguished men connected with the congregation must be mentioned Samuel Chandler, one of the last who discussed the subject of Comprehension in a friendly spirit with Bishops of the Church of England. A meeting was informally held between the Bishops of Salisbury (Sherlock) and Norwich (Gooch) and Chandler. On being asked what he would desire changed in doctrine, the Nonconformist replied that he should desire to see the Articles expressed in Scripture words and the Athanasian Creed abolished. Upon which both bishops replied that they wished nothing better than to get rid of that Creed, and would very much prefer that the Articles should be put into plain Scripture words.

It does not appear, however, that Chandler spoke the mind of the Nonconformist divines as a body, or that they were at all anxious for Comprehension. It has always, hitherto, been a reproach to the Church of England that she is inexorably stiff and narrow; the Church of Rome would have invented a dozen means of keeping in the Catholic fold such great men as Baxter, Watts, Chandler, and others who have glorified the history of Nonconformity.

It must, however, be remembered that conformity would mean to these divines a lower position, a loss of authority, perhaps banishment to a country living; and to their congregations the loss of the freedom of thought to which they were accustomed, and which was constantly causing separations, schisms, and new sects, all of which, painful to the mind of the Anglican or the Catholic, were delighted in by the sectarians themselves. For these reasons the Nonconformist remained outside. The disabilities did not greatly affect him except to make him stiffer in his separation; he was not, generally, of a class which desired education at Oxford, Cambridge, or the public schools; he did not desire a commission for His Majesty's service; he did not aspire to municipal distinction. He was engaged in trade, sometimes in extensive and stately trade; his disabilities did not affect his mercantile transactions; and among other merchants, all living together in the City, he neither found, nor felt, the least social inferiority. I would dwell strongly on this point. The merchants and the tradesmen of London lived in the City, where they had their offices and their shops. The wealthier class formed the aristocracy, whether they were Anglicans or Nonconformists. His so-called social inferiority began when the merchant moved out to Hackney, Hoxton, Bow, Clapham, and elsewhere. Then began the bitterness of social inferiority; then the young men aspired to other things than trade, and chafed at the restraints which surrounded them. And then Nonconformity began to lose its wealthy adherents, who for social reasons went over, they and theirs, to the Church of England.

The history of the congregation of the Old Jewry Chapel illustrates this danger. Early in the nineteenth century the City began to move outwards; the merchants and the shopkeepers all began to live in the suburbs; then the congregation began to decrease in numbers. It was at length found necessary to sell the building. The Wesleyans bought it, and carried on a chapel there for thirty years.

There is a sect, never very strong in numbers, but interesting, called the Sabbatarian or Seventh Day Baptists. They are strong in logic, if weak in numbers. Nothing is more clear than the command to keep the Seventh Day in the week: nothing is more certain than the fact that baptisms were not at the first bestowed upon infants. At the same time, those who believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law will cheerfully accept modifications which preserve the spirit of Christianity. The founder of Seventh Day Baptists was a singular enthusiast named Bampfield. He belonged to a good Devonshire family, went to Oxford, obtained a prebend's stall at Exeter Cathedral, and the vicarage of Sherborne, which he held until the general secession of 1662. For conducting family worship after the Puritan order, he was imprisoned; but being of the stuff which imprisonment only hardens, he continued to pray and preach publicly after his own fashion. For this offence he was imprisoned for eight years in Dorchester gaol. On getting out of prison he immediately began to preach again; suffered a short imprisonment at Salisbury; and then went up to London, where the persecution was less rigorous.

There, in Pinners' Hall, he gathered a congregation and preached the observance of the Seventh Day. This was in 1676. The congregation, probably small and unnoticed, remained apparently unmolested until February 17th, 1682, when their worship was disturbed by a company of constables. "I have a warrant," said the leader, "from the Lord Mayor to disturb this meeting." "I too have a warrant," Bampfield replied, "from Christ, the Lord Maximus, to go on." However, he was carried with six of his companions before the Lord Mayor, who fined them ten pounds each.

On the following Saturday they were again disturbed and marched off to the Lord Mayor, Bampfield explaining to the people, Bible in hand, the tenets for which he was about to suffer. He was already seventy years of age, but this was no time for pity; the Nonconformists must be trampled out. Bampfield was taken to Newgate, where he died a year later.

The successor to Bampfield was a more amiable character named Edward Stennett. It is a proof that the congregation was small that Stennett lived at Wallingford, practising as a physician, and visited London at stated periods. His was a very remarkable family, united in bonds of the same religious views and the same scholarly attainments. Two of the sons became ministers; another wrote a grammar of Hebrew at nineteen; the only daughter is said to have acquired an extraordinary knowledge of ancient tongues and literatures. Stennett was succeeded by his son Joseph Stennett. It is noteworthy that Joseph Stennett and Daniel Williams, the founder of the library still flourishing, married sisters. Stennett became a public man, a writer of pamphlets and sermons in the reigns of William and Anne. We need not pursue the history of the Seventh Day Baptists. They eventually settled down—always a very small body, but generally with a pastor of learning—in Mill Yard, Whitechapel, whence they have lately moved to other quarters.

The Mill Yard Chapel has other associations besides those of the Seventh Day Baptists. It was here that the enthusiast John James preached. This unfortunate man became a preacher of the Fifth Monarchy. He was apparently a wild enthusiast who regarded neither his own life nor any other lives in preaching his fanatical and dangerous doctrines. John James belonged to a time when everybody searched the Scriptures with as much belief in his own powers of interpretation as in those of any scholar. He found in the texts warrant for the belief in the Fifth Monarchy, which was to be that of Christ Himself. He was an illiterate weaver of Spitalfields, who kept his family by his daily labours at the loom; his name was very probably Anglicised from a French form. He was arrested, charged with conspiring against the life of the King, and sentenced to the usual death of a traitor.

It is reported that the day before his execution James received a visit from the hangman, who demanded £20 as the price of speedy death, or at least death before disembowelling. If not £20, then £10; if not £10, then £5. Alas! James had nothing. It is pitiful to read of his last days. The visitors crowded to see him in the prison yard. "I sup with you to-night," he said, "but you would be glad to sup with me to-morrow." At parting with his wife, so strong and fervent was her faith that they would be reunited, that they "were as willing to part as ever they were to come together."

They dragged him on a hurdle all the way to Tyburn on a wet and gloomy day in November—this must have been no small part of the punishment. Arrived at the place of execution, the sheriff mercifully ordered him to be hanged until he was dead. They then cut him down and proceeded with the remaining barbarities.

It was in October 1708 that the chapel in Bury Street built for an Independent congregation was opened. This church was founded by a man of some note, Joseph Caryl, ejected minister of St. Magnus', London Bridge. He was the author of a most laborious exposition of the Book of Job in twelve volumes quarto, which now, presumably, finds few readers. He was succeeded by William Bearman, ejected minister of St. Thomas', Southwark. Bearman lived in Hoxton Square, where he built, at the back of his house, almshouses for eight poor men. He in his turn was succeeded by John Owen, sometime Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, member of Parliament for that city, a laborious preacher and writer. When Richard Cromwell turned him out of his deanery he resolved on preaching elsewhere. When the persecution began he removed for greater safety to London. After the Great Fire he got together a congregation which was joined by many persons of distinction. The King himself received him with great favour and kindness, professing himself to be in favour of toleration. Owen died in 1683.

Another lecturer to the congregation was that arch-schemer and conspirator Robert Ferguson. Still another, Isaac Chauncy. We come to another and a much greater name, perhaps the greatest name in the whole long roll of Nonconformist worthies—that of Isaac Watts. He was born at Southampton in 1674, the son of a schoolmaster and the grandson of a naval captain. His father was driven out of the town by persecution, and retired to London, where he lived in obscurity. The boy was, however, brought up in his native town, and educated by a clergyman named Pinhorne, rector of All Saints. In 1690 he was sent to London to study divinity under Thomas Rowe, the pastor at Girdlers' Hall. In 1694 he left Mr. Rowe, and for two years remained with his father studying and meditating. In 1696 he went to Stoke Newington, to the house of Sir John Hartopp, as tutor and chaplain. In 1698 he preached his first sermon to the congregation of Dr. Chauncy; and in 1702, on the 8th of March, when William the Third died, Watts accepted the pastoral office.

The condition of his health, which was always delicate, obliged Watts to live with people who would look after him. Thus he resided first with the Hartopps, then with Thomas Hollis in the Minories. In 1705 he published the Lyrics, and two years later the Hymns, the copyright of which he sold for ten guineas. His version of the Psalms appeared in 1719. In 1710 he left Hollis and went to live with Mr. Bowes. Here he was laid low for two years with fever and exhaustion. He was compelled to resign his pastorate. As soon as he recovered, he removed to the house of Sir Thomas Abney, with whom, and with his widow, Lady Abney, he lived for the rest of his life—six-and-thirty years. Thirty years later Watts received a visit from the Countess of Huntingdon. "You are come to see me," said the poet, "on a very remarkable day. This very day, thirty years ago, I came to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but a single week, and I have extended that visit to thirty years." Lady Abney, who was present, remarked, "Sir, what you term a long thirty years' visit I consider as the shortest my family ever received."

In the year 1828 the congregation of Bury Street Chapel broke up and removed to Founders' Hall, whence they removed to Bethnal Green.

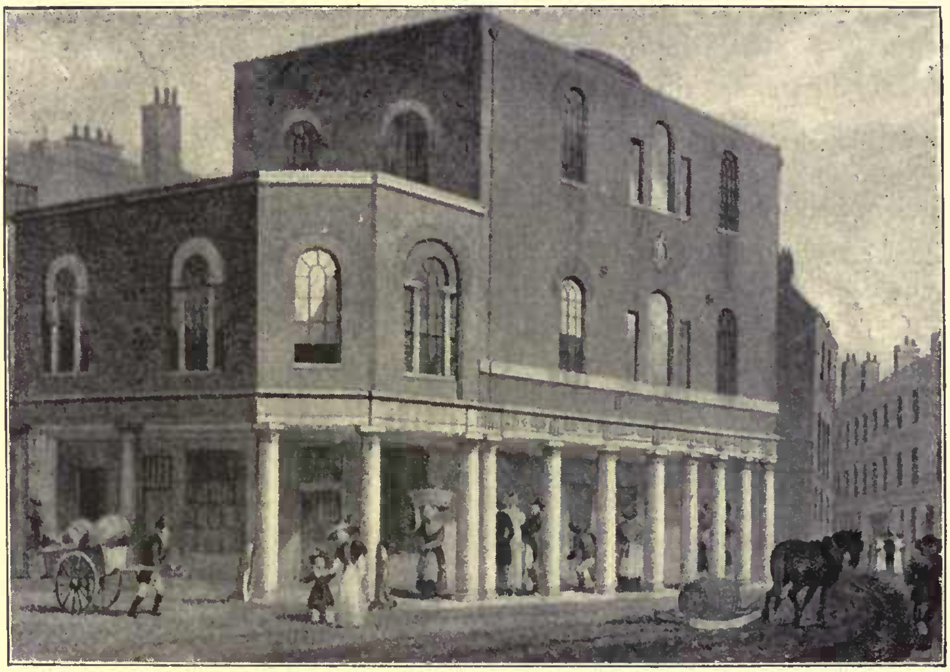
The Meeting-house in Little Carter Lane is remarkable for its connection with two famous divines, Richard Baxter and Edmund Calamy. The life of Baxter belongs to the history of the time. His trial, especially, by the infamous Judge Jeffreys is too well known to need relation in this place. Edmund Calamy is perhaps not so well known. He was the son of Edmund Calamy the younger, who has been already mentioned, and was the author of that standard book and classic, *An Account of Ejected Ministers*. He also wrote an abridgment of Baxter's Life.

We cannot pretend to enumerate the whole number of noted chapels. The King's Weighhouse and the Salters' Hall Congregation possess many associations of great interest to Nonconformists, but perhaps of less interest to Anglicans. It must have been observed that the Companies' halls were often used for chapels. The reason is not far to seek. The chief strength of Dissent lay in the City among the trading classes, who were members of the City Companies; the halls were large and convenient; they were sometimes lent, and sometimes let out at an annual rent, for Sunday meetings. Besides the Pinners' Hall, the Girdlers', and the Salters', of which we have already heard, there were meeting-houses at Turners' Hall, Tallow-chandlers' Hall, Joiners' Hall, and Brewers' Hall.

The condition of the Jews during the eighteenth century seems to have been, with certain exceptions, deplorable. Apart from the wealthier class, the Disraelis and others, who enjoyed the consideration due to their standing in the City, there were large numbers engaged in the old-clothes trade, a branch of business then much more important than it is at present. Women, for instance, did not wear calicoes and things which could be washed, but thick quilted petticoats and gowns of stuff. Men wore wigs, which lasted a long time, and costly coats and small-clothes of velvet, silk, and finely embroidered stuff. At death, these things, unless they were left by special bequest, were generally sold to the itinerant Old Clo'men, and taken off to Monmouth Street, there to be got up again almost as good as new. The Old

Clo'man wore a long gaberdine, and, at a time when smooth faces were the rule, he flourished a long beard; in fact, he seemed to invite attention to himself, to proclaim his nationality. It was a common practice for the boys to get together and to pelt a Jew whenever they met him. When, as once happened, a certain band of Jews committed a barbarous murder, for which four of them were hanged, fresh fuel was poured upon the fire of popular hatred, and for a time it seemed as if an outburst were to be feared.

Fortunately, an unexpected occurrence saved the Jews and caused the popular hatred to desist from active manifestation. The thing is highly creditable to the courage and to the spirit of the Jews. One of them, Mendoza by name, of the Spanish Jews, became a prize-fighter, and was one of the best, if not the very first, of the prize-fighters of the time. Stimulated by his example, all the younger Jews learned boxing. Then, one day, I know not where or when, at the accustomed yell and hooting and at the familiar whizzing of the rotten egg about his ears, the Old Clo'man turned upon his adversaries, selected that Christian who was the strongest and the most energetic, invited him to take off his coat and have it out, and proceeded to show that astonished young Christian a little of the dexterity and the art of his compatriot Mendoza; insomuch that the assailant was amazed and converted, and henceforth forbore even from yelling out or shying an egg when he passed a Jew,

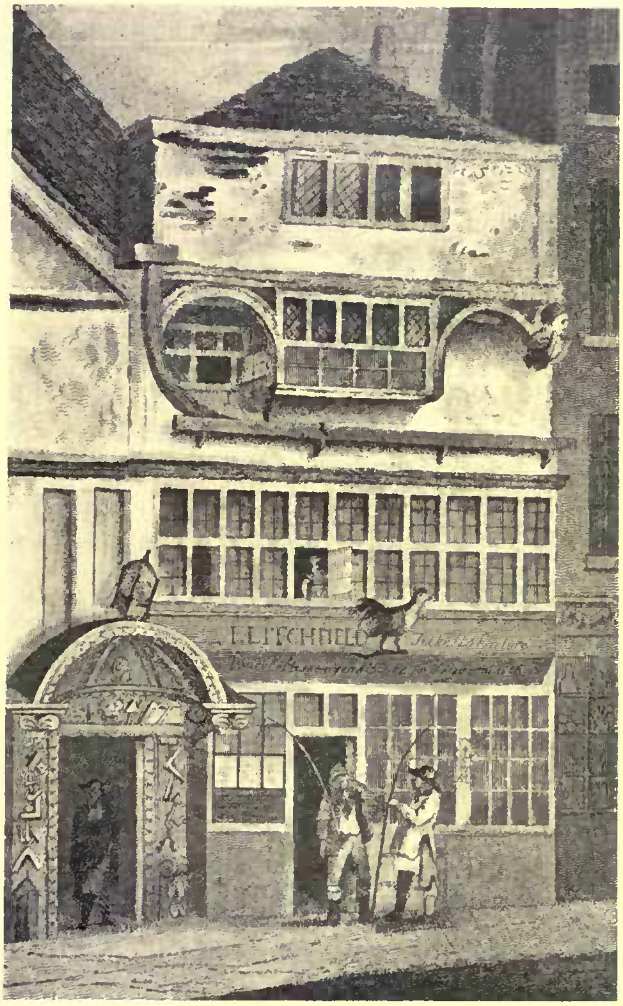


KING'S WEIGHHOUSE

From an old print.

Nay, the thing was bruited abroad; it became known that the Jews were actually ready to fight, had indeed fought; and for ever after they were allowed to walk about the streets with their long bags unmolested—even respected.

In the year 1894 there died an aged Jew who was in his hundred and fourth year. I saw him and conversed with him six weeks before his death. By trade he had been a cook, and had found employment from the Lord Mayor and from the City Companies for their dinners. He illustrated the advantages of drinking wine by the admission that he always drank whatever he could get, which was no inconsiderable quantity, and in extreme old age was no whit the worse for it. He is, however, mentioned here because he had been in his youth one of those



ENTRANCE TO A JEWS' SYNAGOGUE IN LEADENHALL STREET
(FORMERLY BRICKLAYERS' HALL)

From an engraving made for *The European Magazine*, 1811.

pugnacious Jews, and was held in great respect by the Faculty and the noble patrons of the P.R. for his admirable conduct as second and bottle-holder at the encounters of the Fancy.

In 1753 a Bill to naturalise the Jews was passed, but repealed the next year by petition from all the cities in Great Britain. The public excitement was very great. Many were the public feasts held at which nothing but pork was eaten. Hams, legs of pork, spare-ribs, griskins, haslets, pigs' feet and ears, formed the *menu*. In the midst was a large barbecued hog, and hogs' puddings were served for dessert.

Ladies wore ribands with "No Jews; Christianity for Ever" on them. They also wore crosses; their *pompons* were arranged with crucifixes; all the decorations of their dresses were covered with crosses.

CHAPTER IV

SUPERSTITIONS

THE City has never been quite so superstitious as the country. We hear very little about witches in London, though the country-people were murdering old women for witchcraft, and that until the middle of the century. The Londoners, however, had their little credulities. We need not insist on the harmless boy and girl beliefs, such as washing the face in May-dew to make it beautiful, and observing the old Christmas customs, and so forth. The people of London were conservative in all these customs; they only fell into disuse when the people left the City and scattered themselves—no longer a people, but lonely eremites, each family locked up in its own villa. Besides these customs they nourished their secret beliefs. They fervently believed, as they do now, in ghosts; in dreams of warning; in signs of good luck and bad luck. They believed, as many thousands do still, in astrology, fortune-telling, and secret powers. They believed in days when certain things might be done and other things must not be done. They believed, until the death of Queen Anne, that the sovereign could cure scrofula by touching the patient after a certain form of prayer. When the House of Hanover came to the throne, it was a proof of their usurpation that they could not pretend to touch for scrofula; while it was whispered that the Pretender possessed that power. Another miraculous remedy for the disease was then found: it was discovered that the hand of a man just hanged, if applied to a scrofulous child, cured the disease. There were other superstitions connected with this disease.

As regards ghosts, we need not be in the least surprised at the belief in the Stockwell Ghost or the Cock Lane Ghost; for it is only a year or two since we ourselves had the Hackney Ghost. Indeed, since there are so many persons of learning and education—men of science—who still believe in the return of the dead to the living, and in the actual daily communication of the world of spirits with the world of life and action, we must not permit ourselves the luxury of a sneer at our grandfathers. It is only thirty years since a ghost was solemnly and with ancient ritual laid in Somersetshire.

The following is contemporary evidence as to the prevalent belief in ghosts :—

"Nothing weakens the Minds, and turns the Brains of the *English* people more than the delusive Horrors which the common Stories of *Daemons* and *Goblins* bring along with them. He that is the staunchest Believer in this Point, is often the most wretched Infidel in Articles of a more useful nature ; he swallows glibly the grossest Falsehoods and Forgeries, but cannot bear the Appearance of Truth and Conviction. If you tell them that a Spirit carry'd away the Side of a House, or play'd at Foot-ball with half a dozen Chairs, and as many Pewter Dishes, you win their Hearts and Assent ; but if you go about to persuade them that a bodily Communication between the *invisible Spirits* of the other World, and the mortal Inhabitants of this, is not very likely, at least not very common, they hold up their Hands and wonder how you can be such an Atheist. We had the *Testimony* both of Men, Women, and Children for *Appearance* of all kinds of *Ghosts*, in the City and Suburbs of *London*, at proper Times and Seasons ; some in Coaches, and Servants behind them, all without their Heads ; and of *Spirits* as tall as Country *May*-poles, dancing at the doors of Women in Child-bed, forewarning them of their Deaths. Many of the antientest and finest Seats in the Kingdom are gone to ruin, having been totally neglected and uninhabited for some Ages, on account of their being *haunted*, nay, whole towns and Villages have ere now been depopulated, upon a *White Horse's* being seen within half a Mile of them, and near a Church-yard in the Night time. And I have heard of Travellers who have been so terrified at the Shadows of their own Horses, that they have often rode back twenty or thirty Miles when they have been going a Journey" (*Brief and Merry History of Great Britain*, pp. 9, 10).

Astrology, again, which was formerly, even in the early part of the eighteenth century, one of the learned professions, died out, or seemed to die out—at least, it disappeared ; astrology has now revived, and is now again practised. We cannot therefore sneer at our ancestors for believing in astrology.

Fortune-telling, card-reading, palmistry, and all the branches of white witchery are as much practised by ourselves as by our ancestors.

Formerly there were prophets for the London papers who by arts and powers of their own could foretell events. Strange and bigoted superstition! Yet there are among us prophets who foretell the winner of the next horse-race. Strange and credulous generation! There were books and pamphlets, almanacs and handbooks, which contained messages from the stars, with instructions how to conduct business and agriculture in deference to their wishes. Strange credulity! Yet in the present year of grace, 1900, we have seen a message from the other world telling us what they do there, in a leading magazine, and perhaps half the readers have swallowed it. Wonderful and blind credulity!

The people of the eighteenth century had some advantages which we have lost. They had a State lottery; they could therefore consult the wise woman as to a lucky number. On the occasion of the last French lottery, the "spirits" actually sent a special message to the present writer concerning a lucky number. He bought the ticket—such was his credulity!—and did not win a prize!

Again, they had a most inefficient police, and thefts were innumerable; they therefore consulted the wise woman instead of the police in order to recover their stolen property.

The people also believed very strongly in quack nostrums of all kinds. They had charms to send away warts, and prevent chilblains; they had ointments, drops, pills, powders, draughts, to cure everything, from stammering to consumption. They believed in the most ignorant quack that ever practised with a mountebank at the fair. Strange credulity of the age! As for ourselves, with equal credulity we buy whatever quack stuff is offered, provided only that it is sufficiently advertised. The quacks still advertise, as they always have done, in almost every paper; they placard the walls; they spoil the fields and destroy the view from the carriage window; they amass great fortunes. Yet we have the most highly educated and the most efficient medical practitioners that the world has ever seen; and we desert these trained and experienced men and transfer our confidence to the manufacturer of the pill, who knows nothing, and cannot know anything that is not known to science. Strange credulity of a superstitious age!

The superstitions of the age were at least more open and public than those of our own. The lucky and unlucky days were known to all: they were days when it was lucky to attempt some kind of business and unlucky to begin others; no acts of importance were approached without reference to the luck of the day. There were also prophets of the weather; one Gustavus Parker published a prophetic weather paper every month. There were also the calculators of nativities. "Almanack" John, shoemaker of the Strand, was one of these. He calculated and sold nativities. He also made and sold charms against violence, loss, robbery, and fire; these charms were called Sigils. Another person in the same line, John Bonner of Short's Garden, recovered lost property by necromancy, "he being paid for his trouble."

A remarkable example of popular credulity which has not, so far, been surpassed by ourselves, occurred in the year 1750. A slight shock of earthquake was experienced on the 8th of February, and another on the 8th of March of that year. Presently it was rumoured abroad that there was a prophet who knew when the next shock would be felt. The prophet turned out to be a soldier, a Lifeguardsman, who foretold an earthquake which would destroy all London on the 8th of April (see p. 19).

Other instances are always quoted to show the depths of credulity of the eighteenth century. We ourselves, who have witnessed the belief in a man who said he could float in the air, are amazed at the people who could believe in Mary

Tofts, who pretended to be the mother of rabbits; in the Stockwell Ghost; in "Scratching Fanny" of Cock Lane. Walpole says:—

> "I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition but an audition. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House—the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot. It rained torrents, yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost had adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We heard nothing; they told us (as they would at a puppet-show) that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes."

The following is Dr. Johnson's account of "Scratching Fanny":—

> "About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went downstairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt a spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused of the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

It would be folly to spend much time and space over so ridiculous an imposture as the Stockwell Ghost. The ordinary excuse for doing so—the wide interest excited by the affair—seems an aggravation of the case, because the fact only proves how uncritical, how unreasoning, how credulous people must be who can believe in such things.

However, in a few words, there lived in 1772 on Stockwell Green, then a quiet rural retreat, a lady named Golding, with her one servant. The trouble began on Twelfth Day, when a quantity of drink, glass, and plates in Mrs. Golding's kitchen fell down without any apparent cause. A visitor came to call upon Mrs. Golding; she was invited to take a glass of wine, but the bottle broke. Mrs. Golding ran into a neighbour's house to get out of the way; some of her furniture was brought in after her and dashed upon the ground; then the poor persecuted lady tried to take refuge at two other houses, where the same thing happened. The people of the houses openly accused her of some secret crime, Providence meantime taking this method of expressing indignation. This is nearly the whole story. Mrs. Golding went back to her house; the "manifestations" began again. Then some one remarked that she had always been accompanied by her servant, who was dismissed, on suspicion only.

That was the end of the Stockwell Ghost. There were no further disturbances. Yet a great many people went to see the house; and twenty years later, when Mrs. Golding was dead, there was an auction at the house and the "dancing furniture" commanded high prices. The servant, Ann Romsden, is said to have afterwards confessed that she herself had contrived everything.

The Hammersmith Ghost was a scare got up by some scoundrel for frightening those who had to pass through, or by, the churchyard of Hammersmith. He dressed in white and moved about, terrifying poor women so much that one woman died of the fright. One of the residents resolved to wait and watch for the ghost; he loaded a gun and sat down behind a tombstone. Presently something white appeared crossing the churchyard. He fired. It was a harmless bricklayer, whose white frock caused him to be mistaken for a ghost. The cause of the terror was never discovered.

In September 1815 the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was alarmed by the undoubted appearance of a ghost, seen in the moonlight from the street. Crowds assembled to see this apparition. One night, about nine o'clock, while the street was filled with people, there was a shout of "The Ghost! the Ghost!" Hundreds fled in all directions. Those who remained saw the ghost skipping about from one tombstone to another: getting bolder, it advanced to the gate, groaned seven times, and climbed up the railing. This was unfortunate, because some one bolder than the rest seized the ghost by the leg and dragged it down. It proved to be a boy in a shirt; and so there was an end of the Holborn Ghost.

A similar alarm took place at Hackney two or three years ago. The churchyard is a large area covering the site of the old church, together with what was added when the new church was built. One night a crowd began to assemble: they were come to see a ghost; what ghost they knew not; they stayed about the place till past midnight. The next night they were in large force; the next, there was a vast crowd; and so on, night after night, until the crowd became an unruly mob, and in the interests of order was dispersed. Who started the rumour of a ghost, what was reported about its appearance, no one knew.

I must not linger over the strange prophets and visionaries who appeared in London during this century. Of the absurd sects, the most absurd was that of the

Muggletonians. They began in the seventeenth century, the leaders being one John Reeve and one Lodowick Muggleton. They were ignorant enthusiasts; yet for some reason that no one has discovered, their visions and their doctrines had some power of seizing upon men and holding them. They professed themselves to be the "two witnesses" of Revelation xi., but Muggleton declared himself to be the "mouth" of Reeve as Aaron was the mouth of Moses. Muggleton's followers were numerous all through the century; his writings were collected and published in 1736, and again in 1832. There is said to be still a remnant of his followers; they have an upper room which they use, but secretly, as a chapel, somewhere near Bishopsgate.

Another strange sect, whose doctrines I have not yet ascertained, was that of the Ranters. They met in Turners' Hall under the guidance of one Joseph Jacobs, called "Whisker Jacobs." One of their principles, in that age of shaven heads and wigs, was to wear their hair long, and their beards. There were also the Philadelphians, a mystic sect founded on "brotherly love." This, too, was a seventeenth century sect; it was founded by a Dr. John Perdage, with a certain Mrs. Leade and others, under the influence of Boehme's writings. The sect disappeared some time in the eighteenth century. The Sweet Singers, the Seekers, and other sects of enthusiasts became for the most part merged in the great wave of enthusiasm which swept over the country under the influence of Wesley and Whitefield.

The "French Prophets" who came over here in 1706 have now fallen into oblivion, perhaps undeserved, for they were undoubtedly enthusiasts of a very uncommon kind. Malcolm, who describes them, can find in them nothing but imposture. They were "impostors" of the "Corybantic" kind—a kind which is always with us. The leader was one Elias Marion, the son of Protestant parents, born in the Upper Cevennes in 1678. He caught the infection of enthusiasm from his brothers; he was concerned in the civil war, and either escaped or was allowed to retire to Lausanne. Here he received a message ordering him to depart to London. His companions were John Cavalier, Durand Fae, John Daude, Nicolas Facio, and Charles Portales. They held meetings at which one after the other fell into trances, uttered prophecies, and committed a thousand extravagances. One of their converts was a certain Sir Richard Bulkeley, a deformed person, who refused to change his clothes or to buy new ones, because "the Spirit had declared that he should be made straight." On this assurance he naturally waited for the miracle, because it would have been absurd to buy new clothes which would no longer fit him as soon as his hump disappeared. Among other proselytes were one Lacy and a Miss Betty Grey.

At one meeting, for instance, Betty Grey, violently agitated, personated the Scarlet Woman. "First, she barricaded the doors so that no one could get out. This done, she laid aside her manteau and night-clothes and tied up her hair with singular modesty, then taking a peruke and hat, put them on her head and sat down in an elbow-chair very majestically with her arms akimbo."

The account is confusing. What does it mean by her "night-clothes"? Why did the lady come to the meeting in her night-clothes? Why did she take them off? How, in doing so, could she possibly display "singular" modesty? If it is intended that she sat in an arm-chair with only a peruke and a hat upon her, and her arms akimbo, then the word "majestic" is indeed applicable.

"After that she got up and began to beat and thump with her feet everybody in the room, especially the poor little hunchback, Sir Richard, whom she banged most unmercifully. Then she sat down again, and opening her mouth fell a-ranting, agreeably to the character represented."

For my own part, I think her version of the Scarlet Lady not warranted by the text. Another of them fell into a transport, and cried out, "Es-tu la grande bête, la putain de Babylon?" She then sprang to her feet, seized Betty Grey, threw her down upon the floor, kicked her about as if she had been a dead cat, and walked over her body, standing on her breast, so that she seemed lifeless. But she was not; she rose up and gave thanks that Antichrist and the Scarlet Lady had been overcome. They had to stand in the pillory for this and other enthusiasms. And then—then they fade away and are no more seen.

The current belief in witchcraft may be illustrated by the story of a wise woman. This woman did not belong to London, but there were plenty of wise women, fortune-tellers, charmers, sorceresses, who did live and practise exactly in the same way as Mary Bateman.

One William Pettigo consulted her for his wife, who suffered from nervous disorders. Mary Bateman was a professional witch or wise woman. She told Pettigo that the case was beyond her powers, but that her friend "Miss Blythe," who lived in a neighbouring town, was able to "read the stars" and by their aid to effect a cure. She would require, however, as a preliminary, the flannel petticoat worn by Mrs. Pettigo. This article of dress, of so much efficacy in things astrological, was given to Mary, who then informed Pettigo that he must exchange with her four guinea notes—that is to say, he must give her four notes in return for which she would give him other four notes tied up in a bag; but he was not on any account to open the bag, or the charm would be broken. Similar exchanges were afterwards conducted, Pettigo in the end having advanced forty guineas and received the bags which he was not to open.

Meantime, his wife grew worse. Then it appeared that the star-reader, Miss Blythe, could not sleep in her own bed while certain planets ruled. Therefore Pettigo provided her with a new bed; then with more guineas; then with a set of china; and then with nine guineas. And still his wife grew worse instead of better. Having now lost all his money, Pettigo informed the wise woman that he intended to open the bags. She warned him that the consequences would be terrible, and gave him a packet containing, she said, a most powerful charm; it was to be put into a pudding, of which no one but Pettigo and his wife must eat. They obeyed. They were both seized immediately with violent pains; the wife died five days later; the husband recovered, with the loss of his legs. Some of the pudding was given to a cat, which died; and to some fowls, which also died. Even now the poor dupe could not open his eyes. For some months afterwards he contrived to give her whatever she demanded. At last, when his creditors became impatient, he resolved to brave the awful peril of opening the bags. He did so. They contained nothing but bits of paper. Mary Bateman was then arrested and charged with murder and with fraud.

I am tempted also to relate the story of Anne Izzard, although she, like Mary Bateman, was not a resident of London. In the village of Great Paxton, a girl named Amy Brown tried to walk across the river on the ice. This broke under her and she was very nearly drowned, her danger and her rescue being witnessed by a friend named Fanny, who was so terrified that she fell into fits. As the fits continued, a belief sprang up among the people that she was bewitched, as well as the girl who fell into the river, and another girl. The witch was thought to be one Anne Izzard, a woman of sixty. She went with tears to the vicar and offered, in order to show that she was no witch, to be weighed against the Bible—a very old method of proving innocence, and the last survival of the ordeal which called upon the Lord to prove the guilt or the innocence. The vicar exhorted the people on the folly of their opinions, but in vain.

Some time after, Anne Izzard, with her son and another woman, was coming home from market in a cart. The second woman insisted, against Anne Izzard's advice, on putting a basket of groceries on some sacks of corn. The consequence was that when the horse grew restive, the basket was spilled. This was sheer witchcraft. The people were now convinced. Not only so, but they were horribly frightened. They ran to the woman's cottage, dragged her out of bed, stripped her naked, tore her arms with pins, beat her about the body, and left her bruised and bleeding. She ran to another cottage, tenanted by a Mrs. Russell, who took her in and bandaged her. The villagers told Mrs. Russell that those who protected a witch were as bad as the witch herself. It is almost incredible that the poor woman was so frightened that she went to bed and died of sheer terror. A second time the people dragged Anne Izzard from her bed and tore her arms with pins. This time she ran to the next village, where she took shelter.

In the end, about a dozen of the villagers were apprehended and tried for the assault.

In October 1808 one Joseph Powell was indicted, at the instance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for being a pretended astrologer. The man was a vendor of quack medicines. He restored decayed teeth, cured rheumatism, headache, toothache, and everything else. In addition to this, he gave patients advice on their future as revealed by the stars. The Society sent their clerk, who bought a nostrum and asked an opinion. The latter was given gratis, so that the man could not be prosecuted; the Society therefore sent two girls to ask for nativities. The unlucky astrologer was then caught in the very act of casting their nativities, and was arrested and brought before the Middlesex magistrates. It is sad to relate that he was not only imprisoned but also publicly whipped.

At the same time a fortune-teller was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for telling the future from cards at a shilling a head.

The following took place not in London but in a country town. It was in the year 1766. A young woman, well dressed and handsome, came to church to be married. The bridegroom was already in the church waiting for her. As soon as she entered, the bridesmaid began to undress her until she was reduced to her shift, in which guise she was conducted to the altar and presented for the marriage service. She had suspicions that all was not well with the bridegroom's affairs; and she had been advised that if she was married in her smock he could claim no other marriage portion than that garment.

The next story, however, does belong to London, or rather to the Borough. It is of one Higginson, a journeyman carpenter in Southwark, who sold his wife to a brother-workman one night at the alehouse. Next day he repented and implored his wife to return to him. As she refused, probably outraged by the transfer, he went home—to the solitary home—and hanged himself.

A child of two years fell into the river and was drowned. As the body could not be found, a twopenny loaf was procured into which a certain quantity of quicksilver was poured. It was then set floating down the river. Suddenly it tacked about, floated across the stream, and sank, of course over the spot where lay the child.

On May 4, 1767, one Francis Gorman was hanged at Tyburn for murder. While he was hanging, a young woman with a wen upon her was lifted up and had the wen rubbed with the dead man's fingers, as a certain cure for the growth.

Were talismans and amulets still believed in? By the lower orders, certainly. The talisman represented the influence of a planet or zodiacal sign upon a person born under it. It was a symbolical figure drawn or engraved. It was supposed at once to procure love and to avert danger. The amulet averted danger of all kinds. Amber kept children from danger; a child's caul made lawyers prosper; the evil eye was averted by certain well-known symbols, including the locust, the closed hand, the pine-cone. The German Jew at the point of death still, it is said, ties his head round with knotted leather. The Turks cure apoplexy by encircling the head with a parchment strip painted with signs of the zodiac. Spells, which were still asked for by those who consulted the wise woman, were of all kinds. The favourite was the blessed word Abracadabra.

> "Thou shalt on paper write the spell divine,
> Abracadabra called, in many a line,
> Each under each in even order place,
> But the last letter in each line efface.
> As by degrees the elements grow few,
> Still take away, but fix the residue.
> Till at the last one letter stands alone,
> And the whole dwindles to a tapering cone.
> Tie this about the neck with flaxen string,
> Nightly the god 'twill to the patient bring:
> The wondrous potency shall guard his head
> And drive disease and death far from his bed."

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

Would you like to know how the eighteenth-century maiden inquired after her lover? She continued, in matters of importance, the magic and spells of her grandmother. She saw him in the coffee-grounds; at the bottom of the tea-cup; she got up on May Morning to hear the cuckoo, who told her about him; she made the dunch[1] cake, two and two, in order to dream of him. She sowed hempseed at midnight, saying, "Hempseed I sow; hempseed I hoe; and he that is my true love, come after me and mow."[2] Then she looked behind and actually saw him.

She took a clean clout, wetted it, turned it inside out, and hung it over a chair before the fire. Then her sweetheart came and turned it right again.

She stuck up two Midsummer-men[3]—branches,—one for herself, and one for him. If his branch died away, it was a bad sign; if it flowered, it was a good sign.

She went backwards into the garden on Midsummer Eve and gathered a rose, and put it away in clean sheets of paper till Christmas, when, if it was quite fresh, she put it into her bosom, and her sweetheart came and took it out. On lying in a strange bed, she tied her garter nine times round the bedpost and knitted nine knots in it, saying: "This knot I knit, this knot I tye, to see my love as he goes by; in his apparel and array, as he walks in every day." She put bridecake under her pillow and dreamed of her lover. She threw apple-peel over her shoulder. She stuck two kernels on her forehead; her love's remained on, the other fell off. She gathered five bay-leaves—pinned four of them to the corners of her pillow, and the other one to the middle, boiled an egg, took out the yolk, filled up with salt, ate it all, shell and all, without speaking or drinking. After this, of course, she dreamed of her lover.

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[1] Heavy or doughy as bread (Murray's *New English Dictionary*).

[2] This charm is referred to in Burns's poem, "Halloween." Another version of it is, "Hempseed I saw thee, hempseed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee"; and on looking over one's shoulder one will see the appearance of the expected lover in the attitude of pulling hemp.—Note to J. A. Manson's *Annotated Edition of Burns* (A. and C. Black).

[3] "Midsummer-men, the plant called Orpine or Live-long, one of the Sedum tribe."—Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

CHAPTER V

LIBRARIES

SINCE education has always been connected with religion, and libraries play a large part in the education of the people, we may here enumerate the libraries of London. There were not many free libraries, in the modern sense of the word. Yet there were one or two. Even after the foundation of the British Museum, if a person wanted to visit it he had to get a card of admission the day before, and was tied to a certain hour. But there can be no doubt that if a scholar desired to use one of the libraries, which were many and important, he would readily receive permission.

The public records, State papers, and letters of foreign princes were preserved in the White Tower and the Wakefield Tower; with them were many papers relating to the monasteries. Other records and State papers were kept in the Exchequer, Westminster, under the care of the Lord Treasurer. Here were kept the two Domesday Books, the one in folio and the one in quarto.

The Parliament Rolls were kept in "an old stone tower" in Old Palace Yard, now the so-called Jewel House; some were also kept in the Holbein Gate.

The Cotton Library, which went to the British Museum, was originally kept at Westminster in the house which had been Sir Robert Cotton's; it contained a thousand volumes of charters, grants, letters, instruments, genealogies, registers, etc.

The Williams Library was founded by Dr. Williams, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Lincoln, the last ecclesiastic who held the Great Seal. He purchased most of the books from one Baker of Highgate, and opened the library for public use every day in term time, viz. from nine till twelve in the forenoon, and from two till four in the afternoon. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which these notes are taken, states that by negligence many of the MSS. were burned. There was another "Williams" library. This was a library — still existing — originally of 25,000 volumes, bequeathed by the Rev. Dr. Williams, an eminent Presbyterian. He died in 1716. The library was originally deposited in Red Cross Street, Cripplegate. A century or so later it was removed to Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road.

There was a library at St. James's, and others at the royal palaces of Whitehall, Hampton, Windsor, and Greenwich, of MSS. and books, mostly collected by Leland after the dissolution of the monasteries. Where are those MSS. now?

The library of Lambeth Palace contained 14,572 printed books and 617 MSS. The nucleus of the library was the books belonging to Lord Dudley, Earl of Leicester; it was added to from time to time by different archbishops. Does any one know of the library founded by Prince Henry, son of James the First? It was between Leicester Fields and St. James's. The Prince laid out a piece of ground for the exercise of arms; at one end of it he built an armoury, with a library containing books relating to feats of arms, chivalry, fortification, military science of all kinds, for the custody of which he appointed a learned librarian. It was called the Artillery Ground, and continued till the Restoration, when Charles II. gave it to Lord Gerrard, who built upon it. What became of the books is not stated.

The records, charters, privileges, etc., of the City of London were preserved in the Guildhall in the custody of the town clerk. The Corporation possessed a library, which was kept in the chapel adjoining the Guildhall. The Duke of Somerset borrowed all the books for his new house in the Strand; they made five cartloads, and they were never returned.

Other libraries were: that of the Grey Friars, to which Whittington was a benefactor, dispersed at the Reformation; that of Sion College, the books of which were nearly all burned in the Great Fire (a new library, however, was got together); the Heralds' College, which contained a valuable collection of works connected with heraldry, court functions, genealogies, visitations, etc.; the French Church in Threadneedle Street had a library before the Fire; the Dutch Protestants of Austin Friars had a library for the use of foreign Protestants.

The remaining libraries are enumerated in alphabetical order:—

Castle Street Library.—Founded in 1633 by Tennison, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, for the use of his school. It contained 4000 volumes in theology and history.

College of Physicians Library.—Containing 4940 books.

Sir Hans Sloane's Library.—42,000 volumes, besides collections of rarities. Both the Cotton and the Sloane Libraries were placed in the British Museum.

Doctors' Commons Library.—Every bishop on his consecration gave £20 to £50 towards the enrichment of the library.

Gray's Inn Library.—Books in eleven languages, but chiefly on law.

Inner Temple Library.—Remarkable for its collection of MSS.

Lincoln's Inn Library.—Called a "handsome collection."

Middle Temple Library.—Contained 3981 volumes.

Royal Society Library.—The history of this library is curious. On the death of Demetrius Corvinus, the last king of the Hungarian race, his library was sold. One third part of it, bought by Vilibaldus Perkeynherus of Nuremberg, was sold by him to the Earl of Arundel, who afterwards became Duke of Norfolk. He presented it in 1666 to the Royal Society. This princely gift contained 3287 printed books and 554 volumes of MSS. Another donor to the Royal Society was their whilom secretary, Francis Ashton. He gave the Society his own library, containing 3265 volumes.

The Surgeons' Library.—"A handsome collection."

The King's Library.—This was kept in 1756 in the old Dormitory, Westminster. It contained 10,200 printed books and 1800 MSS.

The Queen's Library, kept in a building specially erected for it at St. James's Palace, contained 4500 volumes.

The St. Paul's Library.

The Westminster Library, belonging to the Dean and Chapter, contained about 6000 volumes.

A curious story is related concerning the Jews and their library. The synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, in Bevis Marks, possessed a library of great value, including many MSS. relating to their ceremonies and worship. The question arose among them whether, if these books fell into the hands of Christians, they might not be disgraced by shameful translations. To prevent this calamity, which might have been prevented by locking the box, they actually resolved upon burning the whole of them in a kiln at Mile End. I give the story as it is related in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* I confess that the thing itself, as related, seems to me incredible.

These were the public libraries. In addition there were the circulating libraries, an institution created in the eighteenth century. The first of these libraries opened in London was one by a bookseller named Batho, in 1740. His shop was in the Strand. At the end of the century there were twenty-two in London. The names of some still survive, and in a few cases the libraries are still continued—such as Colburn's, Hookham's, Hodgson's, Cawthorne's.

The book-club, in country towns, was found more useful than the circulating library. A certain number of the better sort formed the club; they paid a subscription of a guinea; this enabled them to start with books to the amount of their combined subscriptions. At the end of the year they sold the books to each other, carrying the proceeds forward to increase the number of books for the following year. It will easily be understood that in a few years the amount available for purchase would roll up considerably. I believe that the torrent of rubbish issued in the form of three-volume novels proved the destruction of these book-clubs. They were impossible in London, owing to the difficulties of getting people together: in the country their success depended entirely on judicious management and mutual consideration. They were managed generally by ladies. A few of the country book-clubs still survive, but as a rule it is found less troublesome to depend on one or other of the great circulating libraries.

GOVERNMENT AND TRADE OF THE CITY

CHAPTER I

THE TEMPORAL GOVERNMENT

THE jurisdiction and temporal government of London in the eighteenth century represent the outcome before the attempt at any reform or change in the constitution of the City as we have read it. There was no more fear of losing the charter, or of finding the exchequer closed, or of being called upon for a benevolence, or a tallage, or a fifteenth. London was free and her freedom was assured. Let us therefore take the opportunity of describing the constitution of the City in the last century. This is—with certain changes and modifications, mostly insignificant—that of the present day.

The City of London was divided into twenty-six wards, each of which was under the jurisdiction of an Alderman, chosen at the ward mote by the free inhabitants of the ward. The Mayor, or supreme magistrate over the whole City, was chosen annually from the aldermen. His election took place on Michaelmas Day, and he entered upon his office on the 9th of November following.

The Common Councilmen were chosen in the same manner as the aldermen, by the free inhabitants of the ward at the ward mote. But there was this difference, that the Lord Mayor presided over the election of an alderman, and the alderman of the ward over the election of a Common Councilman. The Court of Common Council consisted of the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and the Common Councilmen. Nothing could be done for the City without the full concurrence of this court, which was called together whenever the Mayor chose.

The power of the Lord Mayor was very great. He was Perpetual Coroner and Escheater within the City and the Liberties of London and Southwark; he was Chief Justice of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery of Newgate; Judge of the ward mote on the election of an alderman; Conservator of the Rivers Thames and Medway; Commissioner of the River Lea; and Chief Butler of the Kingdom at all coronations. Besides which, his office did not terminate at the King's death. When this happened, the Lord Mayor was styled the principal officer in the kingdom, and took his place on the Privy Council until the new King was proclaimed.

The meaning of the last privilege or dignity was this:—On the death of the

King, all order and authority, save those of the Church, ceased; for the time there was actually no officer, magistrate, or judge in the whole country. If there was delay in proclaiming and crowning the King, the roads became covered with marauders and the seas with pirates. The Privy Council, therefore, fell back on the City as a centre of order and law. In case of doubt or dispute as to the rightful heir, London, at least, moved as one man, and could be trusted to maintain whatever side it espoused. We know how the City admitted William, and their price for his admission; how they elected Henry I. and Stephen.

The business of the City was transacted principally by means of committees. The aldermen were justices of the peace, each in his own ward; those who had passed the chair were justices of the quorum. An alderman continued in his post for life; if he refused to serve on election, he had to pay a heavy fine. This most useful regulation ensured that the freemen should take that active part or share in their municipal duties which is necessary for the maintenance of the City liberties. Every alderman was bound to hold ward motes for electing officers and for all business connected with the ward; but he might, if he pleased, appoint a deputy.

There were two Sheriffs of London and Middlesex; they were chosen annually on Midsummer Day, and entered upon their office on Michaelmas Day. A citizen might be alderman before he was sheriff, but he must have been sheriff before he could be Lord Mayor. A citizen chosen sheriff and refusing to serve was fined £400 to the City and £13: 6: 8 to the clergy of the prisons, unless he could swear that he was worth less than £15,000. The business of the sheriffs was to collect the revenues within their jurisdictions, to gather into the Exchequer all fines belonging to the Crown, to serve the King's writs of process, to attend the judges and execute their orders, to empanel the juries, to superintend the execution of criminals, and to discharge the orders of the Court of Common Council should they resolve to petition Parliament or to address the King.

The next officer was the Recorder, who was a lawyer; he was appointed by the Mayor and aldermen, for their guidance in matters of justice and proceedings according to law. He held office for life. In the Court of Common Council, and in all other courts, he took place before any who had not passed the chair. He was one of the justices of oyer and terminer, and justice of the peace. It was his office to speak in the name of the City, to read and present their addresses to the King, to deliver the sentence of the courts. His salary in the eighteenth century was £1000 a year.

The Chamberlain of London was chosen annually by the Livery on Midsummer Day; but the election was a matter of form, as, unless some complaint was alleged or proved against him, he held his office for life. He was the City Treasurer; he received and paid all the money belonging to the Corporation; he kept all bonds, securities, leases of the City.

There were also the following officers of the City:—the Coroner, the Town Clerk, the Common Serjeant, the City Remembrancer, the Sword Bearer, the Common Hunt, the Common Crier, the Water Bailiff, two Auditors, the Clerk of the Chamber, the Clerk to the Commissioners of the Sewers, the Surveyor of the City Works, the Printer to the City, the Justice of the Bridge Yard, the Steward of the Borough, the Bailiff of the Borough, the Comptroller of the Bridge House, Clerk to the Court of Conscience, and four beadles of the same court.

There were several City courts.

The Lord Mayor's Court was a "court of record," held before the Mayor, aldermen, and recorder in the King's Bench, Guildhall. At this court were heard actions of debt, trespass, attachments, covenants, etc., arising within the City and liberties. It was also a court of chancery and a court of appeal, and a court where suits between master and apprentices could be heard. In brief, suits of all kinds were heard here. It was claimed for this court that it was the cheapest in the kingdom, because an action could be commenced here for 4d. and finished for 30s., all in the space of a fortnight.

The Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen exercised a great deal of power. All leases requiring the City seal were executed by them; the assize of bread was ascertained; the City officers were tried by them; they disposed of many of the City offices; they elected annually eleven observers of the City watermen. No person could become a freeman of the City except by serving his apprenticeship, or by an order obtained from the courts.

So far, in brief. Let us now give in greater detail an account of the various courts and offices. The following account of the courts is taken from the *British Directory* of 1793:—

"The Court of Common Council consists of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and representatives of the several wards, who assemble in Guildhall as often as the Lord Mayor, by his summons, thinks proper to convene them. They annually select from among themselves a committee of twelve aldermen and twenty-four commoners, for letting the City lands, to which end they generally meet at Guildhall on Wednesdays, whereof two aldermen and four commoners are a quorum. They appoint another committee of four aldermen and eight commoners for transacting the affairs belonging to the benefactions of Sir Thomas Gresham, who generally meet at Mercers' Hall by appointment of the Lord Mayor. They also, by virtue of a royal grant, yearly appoint a governor, deputy, and assistants, for managing the Irish estates. They have likewise a right of disposing of the offices of town-clerk, common serjeant, judges of the Sheriffs' Court, common crier, coroner, bailiff of the borough of Southwark, and City garbler.

Common Hall.—In this court, on Midsummer Day, the livery of the respective companies choose their sheriffs, chamberlain, two auditors of the chamberlains' and bridge-house accounts, two bridge masters, and four ale-conners. Here also the livery on Michaelmas Day return two aldermen to the court of Lord Mayor and aldermen, for them to choose a Lord Mayor for the following year.

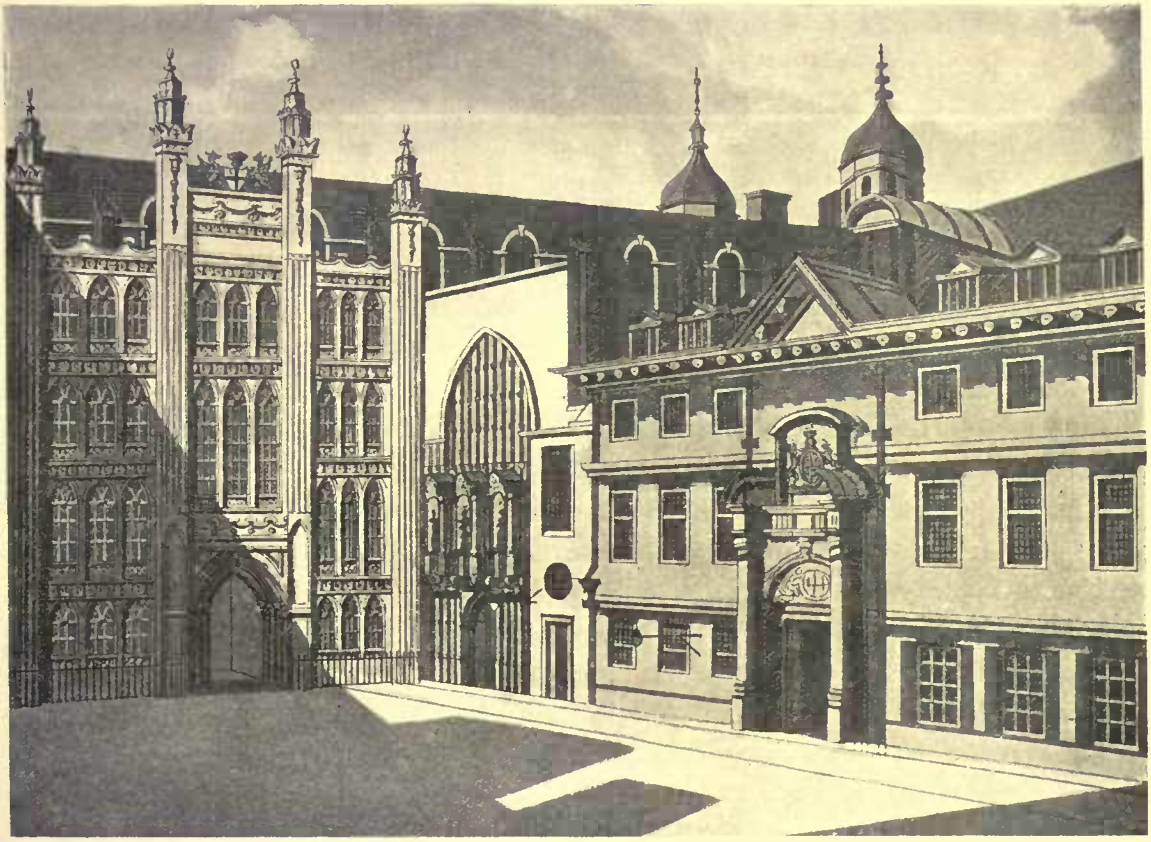
The Sheriffs' Courts are courts of record held at Guildhall every Wednesday and Friday, for actions entered at Wood Street Compter, and on Thursdays and Saturdays for those entered at the Poultry Compter, of which the sheriffs being judges, each has his assistant, or deputy, who are called the judges of those courts, before whom are tried actions of debt, trespass, covenant, etc.

The Court of Hustings is the supreme court of judicature in the City of London as that of the Common Council is of its legislature. In this court all lands and tenements, rents and services, within the City and liberties of London are pleadable, in two hustings, the one called husting of a plea of land, the other husting of common pleas, which are held distinctly. The judges of this court are the Lord Mayor and sheriffs for the time being, who are assisted by the recorder in all cases of consequence; the pleas are held distinctly, one court of pleas merely real, and another for actions mized.

The Court of Wardmote answers to that of folkmote among the Saxons, and is defined to be an assembly of the whole people,—that is, free citizens of one ward duly summoned by the Lord Mayor, and held before the proper alderman of the ward or his deputy,—to correct disorders, remove annoyances, and to promote the common interest of the ward. In London, parishes are as towns, and wards as hundreds: wherefore this court resembles that of the leet in the country; for, as the latter derives its authority from the County Court, so does the former from that of the Lord Mayor, as is manifest by the annual precept issued by the Lord Mayor to the several aldermen, for holding their respective wardmotes on St. Thomas's day, for the election of proper officers in each ward.

The Court of Conservancy is held four times a year before the Lord Mayor, at such places and times as he shall appoint within the respective counties of Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Surrey; in which several counties he has a power of summoning juries, who for the better preservation of the fishery of the river Thames, and regulation of the fishermen that fish therein, are upon oath to make inquisition of all offences committed in and upon the said river from Stainesbridge in the west to Yenfleet in the east.

The Court of Requests or Court of Conscience determines all disputes between citizens where the debt is under 40s. It is of great use to persons who have small debts owing to them, which they could not otherwise recover without entering into expensive proceedings; and it is also of great benefit to such persons as are not able to pay their debts at once, as the court determines the payment to be made in such portions as are suitable to the debtor's circumstances. The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen appoint monthly such aldermen and commons to sit as commissioners in this court as they think fit: any three of whom compose a court, kept in Guildhall every Wednesday and Saturday, from eleven till two o'clock, to hear and determine such cases as are brought before them. In this court a cause may be brought and determined for the value of tenpence, viz. sixpence for the plaint and summons, and fourpence for the order; if the defendant does not appear the first court day after the summons, an attachment may be awarded against him; on neglect or refusal then to appear, he will be committed to prison.



THE GUILDHALL

From a print published in 1800.

Court of Escheator.—This court is held before the Lord Mayor (he being Perpetual Escheator within the City) or his deputy; to him all original writs of *Diem clausit extremum*, *Mandamus devenerunt*, *Melius inquirend*, etc., are directed to find an office for the King, after the death of his tenant who held by knight's service. The Escheator may also find an office for treason, felony, etc.

Chamberlain's Court.—This is an office kept in Guildhall, in a room on the right-hand side of the passage leading into the Court of King's Bench, where the Chamberlain attends every day to determine differences between masters and apprentices, to enrol and turn over the latter, and to admit all who are duly qualified to the freedom of the City.

The Court of Orphans.—This court is held before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, who are guardians to the children of all freemen under the age of twenty-one years of age, at the decease of all fathers. The common serjeant of the City is the only person entrusted by the Court of Aldermen to take accounts and inventories of freemen's estates; and the youngest attorney of the Mayor's Court, being clerk to that of the orphans, is appointed to take securities for their several portions, in the name of the Chamberlain of London, who for this purpose is a sole corporation of himself, for the service of the said orphans. A recognisance or bond, therefore, made to him on the account of an orphan shall, by the custom of London, descend to his successor. It is here to be observed, that a freeman's widow may require a third part of his personal estate after all incumbrances are discharged; his children are entitled to another third part thereof, and he may dispose of the remaining third part by his will. If he leaves no children, his widow may require a moiety of his personal estate. If a citizen dies without a will, administration shall be granted to his wife, who may claim one third part by the custom of London; one third part must be divided among the children, and the remaining third part between the wife and children; in this case the widow is generally allowed two-thirds of this last third part. It is likewise to be observed, that when a freeman dies, and leaves property to his children, either in money or estates, the executor or executors make application to the Court of Aldermen to admit such property into the Orphan's Fund. On this application a wheel is brought into the court, containing a number of tickets, which mention the respective sums belonging to those who have arrived at full age, or whose stock has been sold or transferred to some other person. The Lord Mayor then draws from the wheel as many tickets as contain the sum requested to be admitted by the new claimant, when the proprietors of the old stock have notice given them to receive their property in three months. Four per cent is allowed for the money during the time it continues in the fund.

The Court of Hallmote.—This is the court which each of the City companies keep in their respective halls or places of meeting, for the transaction of their private affairs.

Pie Powder Court.—This court is held by the Lord Mayor and the steward during Bartholomew Fair in the City of London, to administer justice between buyers and sellers, and for the redress of such disorders as may be committed there, in breach of a proclamation, which is annually made before the Lord Mayor on the eve of St. Bartholomew, for the better regulation of the said fair.

Justice Hall Court, in the Old Bailey.—This court is the Court of Session, held eight times a year by the King's commission of Oyer and Terminer, for trying offenders for crimes committed within the City of London and county of Middlesex.

The judges of this court are, the Lord Mayor, the aldermen past the chair, and the recorder, who on all such occasions are attended by both the sheriffs, and generally by one or more of the national judges. The offenders for crimes committed in the City are tried by a jury of citizens, and those committed in the county by a Middlesex jury. The offences tried in this court are high and petty treason, murder, felony, forgery, petty larceny, burglary, etc. To the courts already enumerated, which are properly City courts, may be added the two following, which are held within the City, though exempt from its jurisdiction :—

St. Martin's le Grand Court.—This court belongs to the liberty of that name, and is subject to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. It is a court of record, held weekly on Wednesdays, for the trial of all personal actions whatever; the leading process is a capias against the body or an attachment against the goods; so that a man's goods may be seized upon in his own house, if his person is not seized before: which is according to the practice of all ancient liberties or franchises.

The Court of the Tower of London.—This is a court of record held by prescription within the verge of the City on Great Tower Hill, by a steward appointed by the Constable of the Tower of London, by whom are tried actions of debt for any sum, damage, and trespass.

Besides the civil government of London already described, it is also subject to an ecclesiastical and military government, the first of which is under a bishop, archdeacon, and ministers or pastors.

The military government is vested in a Court of Lieutenancy, composed of a number of citizens, the principal of whom are the Lord Mayor and aldermen, who appoint the officers to the six regiments of the City Militia, which are distinguished by the titles of the Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, White, and Red regiments. These corps are now put on a plan similar to the respective counties: the City of London boasting a peculiar privilege in not having the military quartered on the inhabitants, for which singular advantage they maintain in time of peace their own militia, which maintenance arises from a tax levied by virtue of the King's letter, denominated Trophy Tax. This exemption is of such importance that the greatest care should be taken to have an effective body of men for the service of the inhabitants, in aid of the civil magistracy and for the defence of the kingdom. . . . The Honourable Artillery Company, which is one of the most ancient, claims the honour of being founded and supported by many royal authorities. It was formerly of the first consequence in this kingdom, for military achievements, and could boast the most distinguished personages, as well royal as noble, for its members. The original foundation was in the year 1537 by patent, and has continued to the present period. It has a royal charter from his present Majesty, with considerable privileges, as well as a capital estate for its maintenance and support, and a noble parade, called the Artillery Ground, which, from its institution, was demised and granted as a military field for the citizens of London. . . .

The four representatives in Parliament for the City of London, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Chamberlain, Bridge masters, and other City officers, are elected at the Common Halls, at which the sheriffs for the time being are the presiding judges, and the whole body of liverymen, who live in the City, or the suburbs and out-parts, or wheresoever dispersed throughout the kingdom, are entitled to give their votes, provided they are not disqualified by any established rules or regulations within the City, whereby these elections are governed.

It is required that every elector shall be both a freeman and a liveryman, and that his name shall have been entered upon the Livery twelve calendar months previous to the day of election, or he can have no vote; but if he takes up his freedom of the City at any time before the commencement of the election, it is, as to that qualification, deemed sufficient. And here let it be particularly observed that the day of commencement of an election, by which all claims in point of time are to be decided, is the day on which the candidates present themselves to fill the vacancies, and their election is declared by a show of hands; the poll and scrutiny which follow being only subsequent proceedings, to adjust the numbers and qualifications of the electors. If a liveryman applies to the Court of Aldermen, to be translated from one company to another, he should be careful to see the particulars of that translation faithfully recorded on the Chamberlain's books; for if he votes in the company to which he has been translated, before such record is entered, it will annul his right to vote; for example, if I. S., formerly a cooper, having gained his license to be transferred over to the Vintners' Company, should vote in that company, and his name not appear on the record, it would be contended that there is no such person as I. S., vintner; and, upon his name being made on a poll or scrutiny, it would be too late to show that his name appears as a liveryman on the books of the former company, because every man's right, as to that election, must abide by the test of the qualification upon which he was admitted to vote.

It is also further provided, that no person shall have a title to vote, who has not duly paid his Livery fines; or who, having paid the same, shall receive all or part thereof back again, or accept of any allowance in respect thereof. So that the receiving back the fine, or any part of it, or any allowance as an equivalent, is in every instance where it can be proved equally the same disqualification as if the fines had not been paid at all. It is, however, an indulgence not unfrequently granted by most of the companies, to take a promissory note at six months after date for the fine; if therefore it can be proved at the time of election that the voter, who must have been twelve clear months upon the Livery, has refused or been unable to satisfy his note, after demand made since it became due, he is liable to be set aside for such non-payment, equally the same as if he had been admitted without any note being given, because his fines, in this case, are not *bonâ fide* paid ; but if, on the other hand, such note be paid, at any time before the election, or it be proved that the elector was always ready and willing to pay it, but no demand had been made, it is then to be deemed equally legal. Another disqualification may happen to liverymen who are householders within the jurisdiction of the City, that does not apply to liverymen who are householders out of the City, nor to any liverymen not householders. It arises upon the 14th section of the Statute II. George I., which enacts 'that no householder in the City, who has within two years next before any such election requested to be, and who is accordingly discharged from paying to the rates and taxes which the citizens of London, inhabiting therein, are liable unto, shall vote at such elections.' And again, there is another disqualifying clause, which extends alike to all liverymen, whether in or out of London, and to all other persons whatsoever, voting at any election within the City, and that is 'for having taken or received, within two years next before the election, any charity or alms whatsoever.' Upon proof in either of these cases, the vote of every person so circumstanced is to be 'declared null and void to all intents and purposes. . . .'

The election of all ward officers must be at a Court of Wardmote, viz. for the alderman of the ward, its common-council-men, etc., which courts are held by virtue of a precept from the Lord Mayor, who is the presiding judge on those occasions. Any citizen may be chosen alderman of a ward, although he be not an inhabitant thereof, for if he be free of the City, and of sufficient ability, these are all the qualifications prescribed to entitle him to the right of filling that high office, in any ward where there is a vacancy, notwithstanding he may live in another part, or even without the walls of the City. It is, however, expressly directed that every common-council-man shall be an inhabitant of the ward for which he serves, otherwise he is ineligible for the office. The electors consist of all the inhabitants within the ward, who are 'freemen of London, occupying houses of the value of £10 a year or upwards, and paying scot and bearing lot when required.' All such are entitled to vote at their respective wardmotes, on the election of alderman, common-council-man, or other officer belonging to their ward, unless disqualified by any of the following rules and regulations stipulated for their good order and government.

The first qualification for an elector at a wardmote is that of being a freeman of the City of London ; so that, on one hand, to be free of a company only is not sufficient ; nor is it necessary, on the other, that he should be on the Livery ; nor is any time limited how long he ought to have taken up his freedom, so that it be done before the holding up of hands at the election. A freedom obtained after the holding up of hands, in order to entitle the elector to take the oath when he is polling 'that he is then a freeman,' may indeed enable him to swear what is true, but cannot antedate his right of voting, or make it legal. Such freeman, in the next place, must be an householder, to the amount of £10 per annum, 'and the real occupier for twelve calendar months next before the election.' So that, if a landlord is only in the possession of a house which he never lives in, though rated thereto, but suffers another to be the sole occupier thereof, who is not taxed, in such cases neither the owner nor occupier are entitled to vote; for it must be distinguished in either instance that the being rated to a house, and not in the occupation of it, or being the occupier and not rated, are equally insufficient qualifications. A citizen, however, having two houses in different wards, each of the value of £10 per annum, making use of one for his trade, and the other for the residence of his family, and rated to both, entitles him to a vote in each ward. A person also in possession of two houses in the same ward, which both together amount to £10 a year, though separately they are neither of them of that value, yet if he pays equal rates, and performs the same duty as a person inhabiting a house of the rent of £10, he has a legal title to vote. Occupancy, however, in all cases must be proved for twelve clear months, previous to the day appointed for the election.

The next qualification is 'that every such householder shall have been rated and charged, and contributed and paid, his scot to all and singular the rates and taxes (except annual aids granted by Parliament) whereunto he shall or may be liable, or shall have paid in the whole, to the said rates and taxes, or some of them, thirty shillings a year, at the least, otherwise his vote shall be null and void at all such elections.' And further, 'that every freeman, being liable to the rates and assessments for lamps and watch, and neglecting and refusing, or desiring to be excused from the payment of the same, shall be under the like incapacity of voting as those persons are who do not pay their scot and lot, which the citizens of London are liable unto.' But in order that these disqualifications should have their full force, it will be necessary to prove that a regular demand has been made of all such rates and assessments, by the person legally authorised to receive them, otherwise no objection can or ought to be made to the vote. It is likewise always to be remembered, 'that nothing shall be construed to oblige persons to pay any scot, or bear any lot, from the doing of which they were exempted by Act of Parliament, charter, or writ of privilege,' which is understood as a saving clause to physicians, apothecaries, attorneys, etc., who claim the privilege of being excused by reason of their other necessary avocations. Also to constables, or other ward officers, in such wards only where, by custom, service is accepted as an equivalent for the payment of rates; or, in the case of a certificate in the possession of a person who has apprehended and convicted any one guilty of stealing in that ward, either by night or day, goods to the amount of 5s., that then, and in all such cases, these privileges of exemption are to be admitted, so far as they shall prove to be within the plain intent and meaning of the writ, charter, or Act of Parliament on which they may be grounded.

The foregoing are the qualifications which the sole occupier of a house ought to possess, in order to maintain his right of voting at these elections; but in cases of partnerships it is further to be remarked, 'that if any two or more persons carry on a joint trade in any such house together, and shall have been householders such space of time as aforesaid, such partners shall, upon paying their scot, and bearing their respective lot, in manner aforesaid, when required, have good and legal votes; provided, nevertheless, that such house wherein such partners carry on their joint trade shall be of the true and real value of as many respective sums of £10 a year, computed together, as there are partners.' There is likewise another provision, very singular, 'that where two persons, and no more, not being partners, shall have, by the space aforesaid, severally inhabited in the same house, such two persons, severally paying their scots, and bearing their respective lots, shall have votes, etc., so as such house, wherein such two persons inhabit, be of the yearly value of £20, and that each of them pay the yearly rent of £10 for their respective parts thereof.' Yet nothing is to be hence inferred, that a house of £30 a year should give votes to three persons, and so on, it being, by the statute, confined only to two. In all cases, however, that relate to the elections of wardmote, it is absolutely declared, 'that the vote of every person, who has at any time within two years next before the election, requested to be, and accordingly has been, discharged from paying all or any of the rates and taxes which the citizens of London inhabiting therein are liable unto, shall be utterly void, and of none effect.'

The same disqualifying clauses, which operate against persons for receiving alms, in elections at the common-halls, likewise hold good in elections at wardmotes; and therefore all persons, however sufficiently qualified in other respects, are incapacitated from voting, who have asked and received any sum of money as charity from any private person, or public collection, or from any charitable legacies or bequests, or the share of any forfeiture by a penal Act of Parliament to the use of the poor, or part of the King's annual bounty money, or of the ward charity coals distributed within the City. Such who have been in any hospital or infirmary, for relief of the sick or lame, or received physic or advice from thence gratis, as out-patients; or have been in the London or any parish workhouse; such also as have been confined in any prison, and received part of the allowance of bread and beer, or of the box-money, or bequests to prisoners, or have been released by the charity of some other person,—these and all similar instances of temporary relief totally disqualify the parties from giving their votes at any election within the City of London." (*See* Appendix IV., Taxes and Inferior Offices.)

CHAPTER II

CHANGES IN THE POLITICAL POWER OF THE CITY

ATTENTION has already been called to the changed relations of Crown and City when the latter ceased to be the lender and advancer of money to the King. It seems to me that the City, all through the century, failed to grasp the new situation. Else why did the Common Council and the Livery continue to send in one remonstrance after another, all leading to no result? They remembered, I believe, the great power wielded by the City in history; a power acknowledged, conciliated, courted by king after king—by William, whom they acknowledged as Conqueror, and by his successors. Perhaps they remembered who deposed Richard and set up Henry; who set up Edward the Fourth; who turned out James the Second. But the King no longer wanted to borrow money of them; their wealth no longer gave them power; they had become politically powerless except through their representatives in the House, and the House itself was in the hands of a majority of placemen. As for any influence and weight which their opinions and their voices might command upon the nation at large, it was as yet but small owing to the difficulty of getting at the nation. What did York or Exeter know of the strength and bitterness of the City's opinions on the American War? Little or nothing. The King, therefore, had no longer any fear of the City: he could afford, so long as that majority in the House was maintained, to rule in defiance of the City; and he did so. And the Livery, seeing the impotence of their own efforts, marvelled; and, not understanding that they were as those who beat the air with strenuous hands, they cried, "Let us make more remonstrances, more addresses, more petitions." They did so, and got mighty little by their pains.

Meantime, out of all these humiliations there arose the perception, growing daily stronger, that reform was necessary. Alas! there wanted fifty years before that reform could be carried out—fifty years, of which nearly half were to be spent in a struggle for existence. In 1779 (Sharpe, iii. 174) some of the Lords protested that "in such a situation a change of system appears to us to be our indispensable duty to advise." The Common Council sympathised with them, and was convinced that the cause of the troubles lay in the "enormous and undue influence of the

Crown." Committees of "Association" were formed, their object being economy and the abolition of sinecures. Burke introduced a Bill for reform, which had to be abandoned.

In 1780 Dunning moved that it is "the opinion of this Committee that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The reforms chiefly wanted, in the opinion of the country, were (1) the cutting down of public expenditure, (2) shortening the duration of parliaments, and (3) reforming the representation.

The work of these committees was for a time checked by the mischief due to the Protestant Associations and the clamour against Catholic Emancipation. The history of the Gordon Riots will be found in another place. And as for reform, we hear little more of it until the French Revolution and the Corresponding Societies.

The ten years that passed between the Peace of Paris and the declaration of war in 1793 were for the most part those happy years in which there is no history beyond that of domestic events. The Protestant dissenters were active in endeavouring to procure a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts; they failed in 1789 by a small majority, and hoped in 1790 to secure the co-operation of the Common Council. In this they were disappointed, for the court passed by a large majority the following resolutions:—

"I. That it is the indispensable duty of this court to support the rights and privileges of the Church of England, as by law established; they being essentially connected with, and forming a part of, our happy constitution.

II. That a full, perfect, and free toleration, in the exercise of religious duties, must be the wish and glory of every liberal mind; but, to remove the two bulwarks to our sacred constitution, in Church and State, by a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, would tend to produce that civil anarchy, which at first pointed out to the legislature the necessity of making such wise and salutary restrictive laws.

III. That this court do consider themselves called upon to strengthen the hands of those friends to the Established Church in the House of Commons who have twice successfully opposed the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, by expressing their public thanks for such conduct; and to solicit the members of this court, who have seats in Parliament, strenuously to resist every attempt that shall be made to obtain that repeal."

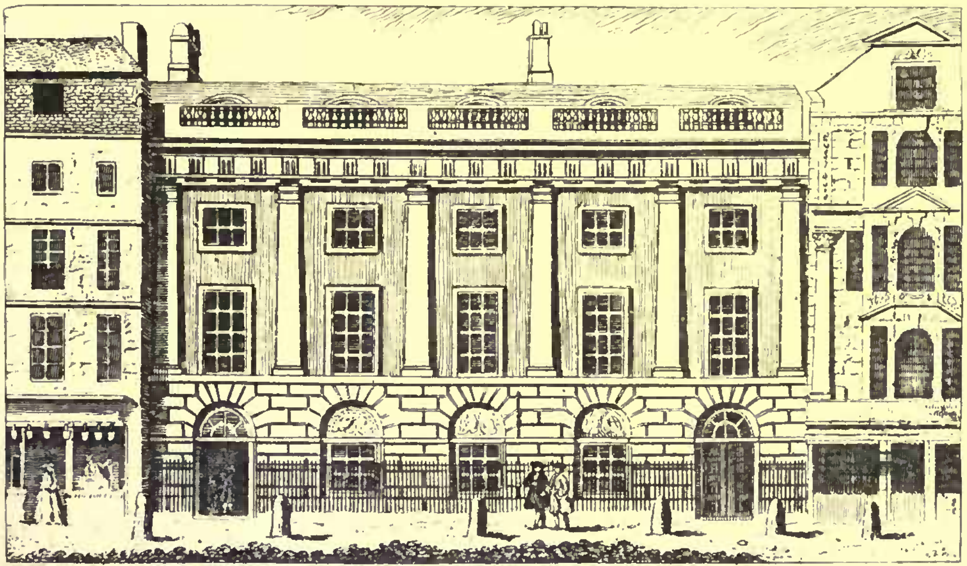
The Excise Bill of Walpole (see p. 12) aroused an opposition which that minister was totally unable to understand. We have another example of incredible inability to understand the mind of the people in the tax upon shops imposed by Pitt. Retail trade is, except in comparatively rare instances, a mode of livelihood which is anxious, precarious, and cut down by competition to the narrowest margin possible. Conceive, therefore, the dismay with which the world learned that Pitt was laying a tax upon retail shops. This was in May 1785. A committee was instantly formed and a conference held with Pitt. Nothing came of the conference, however, except a recommendation by Pitt that they should raise the price of their goods, so as to make the customer pay. He was unable to understand that this general rise of so much per cent all round is, in trade, an absolute impossibility; and that, in any case, as the tradesmen buy of each other, they would themselves be the payers of the tax.

They then drew up a petition against the Bill, but the composition of the House would not allow any weight to be attached to these representations of the shopkeepers. The agricultural labourers might make their grievances heard, but not the shopkeepers, of whose lives and necessities the House of country squires understood nothing. For four years the shopkeepers bombarded the House with petitions and remonstrances. At last, in 1789, they got the Bill repealed.

CHAPTER III

TRADE

The South Sea Company, which was not killed by the Bubble of 1720, obtained permission from the Spanish Government to send one ship every year to trade with the Spanish ports of the Gulf of Mexico. In 1721 they sent out a trading ship to Porto Bello and Carthagena; in 1723 another to Vera Cruz; in 1725 they sent ships to the Arctic Seas for the whale-fishery. Over the last venture, however, they lost nearly £180,000 in eight years. In 1730 their ship the *Prince Frederick* returned from Santa Cruz with a cargo worth £350,000.



S. Wale delin   T. Simpson sc

EAST INDIA HOUSE

The principal trade of the country was carried on by means of the companies founded in the sixteenth century: the Levant, the Russia, the East India, the South Sea, the Hudson's Bay, and the Royal African.

The West Indies sent us sugar, coffee, cotton, mahogany, logwood, and indigo;

Virginia sent us tobacco; from the northern parts of America we had timber, tar, and other things formerly supplied from the Baltic.

A large number of vessels were employed in the slave-trade; London was the centre of the diamond-trade. The East India Company had seventeen ships one year sailing from India. The following table (Capper's *Port and Trade of London*) shows the extent and the nature of the exports and imports for one month:—

EXPORTS FROM LONDON FOR THE MONTH OF MAY 1730

Woollen cloths	5357	pieces
Bays, Colchester, etc.	6990	„
Stuff, druggets, etc.	24,484	„
Perpets and serges	4108	„
Hats	2028	dozen
Hose	9368	doz. pairs
Flannels and cotton	53,053	yards
Frieze	7858	„
Gartering	774	gross
Leather	2290	cwt.
Block tin	1036	„
Pewter (wrought)	499½	„
Lead	184	fodder
Ditto in shot	847	cwt.
Alum	1275	„
Copperas	4033	„
Tobacco	866,163	lbs.
Calicoes	76,847	pieces
Gold watches	47	
Silver „	113	
Wrought plate	972	ounces

Besides 339,353 oz. of silver and 36,294 oz. of gold.

IMPORTS INTO LONDON, MAY 1730

Wines	4299	casks
Ditto from Leghorn	459	chests
Ditto Rhenish	1019	aums
Brandy from Dunkirk	24,687	galls.
Rum from British Colonies	6327	„
Sugar „ „	1421	hhds.
Rice from Carolina	3025	„
Spanish wool	1144	bags
Indigo from Spain and our Colonies	57,784	lbs.
Hemp from the East Country	1160	cwt.
Thrown silk from Italy	31,218	lbs.
Raw silk	3441	„
Coffee from Turkey only	1781	cwt.
Oil from Gallipoli	390	tons
Holland cloth or fine linen	66,286	ells

Ditto from Hamburgh and Bremen	1,232,209 ells
Irish linen	179,114 yards
Irish yarn from Hamburgh	73,450 lbs.
Coffee from Mocha	5000 bales

In the year 1732 the colony of Georgia was founded, with the incentive of providing for some of the wretched prisoners for debt—those, that is, who were able-bodied and willing to become emigrants. A subscription was opened for them; the first batch of settlers went out in 1733. The promoters in London provided the new colonists with seeds of everything likely to prove useful; they also procured a grant of land from the Government; they sent out European vines in the hope of creating the production of wine, and Piedmontese to instruct in the manufacture of silk. At first this industry promised fairly well: in 1758 they sent home 7000 lbs.; in 1764, 15,000 lbs.; but the Georgian cocoons were found to be "round and spongy," being badly wound. Therefore, the silk trade declined and the cotton trade took its place.

The Spanish War (1729-1748) checked the advance of trade for a time. The result of the war was that Spain kept her right of search, but that trade was permitted with Spanish ports in Europe, a concession which gave Great Britain considerable advantages. Spain began to buy largely English manufactures for export to her colonies; and the South Sea Company lost its right of sending one ship every year to the Spanish-American ports.

On the termination of this war the private traders grew restless at seeing the whole trade in the hands of a few companies. They first attacked the Hudson's Bay Company: they charged the company with neglecting to develop the mines, fisheries, and the fertile lands which they controlled. The Government considered the case, and decided that the company had done, and was doing, the best in its power. Therefore the Hudson's Bay Company remained, and it remains to this day.

Private traders, however, were more successful with the Royal African Company, which surrendered its charter, its lands, forts, and stores, and gave up its trade. Private traders, also, were more successful with the Levant Company, for they obtained an Act of Parliament throwing open all the privileges of that company for any who would pay £20 to the use of the company.

The years 1756-1763 were marked by war with France. This war lasted for seven years. The British arms were successful both by land and sea;—there were checks and losses at sea, as was inevitable with the seas swarming with privateers; yet to drive the French out of Canada was a great achievement, while on the whole the prosperity of our trade went on increasing steadily.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce was established in 1754.

Maitland gives a list of all the ships that belonged to the Port of London in the year 1728. In all there were 1417 vessels, with a tonnage of 178,557 tons, and 21,927 men; most of these vessels were very small, some of no more than 20 tons. Taking one column alone of 90 ships, there are 42 over 100 tons, 14 over 200 tons, 9 over 300, and 4 over 400 tons. In this column there are none over 500 tons; but in other columns are found a few exceeding this tonnage, and in one case we find a ship of 700 tons. The names given to these vessels continually recur. For instance, it must have been impossible to know the *Dolphin* of London when there were 10 *Dolphins;* or the *Anne* when there were 19 *Annes;* or the *Charming Sally* when there were 6 Charmers named *Sally;* or the *Mary* when there were 44 ships of that name.

The ships which entered the Port of London during the year 1728 were—

(1) British vessels from beyond the seas . .	1839
(2) Foreign ships ,, ,, ,, . .	213
(3) Coasters from British ports . . .	6837
(4) Foreign ships ,, ,, . . .	2052

For unloading the merchandise arriving, and for loading the ships which were taking in cargo, there were 144 wharves, 2000 lighters, barges, and boats, and 607 great carts or waggons. Maitland does not tell us the number of men employed in the service of the wharfingers and barge-owners.

The war with the revolted colonies proved very disastrous to our trade. In 1778 it was estimated that our merchants had lost 733 ships, with cargoes estimated at £2,600,000. The African trade had been practically destroyed; sugar and other colonial produce had been doubled in price; both imports and exports were greatly reduced. It was little comfort for the London merchant to learn that the Americans had lost 900 ships and that their fisheries had been destroyed. The insurance on vessels homeward bound from the West Indies rose, in 1777, to the rate of 23 per cent. In that year the Thames was filled with foreign ships waiting to be laden, instead of London ships, which they feared to send out.

The next year, 1778, promised things still worse; for France joined America and laid an embargo on all English shipping in her ports. At one time the French fleet held the Channel, and the greatest fears were entertained for the safety of the East and West Indian fleets. Admiral Keppel, however, fortunately defeated the French fleet off Brest and forced them to retreat into another port. This done, the position was reversed, and the English fleets and the English privateers speedily captured French ships to the value of £400,000. In fact, the alliance of France with America gave us a chance of plunder: there was little to be got from America, but a great deal from France; we fitted out hundreds of privateers, Liverpool alone sending out 170, with 1986 guns and 8754 men. Spain and Holland next joined France and America. Great Britain was thus carrying on war with four States at once.

The history of the war belongs to the history of the country. It is sufficient to record that peace was signed in 1783.

The spinning-mills of Arkwright were now beginning to change the north of England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country; the roads and postal communications were greatly improved; machinery of all kinds was invented and perfected. A complete system of inland communication by canals was opened, London being connected with the middle and the west of England by canals which enabled her to despatch and to receive merchandise at a rate very much below the old charge of freight by waggon.

In 1793 the National Convention of France declared war against Great Britain. A commercial panic followed, in which many houses failed. Pitt called a meeting at the Mansion House, passed resolutions of confidence. and issued Exchequer Bills to the extent of £5,000,000, by which means he restored confidence.

The war did not, however, as was expected, bring very material injury upon the trade of London, as is shown by the following figures:—

IMPORTS

1792	£19,659,358
1800	£30,570,605

EXPORTS

1792	£24,905,290
1800	£43,152,019

In 1799 London possessed one-third of the whole trade of the Empire. The amount of property lying in the Pool every year was estimated as worth £70,000,000.

The following *résumé* of the trade of London is given in the *British Directory* for 1791:—

"The commerce of the world being in perpetual fluctuation, we can never be too watchful, not only for preserving what we are now in possession of, but for availing ourselves of the mistakes or negligences of other nations, in order to acquire new branches of it. Who could have imagined, three hundred years ago, that those ports of the Levant, from whence, by means of the Venetians, England, and almost all the rest of Christendom, were supplied with the spices, drugs, etc., of India and China, should one day come themselves to be supplied with those very articles by the remote countries of England and Holland, at an easier rate than they were used to have them directly from the East; or that Venice should afterwards lose to Lisbon the lucrative trade of supplying the rest of Europe with them; or lastly, that Lisbon should afterwards lose the same to Amsterdam; or that Amsterdam and Haerlem should gradually lose, as in great part they have done, their famous and fine linen manufactures to Ireland and Scotland? At present, our woollen manufacture is the noblest in the universe; and second to it is our metallic manufacture of iron, steel, tin, copper, lead, and brass, which is supposed to employ upwards of half a million of people. Our unmanufactured wool alone, of one year's produce or growth, has been estimated to be worth two millions sterling; and, when manufactured, it is valued at six millions more, and is thought to employ upwards of a million of our people in its manufacture; whereas in former times all our wool was exported unmanufactured, and our own people remained unemployed. Even within the three last centuries, the whole rental or value of all the lands and houses in England did not exceed five millions; but by the spirited exertions of the City of London, seconded by the merchants of the principal trading towns in the country, the rental of England is now estimated at twenty millions per annum, or more; of which vast benefit our nobility, gentry, and landholders begin to be fully sensible, by the immense increase in the value or fee-simple of their lands, which has gradually kept pace with the increase and value of our commercial intercourse with foreign nations, of which the following are at present the most considerable.

To Turkey we export woollen cloths, tin, lead, and iron, solely in our own shipping; and bring from thence raw silk, carpets, galls, and other dyeing ingredients, cotton, fruits, medicinal drugs, etc.

To Italy we export woollen goods of various kinds, peltry, leather, lead, tin, fish, and East India merchandise; and bring back raw and thrown silk, wines, oil, soap, olives, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, dried fruits, colours, anchovies, etc.

To Spain we send all kinds of woollen goods, leather, lead, tin, fish, corn, iron and brass manufactures, haberdashery wares, assortments of linen from Germany and elsewhere for her American colonies; and receive in return wines, oils, dried fruits, oranges, lemons, olives, wools, indigo, cochineal, and other dyeing drugs, colours, gold and silver coins, etc.

To Portugal we mostly send the same kind of merchandise as to Spain; and make returns in vast quantities of wines, oils, salt, dried and moist fruits, dyer's ingredients, and gold coins.

To France we export tobacco, lead, tin, flannels, horns, hardware, Manchester goods, etc., and sometimes great quantities of corn; and make our returns in wines, brandies, linens, cambricks, lace, velvets, brocades, etc. But as a commercial treaty has so lately taken place with France, added to the attention of its people being drawn off from trade, and almost wholly engrossed with the establishment of its late wonderful revolution, it is impossible to state the relative operations of this trade at present.

To Flanders we send serges, flannels, tin, lead, sugars, and tobacco; and make returns in fine lace, linen, cambricks, etc.

To Germany we send cloth and stuffs, tin, pewter, sugars, tobacco, and East India merchandise; and bring from thence linen, thread, goatskins, tinned plates, timbers for all uses, wines, and many other articles.

To Norway we send tobacco and woollen stuffs; and bring from thence vast quantities of deals and other timber.

To Sweden we send most of our home manufactures; and return with iron, timber, tar, copper, etc.

To Russia we send great quantities of woollen cloths and stuffs, tin, lead, tobacco, diamonds, household furniture, etc.; and make returns in hemp, flax, linen, thread, furs, potash, iron, wax, tallow, etc.

To Holland we send an immense quantity of different sorts of merchandise, such as all kinds of woollen goods, hides, corn, coals, East India and Turkey articles imported by those respective companies, tobacco, tar, sugar, rice, ginger, and other American productions; and return with fine linen, lace, cambricks, thread, tapes, incle, madder, boards, drugs, whalebone, train-oil, toys, and various other articles of that country.

To America we still send our home manufactures of almost every kind; and make our returns in tobacco, sugars, rice, ginger, indigo, drugs, logwood, timber, etc.

To the coast of Guinea we send various sorts of coarse woollen and linen goods, iron, pewter, brass, and hardware manufactures, lead-shot, swords, knives, firearms, gunpowder, glass manufactures, etc.; and bring home vast numbers of negro slaves, and gold dust, dyeing and medicinal drugs, redwood, Guinea grains, ivory, etc.

To Arabia, Persia, East Indies, and China we send much foreign silver coin and bullion, manufactures of lead, iron, and brass, woollen goods, etc.; and bring home muslins, and cottons of various kinds, calicoes, raw and wrought silk, chintz, teas, porcelain, coffee, gold-dust, saltpetre, and many drugs for dyer's and medicinal uses. These are exclusive of our trade to Ireland, Newfoundland, West Indies, and many other of our settlements and factories in different parts of the world, which likewise contribute an immense annual return.

Our trade to the East Indies certainly contributes one of the most stupendous political as well as commercial machines that is to be met with in history. The trade itself is exclusive, and lodged in a company, which has a temporary monopoly of it, in consideration of money advanced to the Government. Without entering into the history of the East India trade, within these twenty years past, and the Company's concerns in that country, it is sufficient to say that, besides their settlements on the coast of India, which they enjoy under certain restrictions by Act of Parliament, they have, through the various internal revolutions which have happened at Indostan, and the ambition or avarice of their servants and officers, acquired such territorial possessions as render them the most formidable commercial republic (for so it may be called in its present situation) that has been known in the world since the demolition of Carthage. Their revenues are only known, and that but imperfectly, to the Directors of the Company, who are chosen by the proprietors of the stock; but it has been publicly affirmed that they amount annually to above three millions and a half sterling. The expences of the Company in forts, fleets, and armies, for maintaining those acquisitions, are certainly very great; but after these are defrayed the Company not only cleared a vast sum, but was able to pay to the Government £400,000 yearly for a certain time, partly by way of indemnification for the expences of the public in protecting the Company, and partly as a tacit tribute for those possessions that are territorial and not commercial. This republic, therefore, cannot be said to be independent, and it is hard to say what form it may take when the term of its charter is expired, which will be in the year 1794. At present it appears to be the intention of Government that its exclusive commercial privileges shall then finally cease, and no new charter be granted."

About this time it was found that the wharves and the old system of lading and unlading had long ago become insufficient and dangerous; it was necessary to find less cumbersome and safer methods. Accordingly, the West Indies merchants obtained an Act of Parliament for the construction of docks, with wharves and warehouses, for the conduct of their trade. With the construction of the new docks the history of London trade in the eighteenth century enters upon a new chapter under new conditions; while to the riverside population, thus deprived of the means of robbery with impunity, the opening of the docks must have meant blank amazement and despair. What? no lighters wanted? No boats to receive casual odds and ends? No aprons with deep and ample pockets allowed? No one to leave the docks without having his pockets felt? Nothing for the honest dock-labourer but his wages? And if it was bad for him, it was worse for the fence. For him, after many years of living on the dishonest labours of the lighterman, to have nothing more to buy—no rum, no sugar, no spice, no parcels of silk and satin! Alas! poor fence!

I consider elsewhere the condition of the river, with its hordes of sharks and robbers. The whole of the cargoes brought to the Port of London had to be unladen by those persons in their lighters, barges, punts, lugger-boats, and billy-boys. There were between 3000 and 4000 of these boats engaged in this service; they employed many thousand labourers. It is easy to imagine that these people would resist to the uttermost any change which would deprive them of their work and their power of robbery. At the same time, the opposition came not from them—probably they hardly understood what was coming,—but from the vested interests, especially the owners of the "sufferance" wharves. There were only certain places where merchandise could be laded—on the "legal" quays, which extended for 1419 feet on the north side of the river, between the Bridge and the Tower; the "sufferance" wharves occupied about twice the area belonging to that line. Now it was estimated that if the whole of the sugar were stored in all the wharves there would not be enough storage-room.

In 1795 the West Indies merchants opened a subscription for funds to construct a dock, and in two days raised a capital of £800,000.

The West India Docks were opened in August 1802. The Corporation, which had obtained permission to cut a canal through the Isle of Dogs, finished and opened it; but it proved a failure. In 1805 the London Docks were opened; in 1803 Parliament granted powers for the construction of the East India Docks; in 1810 the Rotherhithe Docks were commenced; and in 1828, after great opposition, the St. Katherine's Dock Company obtained their Bill. The construction of the Victoria Docks completed the dock system of the Port of London, unless we take into account the docks at Tilbury opened a few years since.

The coinage towards the end of the century became debased to an extent which greatly interfered with trade.

The state of the coinage and the establishment of the Mint were reported to a committee of the Lords in the year 1798. This committee continued to sit and to act until the year 1816, when they sent in their Report. It was to the effect that:—

(i.) Since they had begun to sit they had erected a new Mint near the Tower (where the coinage had been carried on). This Mint is the present building, designed by Sir Robert Smirke and Mr. John Johnson, and completed in 1810.

(ii.) That the Mint had been fitted with the most complete apparatus. This continued in use until the year 1881, when it was improved.

(iii.) That the return of peace, which had restored the precious metals to their normal value, made it possible to consider the subject of a new issue; and that the sum of £2,500,000 in silver would be issued as soon as possible. This Report was adopted on the 21st of May 1816.

Meantime, the whole community was suffering from the bad condition of the current coin. It was light; it was so much worn that they could not tell whether it was French or English; an immense amount of false coin was in circulation; numbers of men and women were constantly indicted for forging and uttering false coin; and traps of all kinds were set for making children, sailors, countrymen, and other innocent-looking persons pass the base money. One instance is that of a certain Solomon, commonly called, from a deformity in one of his feet, "Bubblefoot." His occupation was that of a secret agent of the police, for whom he looked about for criminals who were "wanted." He had to do this with the utmost circumspection, because his appearance was such that he could not disguise himself; besides, he had himself been more than once tried at the Old Bailey. This occupation giving him a little leisure, he employed it in creating offenders, with the connivance of the police-officers. He stationed himself somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Tower where sailors are found, and there he looked about for some ragged sailor who had spent his money, and gave him a shilling, which the poor man took to the nearest tavern. When he proffered the coin in payment, he was seized by a police-officer, taken to prison, and tried for uttering base money. When these facts were discovered, it was found that eighteen persons were in Newgate, either tried and convicted or waiting trial, all brought there by the conspiracies of the police—who got £10 reward for every case—and the worthy "Bubblefoot."

The preparations for the new coinage lasted longer than was expected at first. In the autumn of 1816 the Bank of England issued a notice that it would buy up all the old shillings, with notes and tokens. This offer was eagerly accepted; but the consequences were at first embarrassing, for a kind of panic set in among retail dealers. In Westminster the police-office was crammed with people asking advice of the magistrates. One man had taken £50 in plain silver that morning, and no other tradesman would take any of it; pawnbroking was stopped; and at the markets the people began to get riotous. The panic was stopped by a handbill posted up in the streets ordering the people to take the current silver as usual. The new silver coinage was issued early in 1817.

CHAPTER IV

TRADES UNIONS

In 1744 the first serious and important attempt at a Trades Union, or at united action on the part of working-men, was made in London. The journeymen tailors and staymakers, to the number of 15,000, formed a combination for the advancement of their wages beyond the limit imposed by Act of Parliament. The same craftsmen, to the number of 7000, had attempted a combination in 1720. The "limit" of wage was that fixed in the year 1720. The Privy Council made short work with this union. They sent a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, then Custos Rotulorum for the county of Middlesex, and another to the Lord Mayor, commanding them to enforce the Acts regulating the wages of journeymen; to revoke the licences of those publicans who encouraged combinations; to commit any man, who refused to work for the regulated wage, for two months; and to fine any master who gave a higher rate of pay, £5 for each case. The men sent a deputation and a petition to the House. They complained of their loss of the liberty which every Englishman should enjoy by Magna Charta; but they got nothing by their action.

If, however, the journeymen were forbidden by Act of Parliament to make combinations or enter into unions, the law, on the other hand, gave them a minimum wage and protected them against the employment of non-freemen. A case was tried in the Lord Mayor's Court in the year 1750, between a club (not a union) of journeymen painters as plaintiffs, and a certain Row, citizen and master painter, defendant, for employing persons not free of the City to work for him in the City. The defendant pleaded that work had to be performed; that he could not get enough freemen; and that he never refused freemen. The jury were at first unable to agree; this seems to point to sympathy with the employer—no doubt it was a common practice,—but also to a desire to maintain the law. They sat over their verdict from two in the afternoon until six the next morning, without food, candle, or fire—and it was a night in December. They brought in, at last, a verdict for the plaintiffs.

That this verdict was a blow to the masters is proved by their immediate action in drawing up a petition against the verdict and in praying for permission to employ non-freemen. The journeymen also sent in their petition.

The Common Council appointed a committee of sixteen, who sat over the case for nearly a year. Finally, it was decided that a master might employ one who was not a freeman, provided he could not get freemen, and had at the time, or had had during the last twelve months, an apprentice.

Another instance of the jealousy with which the journeymen regarded the law protecting the freemen was that in 1751, in which the tinplate-workers indicted one Milton at Hick's Hall for working at their trade without serving an apprenticeship. They depended upon a statute of Queen Elizabeth, which, however, was found not to help them, because they were not incorporated until after that statute was passed.

The condition of trade among the tailors and staymakers continued to be unsatisfactory. The number of petitions, indeed, from the masters in many trades at this time indicates uneasiness on the part of the masters and discontent on the part of the men. The master tailors and staymakers declared that they had been perfectly willing to comply with the recent Act for regulating the wages and work of their journeymen, but that they were constantly terrified, abused, and threatened by the men; that they had requested the magistrates at the Quarter Sessions of Middlesex to settle the wages afresh; that this had been done, giving the men 2s. a day in winter and 2s. 6d a day in summer; but that, in short, they wanted more.

Trade petitions were continually showered down upon Parliament. For instance, the hatmakers complained of foreign competition, and demanded protection, petitioning Parliament to that effect.

The merchants generally petitioned against the naturalisation of foreigners.

The merchants generally prayed also for protection against foreign cambrics.

The linen-drapers prayed for the prevention of smuggling. The sugar merchants prayed against the price of Muscovada sugar.

The history of trades unions and of the war between employer and employed belongs to the history of the country. All over the country during the eighteenth century the journeymen tried to wage war with the masters, and failed; rings were formed, unions were formed, which seemed for a time strong enough to crush the masters; yet in the long-run the masters crushed the men. The employers could persuade Parliament; there was the bogey of trade going abroad; there were divisions among the men; lastly, the Combination Acts of 1798 and 1800 for a time proved the death-blow of the trades unions. All trade combinations, by these Acts, were declared illegal. Yet only a few years afterwards, in the face of the Acts, unions, combinations, strikes, and lock-outs began again.

I have made notes of a few of the eighteenth-century strikes. The year 1768 was a year in which there was a great deal of turbulence.

Thus, on the 5th of May 1768, a body of sailors went on board their ships in the

Thames and unreefed their topsails, swearing that no ships should leave port till their wages were raised. The next day they assembled in St. George's Fields with flags, drums, and fifes, and went to St. James's with a petition to the King.

On the 11th of May a large body, estimated at 5000 to 15,000, marched to Palace Yard with a petition to Parliament. Afterwards they consented to meet the merchants and discuss their grievances.

On the 9th of May the watermen assembled before the Mansion House, anxious to ventilate their sorrows. The Lord Mayor advised them to lay their grievances before Parliament.

On the same day, the 9th of May, the hatters struck for higher pay. On the 10th the sawyers assembled and pulled down a new sawmill in order to bring their employers to a sense of their spirit. The coalheavers also met at Stepney and went to Palace Yard, where they were met by Sir John Fielding, who persuaded them to agree to a meeting with some of the masters. On the 11th of May the coalheavers again marched from Shadwell to Essex Stairs, calling on the Lord Mayor on the way. The Mayor, however, refused to help them or come to hear them.

On the 15th of May the glass-grinders assembled to petition Parliament for more wages, and on the same date the journeymen tailors also assembled for the same reason.

In June the sailors and coalheavers quarrelled and fought the matter out, with the result that the sailors were beaten.

On the 13th of June the coalheavers' insolence became so great that the soldiers were called in. In August the Spitalfields weavers rose, entered the house of one Nathaniel Farr, and destroyed the silk-work manufactory there, afterwards murdering a boy.

This is a sufficiently suggestive picture of the situation as to the content and the happiness of the working classes during the year 1768.

Early in 1769 the throwsters or silk manufacturers of Spitalfields rose and committed various outrages, extorting money from their masters; but by the vigilance of Sir John Fielding's officers they were dispersed "without much bloodshed."

On the 22nd of August of the same year the Spitalfields people rose again.

On the 19th of February 1770 the hat-dyers of Southwark seized a fellow-workman for working overtime without extra pay; mounted him, bearing a label descriptive of his offence, on an ass; visited all the hatworks in the borough, and those in the City, with a band of boys playing rough music; and compelled the men to strike at all the shops visited.

There was great jealousy as to letting trade secrets be carried out of the country.

Thus, in 1799, a man named Lammius, merchant and broker, was tried for seducing artificers out of the country. He had been enticing artificers in the cotton-spinning trade to go to Hamburg and from there into France; he had also bought large quantities of implements used in the cotton manufactory for exportation. He was found guilty. The penalty was one year's imprisonment and a fine of £500. Ten years later, in 1809, one James Hewit was tried on a charge of seducing an artificer to leave the country and to go abroad and to work in a foreign country in a cotton factory.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"What is it, then," some reader asks, "what is it that attaches your fancy so to fans and masks—to periwigs and patches?"—AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN this chapter we have to treat of the manners and customs of a time so near to us that we seem almost to belong to it, and yet so far removed that the very memory of many customs has departed from our people. The railway, the steamboat, the omnibus have changed our City more in sixty years than it was changed before in five hundred years. I shall here endeavour to present a faithful picture of the London citizen, his manners, his way of living, his religion, his education, his amusements, and everything that he did during that long period beginning with William the Third and ending with the death of William the Fourth,—for the eighteenth century overlapped its close and ran on unchanged, though with signs of change, until the reign of Queen Victoria.

The former connection between the City and the country, which furnished so many well-born and well-connected merchants to the City, which dignified trade, and kept London in touch with the country, died out completely in the eighteenth century. The loss to the City in dignity, position, and influence was greater and more important than any historians have recognised. Nor, as has been noticed elsewhere, did the country gentlefolk and nobility maintain any longer their town-houses in London. They now came up every year to the new London—West London—the London bounded on the south by Pall Mall, on the north by the Tyburn Road, on the west by the Park, on the east by Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, the Temple; and an impenetrable hedge of lawyers who divided the City from the West End belonged neither to the aristocracy nor the plutocracy. There was no friendship between these two parts of London. The country gentry grew richer and more powerful; they learned to despise more and more trade and the men who made their fortune by trade. There was occasionally some overstepping the town boundaries: sometimes a young lord, a "sprig of quality," married a City heiress; but this was rare. We may take it as a rule that between 1700 and the new era which began in 1837 the City life was one thing and the West End life was another.

In the same way, at the present day, the suburban life is one thing and the life of Society is quite another thing. The difference, however, is that the *grande dame de par le monde* of 1900 no longer despises the merchant who has made his great fortune: he lives beside her; he is invited to her receptions; he sends his sons with hers to Harrow and Eton, with hers into crack regiments; and, like her people, becomes a master of hounds, a J.P., a county magnate.

The tradition of sending the younger sons into trade survived the practice. It is alluded to by Pope (Epistle I.), though in his time the custom had practically ceased. Himself the son of a London tradesman, the poet might have been less scornful.

> "'Tis education forms the common mind:
> Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclined;
> Boastful and rough, your first son is a Squire;
> The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a Lyer."

The younger sons of country gentry no longer sought apprenticeship and fortune in London; the mayors and sheriffs no longer bore ancient coats-of-arms, and were no longer descended from good old families; those who came to London were lads of low degree who brought their hands and nothing more. The House of Commons was principally made up of country gentry, placeholders, and well-born nominees of ministers; and since all political importance now lay in the House, that side of the importance of London was gone—a fact which the City did not yet understand. Again, while there were no family relations between the country gentry or the aristocracy and the City, they were also, as I have just pointed out, separated by their residences. The East and West of London, the City of London and the City of Westminster, were totally distinct, not only in government, but also by the position of their houses. The latter contained the town-houses of the aristocracy; the merchants all, without any exception to speak of, lived in the City, or, if they had country-houses, it was at Hackney, Hoxton, West Ham, Islington, Bromley, or Stepney. It was not till the middle of the century that a few merchants crossed the dividing area and settled in Bloomsbury. Only those who possessed large fortunes ventured to place themselves on the side sacred to aristocracy. It was considered an assertion of wealth, and a claim to social consideration on account of wealth.

This separation was, in many ways, a misfortune: it prevented the fusion of classes, which destroys caste and forbids the creation of a distinct aristocracy. Everything in the eighteenth century tended to create caste and to build up an aristocracy which should be a distinct and separate class; Society was composed exclusively of a distinct caste which admitted no outsiders, on any pretext whatever, either of wealth or of intellectual achievement. In order to belong to Society one had to be well born, *i.e.* born of a good and recognised family. This exclusiveness increased and became more marked, reaching its mischievous maximum in the days of the Regency. This caste claimed as its own, by right, every post in the country worth having: its sons commanded the regiments and the armies, the men-o'-war and the fleets; they became ambassadors, ministers of state, members of Parliament, and placemen; they held the bishoprics, the deaneries, the rich livings, the pluralities. What they could not hold, or claim, or grasp were the great prizes of the bar and of medicine. It was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman to sell anything, or to soil his fingers with any kind of trade, or to deal in any kind of commercial enterprise. The last occasion on which the aristocracy went into the City was in 1720, when the South Sea Bubble rose, swelled, and cracked. A gentleman might receive rents; he might also receive the emoluments of office and of his commission—that was all.

It was fortunate for the country that the aristocracy was at least the equal in ability of the plutocracy or the middle class; it was also fortunate that the aristocracy was, as a body, patriotic, courageous, resolute, and filled with a sense of honour. For these reasons its rule excited few jealousies and no resentments. It seemed natural, even to the citizens of London, that the aristocracy should rule.

Peerages, except in law, were conferred upon none but those of the caste; the distinctions in the gift of the Crown were given only to the caste. The people of the caste intermarried; they did what they could to keep out intruders. Had not the caste been broken down, partly by the necessities of the long war, during which outsiders had to be admitted into the services; partly by the increase of wealth among manufacturers and merchants; partly by the Reform Act; partly by the fall in the value of land; partly by the introduction of competitive examinations, we should have had, by this time, firmly fixed on our shoulders an actual ruling caste—a caste of the well-born—which would have left nothing open to our youth unless they could show sixteen quarterings. All the best things would have gone to the caste: outside it, there would have been circles of rich merchants and manufacturers; circles of scientific men; circles of professional men, artists, literary men—all without recognised positions or importance, political or social.

In the autobiography of Edward Gibbon, the historian, we find one of the latest examples of the country gentleman sending his son—the historian's grandfather—into London to be apprenticed to a trade. There may have been later examples, but I do not know of any; and, as I said above, I am strongly of opinion that in the eighteenth century the practice had entirely ceased. Let us consider this case.

Robert, son of Robert Gibbon, a country gentleman of Sussex, was sent up to London towards the end of the seventeenth century, to be apprenticed to a merchant citizen and clothworker. After serving his time, he took up his freedom as a member of the Clothworkers' Company. Apparently he made money by contracting for the clothing of King William's army. It does not appear that by this occupation he lost his position as a gentleman by birth and descent. He had two sons, one of whom became a draper in the City, and the other a scholar, traveller, writer, member of the College of Heralds, and eventually Blue Mantle. The draper had two sons, of whom one became Dean of Carlisle, and the other—the historian does not tell us if the family shop was continued—developed into a Commissioner of Customs and, unfortunately for himself, a director of the South Sea Company. He was one of those whom the House of Commons deprived of their whole fortune; he lived, however, to make another fortune, which he bequeathed to his son Edward, the historian's father, who was a member of Parliament and a colonel of militia.

In this short family history we find that the contractor for clothing the army and the draper have in no way reduced the family below the consideration due to their position in the country. These views changed as the century went on, and it became a law with the country gentry, which has remained more or less to the present day, that a gentleman cannot go into trade. In London, however, even at the West End, this law is fast passing into oblivion. There has been, as we shall presently discover, an immigration into the City of the country gentry, which is more than a revival of the old custom of sending the younger sons into the City.

A book was published in the year 1800 which professed to present the history and parentage of the City fathers of that date. There are signs of exaggeration, and perhaps of personal feeling, in the work, which, combined with the fact that there must be, somewhere, many descendants of the persons named, make it prudent not to reproduce the names. There are 164 names mentioned. Among them we find the following cases. I believe they fully bear out my theory that the country gentry no longer sent their sons into the City. Observe that the men spoken of below were the City fathers, mayors, sheriffs, and aldermen:—

(1) Began life with a small oil-shop in Aldgate. Married niece of "Checkapron Sal," a washerwoman.
(2) Apprenticed to a coffin-maker, became undertaker, hosier, and auctioneer, respectively.
(3) Came up to London as a penniless lad from Wales.
(4) The son of an Alderney smuggler. Began his business in a little room over a gateway.
(5) Began life as a journeyman tailor.
(6) The son of a day labourer.
(7) The son of a "very poor man."
(8) The son of the skipper of a coasting vessel.
(9) A paviour originally; married a cook.
(10) The son of a poor man.
(11) Ditto.
(12) Began as an oilman with a very small shop.
(13) Began as a journeyman silversmith.

(14) Began as a clerk.
(15) Began with small grocer's shop.
(16) Perfectly uneducated.
(17) Was at first stable-boy at an inn; looked after the packhorses.
(18) Began as a servant in a warehouse.
(19) Another servant in the same warehouse.
(20) Began as a porter.
(21) Began as a shoeblack.
(22) Once kept a public-house.
(23) Could neither read nor write until he learned as an adult.
(24) Son of a miller in New York.
(25) Originally a barber.
(26) Began as a footman.
(27) At first a waiter.
(28) By trade a journeyman bricklayer.
(29) Was once a pastrycook.
(30) Was at first a chemist in Paternoster Row.

Besides these, we find one the son of an earl, one the son of a baronet, one the son of an M.P., one the son of a clergyman, three described as the sons of gentlemen—seven in all who are represented as of gentle birth. Several are sons of attorneys, but the attorney of that time was very far below the City solicitor of the present day in importance; some belonged to trades which may have been wholesale, as sugar-baker, leather-cutter, grocer, tea-seller, corn-factor; two of them came from New York; two, after the War of Independence, laid down the alderman's gown and went out there.

It is therefore without possibility of dispute that the City was no longer recruited from the class called gentry; that the number of "gentlemen," using the old sense of the word, who held office in the City was extremely small; that, for causes which can be explained, it was not only possible, but common, for quite poor lads to succeed in business and to amass great fortunes.

The causes to which I refer are these. It seems in the nature of trade that it is not hereditary—at least, not for long. When a merchant retires with a fortune, his first thought is to take it out of the risks and perils of trade; for the sake of his heirs, he proceeds to invest his money in land, and to become a country gentleman. In this way the house of business disappears, or has to be carried on in the same name by strangers. Again, which also happens, the house may become bankrupt and so disappear. Or the business, for some reason, falls into other channels or into new hands. It is very rare to find in the City a house of business which is in its third or fourth generation. Again, in the eighteenth century there occurred a greater increase of trade than was ever known before, which opened the way for the advancement of new men.

Where could London find these recruits? Formerly, they came up from the country, as we have seen; they were the younger sons of country gentlemen; they came up as 'prentices to their cousins. If they showed ability they stepped into the place of the retiring merchant, or they took the place of the broken merchant, or they inherited the business of the dying merchant, or they started in business on their own account.

When this stream ceased, which was in the early part of the eighteenth century, where were the young men who would step into the vacant places? There were no longer the young gentlemen from the country; there were the nephews or sons of the retiring merchants; or there were the poor youths—those who had everything to gain, who were already employed in some capacity in the City, and understood what was wanted. There were thousands of such young men; there were but a few—there are never more than a few—who understood the first essentials of success—how to see and how to seize the opportunity. That these men were uneducated and vulgar we should expect. The book before us gives abundant evidence. One or two of the anecdotes may be quoted without fear that they may be taken in any way as reflecting on the present status of the Corporation, which is, of course, beyond any such charge or suggestion of illiteracy.

For instance, the following lines are said to have been written by one of them on the victory of the Nile:—

"Great Nelson, in the grandest stile,
Bore down upon the shores of Nile;
And there obtained a famous victory,
Which puzzles much the French Directory.
The impudence of those there fellows,
As all the newspapers do tell us,
Had put the Grand Turk in a pet,
Which caused him to send Nelson an aigrette:
Likewise a grand pelisse—a noble boon—
Then let us hope a speedy peace and soon."

Of another it was reported that when he was Lord Mayor, and thought dancing had gone on long enough in the ballroom of the Mansion House, he would take the gardener's fumigating bellows and put out the lights; and if his daughters expostulated, he would reply, "Ar'n't it all for to make you good weight?"

Other anecdotes of the same kind may be found in this volume and those like it.

The question whether London was a more cheerful city—in other words, whether the people of London were more cheerful and happier—in the eighteenth century than now, has often been asked and never answered. For, in truth, cheerfulness or happiness depends entirely on the standard of life: we get what we desire, and we are happy; we cannot attain to what we think constitutes the most desirable form of life, and we are therefore discontented. Let us ask what the City man desired in 1760.

He desired, first, such a sufficiency of the world's goods as would keep at a reasonable distance the ever-present terror of bankruptcy and the debtors' prison. The contemplation of those places; the misery of wife and children when the breadwinner could earn no more; the coldness of old friends—especially that of the industrious apprentice himself, raised to the civic chair—towards the less fortunate or the less industrious in the Fleet and the King's Bench, acted as a constant stimulus to work and moderation. The City man rose early and worked late; he lived frugally and spent little, till his money-bags began to fill out; he was decorous in his behaviour, moral in his sentiments, religious in observance; when he feasted it was at the expense of his Company. His wife was like-minded; their pleasures were simple—the toast and muffins of the tea-table, a roast and a pudding for dinner; when they grew rich, Vauxhall or Marylebone once or twice in the year. The theatre they cared nothing about; the opera was beyond them; of art or literature they knew nothing; sometimes, as at Christmas, they would play a game of cards—say Pope Joan or Speculation; they attended the week-day sermon and the two services on Sunday. The wife knew a great many people in the City and paid her rounds of visits; in dress she affected the substantial citizen and was dignified in silk or a gold chain. In the summer a drive to Tottenham or Walthamstow was a favourite pastime. As for her husband, he had his club to which he repaired either on stated evenings of the week or every evening. There were clubs of every kind; his, however, was the sober and steady kind, in which there was neither singing nor merriment. The members sat round the table and conversed in mannered and conventional speech, with great politeness and deference towards each other. They gave to each other what they most desired for themselves—the consideration due to credit and the reputation of soundness. This kind of London citizen was certainly as happy as a man can expect to be, because he got all he wished to get and died leaving a good round fortune. He died contentedly, knowing that he would "cut up" better than his friends expected; and that his memory would be, on that account, envied, admired, and respected.

CHAPTER II

THE DAILY LIFE

I NOW come to the daily life of the citizens. The middle classes, including the merchants, shopkeepers, solicitors, medical men, and all the professions, present great difficulties to one who endeavours to restore the past. They are not fashionable—it is easy to get at the life of fashion; they are not criminal—we seem to understand very well how the highwayman or the riverside thief lived. Play-writers found nothing interesting in the quiet, uneventful ways of the middle class. Satirists leave them alone, unless they gird and sneer at the citizen for his bad taste, his vulgar manners, and his ignorance.

The more substantial merchants took tea for breakfast—tea with bread-and-butter, at nine; they visited the coffee-house, where they generally took a morning glass, at ten; transacted business in their offices till noon; went on 'Change till two; repaired to the coffee-house again till four; took dinner at four; after dinner went to their clubs or to the coffee-house; at ten went home, took supper, and so to bed.

I have found, however, sufficient materials for the presentation of the life of a tradesman of the time we are considering, viz. the middle of the eighteenth century.

First, in general terms. I will go on to a more detailed account afterwards.

The example I have before me is that of a man who kept a shop in Cheapside. He lived behind and over his shop; he had one apprentice; his wife kept one maid. His daughters, after learning how to read, write, and cipher at a girls' school, remained at home and devoted themselves to the acquisition of the more solid accomplishments. That is to say, they made pickles, wine, cordials, puddings, and cakes; they understood household cookery; they made most of their own dress; they were great at needlework; they carefully preserved a manuscript household book handed down from a great-grandmother. This they consulted with reverence, and knew the contents by heart. It contained, first, the simpler remedies for the smaller complaints, and next a great quantity of receipts for making beer, wine, lavender-water, cordials, puddings, pies, and cakes.

The boys were taught neither Latin nor Greek. Writing and ciphering and bookkeeping were their studies; when they were fourteen they became apprentices either to their father or to some other of the same class. All day long the head of the house attended to business, while the mother and daughters worked in the kitchen; in the evening the good man, as a loyal vestryman, served all the parish offices in turn; attended church, it is needless to say, on Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon, and often once in the week; there was daily service in his parish church, but this he left for his wife and daughters. He was punctual in meeting his liabilities: the greatest wickedness that any man could commit, in his eyes, was not to pay his debts; the greatest punishment that the law provided for a defaulter—imprisonment for life in a debtors' prison—he thought was not enough for such a wretch. Since, indeed, two or three defaulters might bring him to bankruptcy and to the same prison for life, it was natural that he should regard such an offender with the greatest loathing and hatred.

He rose betimes, and he entered his shop as soon as it was opened. His 'prentices slept under the counter, and took down the shutters, which were sliding shutters, one for the upper and one for the lower part, at half-past seven or eight. In the afternoon, when the ladies came along in their coaches to do their shopping, he was dressed after the fine fashion of the time in black velvet and white silk stockings, with silver buttons and buckles, with silver lace on his hat, his wig carefully dressed, and fine lace ruffles at his sleeve. In this array he stood at the door of his shop and invited people to step in, handing the ladies out of their coaches, and leaving his partner, or his apprentice, to conduct the sales.

As for his way of living, the "parlour" behind the shop was his dining-room and breakfast-room and sitting-room; it looked out upon the parish church and churchyard, where funerals were going on every day. He breakfasted on cold meat and small-beer. He dined at one: as a rule, he dined well; his 'prentice waited upon him; he drank strong ale out of a silver tankard. After dinner he regaled, but with moderation, on elder wine or the raisin wine made by his wife and daughters. Tea was not a daily article of food with the shopkeeper, but the citizen's wife sometimes gave a tea-party; the drinking of tea was followed by a dram or a cordial to guard against any possible bad effects—for the drink, though fashionable, was still regarded with some suspicion; the tea was then carefully put away and locked up for another month or two, until the next tea-party.

There was, as might be expected, a great deal too much drinking among men of business. Some of them began early in the morning, before eight, with a dram or pick-me-up. A favourite dram was composed of half a pint of sack with a dash of gentian in it. Imagine a City tradesman of the present day taking a tumblerful of sherry before breakfast as a "whet"! There were many other "whets": such as the "White and Wormwood"; the "Ratafia"; the "Nectar and Ambrosia," a dram prepared for "ladies' closets"; the "Rosolio"; and many others.

At inns and public dinners every man helped himself from the dish with his own knife and fork: sometimes two or three knives or forks would be engaged in the same dish together. Thus, in the *Grub Street Journal* we read that "last Wednesday a gentleman met with an odd accident in helping himself to some roast chicken. He found that he had conveyed two joints of another gentleman's forefinger to his plate together with the wing which he had just taken off." In Hogarth's "City Feast," one of the guests is thus helping himself out of the dish with his own knife and fork. The wine provided at the taverns was mostly port or Lisbon; it was a thick and heavy liquid, often made at home with sloes, blackberries, and boiled turnips, "fortified" with spirit. The Burgundy and Bordeaux were also fortified and made stupefying with spirit.

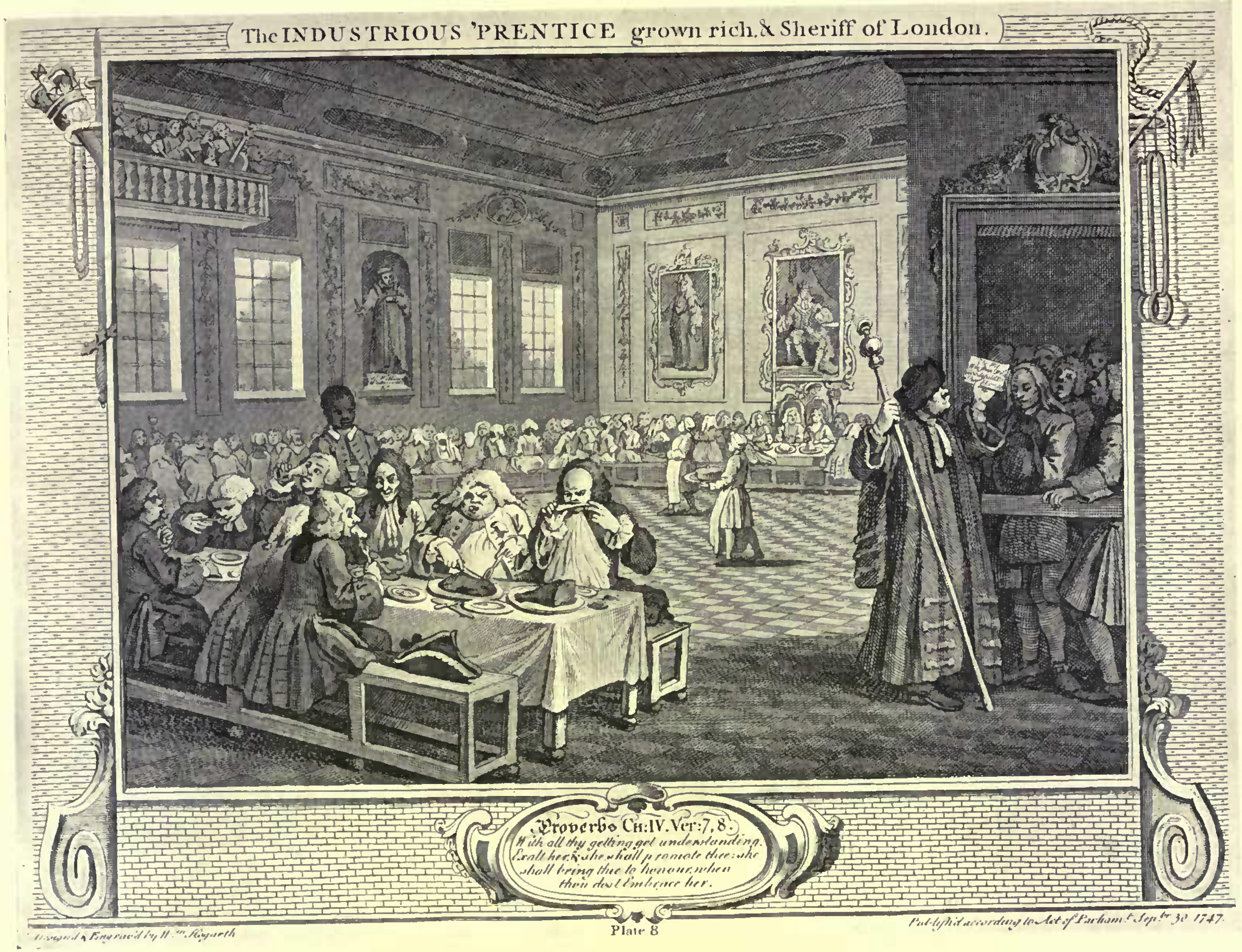
A writer of the year 1744 gives us an insight into certain City customs. It was during the Christmas holidays that he was bidden to an entertainment at the house of a rich citizen of Farringdon Without. He entered, was shown into the dining-room, which he found full of ladies. They all rose. He made a profound bow; he was repaid by a circle of courtesies. Having taken his seat, there followed a profound silence; then he heard one of them whisper, "I believe he thinks we smoke tobacco." "For my readers must know I had omitted the City custom and not kissed one of the ladies."

They talked mostly scandal in half-whispers. The ladies were then called away to a parlour for tea, while the men went off to another room for their bottle and their tobacco.

As for the middle-class education, that was principally carried on in "academies" kept by men broken-down, bankrupt, or turned out of some other employment. The master could teach nothing more than writing and arithmetic; he could also hear lessons learned by rote; he pretended to teach French, and had a Swiss retained on the establishment; needless to say that the boys learned no more French in the eighteenth century than they do in the present. The usher taught Latin to those boys who learned it; there was also a dancing-master on his staff.

The girls' schools were chiefly kept by ex-lady's-maids. They knew something about deportment, something about dress, and something about needlework. There was a dancing-master attached to the establishment in the winter, and a music-master all the year round; he was generally the deputy-organist of the parish church. As for any solid education for the girls, there was none; it would appear, however, that they behaved with as much decorum as their mothers, and with as much responsible dignity as their fathers. Perhaps they were little the worse for being ignorant of history, science, literature, art, geography, and political economy.

Saturday was the day for collecting debts—the day dreaded by the prodigal and the debtor. "A Saturday is the melancholiest part of the whole week, not so much by reason of the froppish and humorsome planet which governs it, but by reason of


The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE grown rich, & Sheriff of London.
Proverbs Ch:IV. Ver:7, 8.
With all thy getting get understanding.
Exalt her, & she shall promote thee: she
shall bring thee to honour, when
thou dost Embrace her.
Designed & Engraved by Wm. Hogarth
Plate 8
Publish'd according to Act of Parliamt. Sepbr 30 1747.

CITY FEAST

From Hogarth's engraving, "The Industrious 'Prentice grown rich, and Sheriff of London" (*Industry and Idleness*).

too many insufferable duns, who tread the streets in terror; and that is the reason so many citizens can as well be hanged as keep out of nine-pin houses in Moorfields on this day, to be out of the sight of those ghastly apparitions that haunt their ghost at the heel of the week. Poverty and Necessity, the god of the Andreans, that could stop the mouth of Themistocles, cannot appease the wrath of a City creditor, whose empty money-bag, twisted about his hand, is as killing as a Gorgon's head; and therefore it is well the poor man is out of the way, and is only practising those sports which are like to be his only livelihood in a short time; and what a kindness it is for a man to be removed from the cares and labours of this world to the sweet pleasures of drinking, smoking, and other sportive recreations!"

In a century of wigs, shaven heads, and smooth faces, the barber played an important part. He had to be visited every day; his 'prentices all day long were engaged in making wigs, dressing and curling wigs, powdering wigs, besides shaving heads and chins and cheeks. He kept the Sunday wigs for his customers' use in a box, as a solicitor now keeps the papers of his clients; on Sunday morning he and his boys were up early dressing the wigs for church and carrying them round. On week-days early in the morning the "flying-barber" was seen with his jug of hot water, his soap, and his "tackle," hurrying from house to house. Later on in the day, his shop was full of City men, tradesmen especially, who wanted an hour's holiday from the shop for a morning gossip, and very often a morning draught. The guitar which, in the sixteenth century, was found in every barber's shop was gone: the Puritans killed the natural love of music. Yet one would like to see a barber's shop as it was in the year 1740, say. It was filled with strange and curious instruments, which are noted by the lively writer of *Wine and Walnuts*:—

"Long spiral machines, for frosting the hair, various other powdering puffs, toupees, braids, and wired cushions, braiding pins twelve, yea, fourteen inches long, crisping and other irons of every denomination, and leather rollers for the beaux' curls."

The following is a picture of a draper's shop in the year 1715:—

"This afternoon some ladies, having an opinion of my fancy in clothes, desired me to accompany them to Ludgate-hill, which I take to be as agreeable an amusement as a lady can pass away three or four hours in. The shops are perfect gilded theatres, the variety of wrought silks so many changes of fine scenes, and the mercers are the performers in the opera; and instead of *vivitur ingenio* you have in gold capitals, '*No trust by retail.*' They are the sweetest, fairest, nicest, dished-out creatures; and, by their elegant address and soft speeches, you would guess them to be Italians. As people glance within their doors, they salute them with—' Garden-silks, ladies; Italian silks; very fine mantua silks; any right Geneva velvet, English velvet, velvet embossed?' And to the meaner sort—' Fine thread satins, both striped and plain; fine mohair silks; satinnets; burdets; Persianets; Norwich crapes; anterines; silks for hoods and scarves; hair camlets; druggets; sagathies; gentlemen's nightgowns ready-made; shalloons; durances; and right Scotch plaids.'

We went into a shop which had three partners: two of them were to flourish out their silks, and, after an obliging smile and a pretty mouth made Cicero-like, to expatiate on their goodness; and the other's sole business was to be gentleman usher of the shop, to stand completely dressed at the door, bow to all the coaches that pass by, and hand ladies out and in. We saw abundance of gay fancies, fit for sea-captains' wives, sheriffs' feasts, and Taunton-dean ladies. 'This, madam, is wonderful charming. This, madam, is so diverting a silk. This, madam, my stars! how cool it looks! But this, madam—ye Gods! would I had 10,000 yards of it!' Then gathers up a sleeve, and places it to our shoulders. 'It suits your ladyship's face wonderfully well.' When we had pleased ourselves, and bid him ten shillings a-yard for what he asked fifteen: 'Fan me, ye winds, your ladyship rallies me! Should I part with it at such a price, the weavers would rise upon the very shop. Was you at the Park last night, madam? Your ladyship shall abate me sixpence. Have you read the *Tatler* to-day?'

These fellows are positively the greatest fops in the kingdom: they have their toilets and their fine nightgowns; their chocolate in the morning, and their green tea two hours after; turkey-polts for their dinner; and their perfumes, washes, and clean linen equip them for the Parade."

The following is a list of things sold by the draper or man's mercer in the year 1774:—

"Dutch ratteens, duffles, frizes, beaver coatings, kerseymeres, forrest cloths, German serges, Wilton stuffs, sagathies, nankeens, Silasia cambricks, Manchester velvets, silks, grograms, double allapeens, silk camblets, barragons, Brussels camblets, princes stuffs, worsted damasks, silk knitpieces, corded silks, and gattias, shagg velvets, serge desoys, shalloons, and allapeens."

I next present the daily life of two tradesmen of the century, taken from their own diaries and journals.

The first is one Thomas Turner, not of London, but of East Hothley, Kent, general dealer and storekeeper. He lived from 1728 to 1789. He was prosperous in his business; he read a good deal; he was much respected for his knowledge; he enjoyed the company of his friends, and he had his weaknesses.

Like most men with weaknesses, he was fond of making resolutions for an improved kind of life: he resolved to get up early and breakfast before eight; he resolved to dine between twelve and one; to eat little meat but a great deal of garden stuff; to sup frugally on broth and milk pottage; never to drink more than four glasses of beer and eight glasses of wine or punch; and always to go to bed at or before ten.

At the Vestry audit he got drunk; he went to his friend Jones's, where they drank a bowl of punch and " two muggs of bumboo," going home in liquor ; he went to see a foot-race and got " very drunk,"—and so on. Each case of intemperance is followed by prayers and resolutions. On a certain night in January he and his wife, with two friends, sit down to cards and play all night without any " imprecations."

" *January* 26.—We went down to Whyly, and staid and supped there ; we came home between twelve and one o'clock,—I may say, quite sober, considering the house we was at, though undoubtedly the worse for drinking, having, I believe, contracted a slight impediment in my speech, occasioned by the fumes of the liquor operating too furiously on my brain.

February 2.—We supped at Mr. Fuller's, and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth till between one and two. Thos. Fuller brought my wife home upon his back. I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company. I think we spent the evening with a great deal of pleasure.

Wednesday.—About four P.M. I walked down to Whyly. We played at bragg the first part of the even. After ten we went to supper, on four boiled chickens, four boiled ducks, minced veal, sausages, cold roast goose, chicken pasty, and ham. Our company, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Piper and wife, Joseph Fuller and wife, Tho. Fuller and wife, Dame Durrant, myself and wife, and Mr. French's family. After supper our behaviour was far from that of serious, harmless mirth : it was downright obstreperous, mixed with a great deal of folly and stupidity. Our diversion was dancing or jumping about, without a violin or any musick, singing of foolish healths, and drinking all the time as fast as it could be well poured down ; and the parson of the parish was one among the mixed multitude. If conscience dictates right from wrong, as doubtless it sometimes does, mine is one that I may say is soon offended ; for I must say, I am always very uneasy at such behaviour, thinking it not like the behaviour of the primitive Christians, which I imagine was most in conformity to our Saviour's gospel. Nor would I be thought to be either a synick or a stoick, but let social improving discourse pass round the company. About three o'clock, finding myself to have as much liquor as would do me good, I slipt away unobserved, leaving my wife to make my excuse. Though I was very far from sober, I came home, thank God, very safe and well, without even tumbling ; and Mr. French's servant brought my wife home, at ten minutes past five " (probably upon his back).

" *Thursday.*—This morning about six o'clock, just as my wife was got to bed, we was awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar ; but as soon as my wife got out of bed, Mrs. Porter vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle, and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me downstairs, which being apprized of, I fastened my door. Upstairs they came, and threatened to break it open ; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room ; and as modesty forbid me to get out of bed, so I refrained; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy-turvey; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter, they permitted me to put on my small clothes, and instead of my upper clothes, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of my beer. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they found their way to their respective homes, beginning to be a little serious, and, in my opinion, ashamed of their stupid enterprise and drunken perambulation."

On March 7 they had another bout:—

"We continued drinking like horses, as the vulgar phrase is, and singing till many of us were very drunk, and then we went to dancing and pulling of wigs, caps, and hats; and thus we continued in this frantic manner, behaving more like mad people than they that profess the name of Christians. Whether this is inconsistent to the wise saying of Solomon let any one judge, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

When trade is slack he lays it on the luxury of the time, which will not allow people to buy things necessary. Especially he denounces the exorbitant practice of tea-drinking. On Christmas Day he and his wife stay to the Communion. His wife gave sixpence; "they not asking me, I gave nothing. Oh! may we increase in faith and good works!"—an aspiration which is very delightful after he has given nothing.

Here is another account of a tradesman's daily life. It is taken from the *Place Collection*, and contains the moral observations of one tradesman on the autobiography of another:—

"Mr. Brasbridge kept a shop in Fleet Street within three or four doors of New Bridge Street; it was a neat shop, and when I first knew it, well stocked with silver and plated goods; he says he had a good business, and might from his own account have made a fortune, and this he might have done as some of his pot companions did, had he stuck a little closer to his shop for the first few years he was in business. His evening jollifications could not have ruined him as they did, but he became a jolly fellow before he had sufficiently established his business, and before it could bear to be neglected as all such men neglect their businesses."

If Mr. Brasbridge had been a more accurate observer and a better narrator, he would have drawn the correct picture of the better sort of tradesmen of the last age. He tells us he was a member of several clubs. He often spent his evenings at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street. This was one of those places a little above a public-house in accommodation and character. There was a common parlour into which scarcely any one entered promiscuously; almost every one was more or less a regular frequenter of the room after being introduced by some of the old sets.

"I likewise," he says, "belonged to a sixpenny Card club at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. It consisted of about 20 members, of whom I am the only survivor.

Another place which I used to frequent was the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden." It was famous for the political debates and arguments. This was at the time Wilkes's short-lived popularity was beginning to dawn.

"The *Free and Easy* under the Rose was another society to which I belonged. It was founded in 1760 at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was afterwards removed to the Horn Tavern in Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that incurred any serious blame. Our great fault was sitting too late."

He tells us, however, that he "cannot say so much for the company that frequented the Spread Eagle in the Strand, a house famous for the resort of young men after the theatre. Shorter, the landlord, facetiously observed that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months." He shows, what indeed might be presumed, that neither of these "Free and Easys" was frequented by working-men, but by tradesmen, and by the sons of tradesmen who were called respectable; some among them men of property, and a few who were wealthy.

Lamentations over the increasing luxury of the time are common in every age. In the eighteenth century it seemed dreadful to the satirist that the "cit" and the 'prentice should venture among the haunts of fashionable folk:—

> "Time was, when sattin waistcoats and scratch wigs,
> Enough distinguished all the city prigs,
> Whilst every sunshine Sunday saw them run
> To club their sixpences, at Islington;
> When graver citizens, in suits of brown,
> Lined all the dusty avenues to town,
> Or led the children and the loving spouse,
> To spend two shillings at White-Conduit-house:
> But now, the 'prentices, in suits of green,
> At Richmond or at Windsor may be seen;
> Where in mad parties they run down to dine,
> To play at gentlefolks, and drink bad wine."
>
> *Town Eclogues.*

Again, time was when tradesmen brought up their families in frugal ways. Now, their wives and daughters scorn to make or mend: a dressmaker and a milliner must be sought for everything, while they spend half the day shopping:—

> "Whilst Miss despises all domestic rules,
> But lisps the French of Hackney boarding-schools;
> And ev'ry lane around Whitechapel bars
> Resounds with screaming notes, and harsh guitars."

It was thought presumptuous and ridiculous when the London tradesman set up his small country-house on one of the suburban roads. It was good material, however, for the essayist. Thus, the "Box" of a certain Common Councilman is described by the *Connoisseur*. It stood some miles from the City, by the roadside, but separated from it by a ditch, crossed by a bridge of two planks, giving a baronial touch to the affair. This would suit the Brixton Road, the ditch being the River Effra. "On the other side of the road was a high hedge, which shut out every view except from the garret windows, whence, however, could be enjoyed a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington Common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The entrance 'hall' was decorated with a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, and smaller views of other public buildings, on one side; and on the other a coloured print of Overton's 'Death of the Stag.' Over the parlour door were affixed a couple of stags'-horns, and over these an amber-headed cane. In the parlour itself, above the chimney-piece, hung a portrait of the host drawn bolt upright, in a full-bottom'd periwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a buttonhole, a black linsey gown, a snuff-color'd velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimm'd with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter, with the superscription, 'To Mr. ——.' Another portrait in the same room was that of my friend's wife's great-great-uncle, who had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James I. Madam herself filled up a panel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess smelling a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns. The garden was some twenty feet in length, and contained a dozen pots on either side of the path, filled with lilies and coxcombs, trained up against old laths painted green, and surmounted with the bowls of tobacco-pipes—probably to catch the earwigs. The object of this 'Box' was the better avoidance of the Sabbath, to attain which desirable consummation one half of Saturday was lost in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy punch, sorting clean shifts and nightcaps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; and one half of Monday was wasted in undoing the same packages and putting away the things on their return to town."

The City people even have their own pleasure-gardens. Monstrous!

> "Hence spring assemblies with such uncouth names,
> At Deptford, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Shad-Thames,
> Where every month the powder'd, white-glov'd sparks,
> Spruce haberdashers, pert attorneys' clerks,
> With deep-enamour'd 'prentices, prefer
> Their suit to many a sighing milliner:
> In scraps of plays their passions they impart,
> With all the awkward bows they learn from Hart.
> 'Tis here they learn their genius to improve,
> And throw by Wingate for the Art of Love;
> They frame th'acrostic deep, and rebus terse,
> And fill the day-book with enamour'd verse;
> Ev'n learned Fenning on his vacant leaves,
> The ill-according epigram receives,
> And Cocker's margin hobling sonnets grace,
> To Delia, measuring out a yard of lace."

The indignation of Smollett must be taken with large deductions. If, however, the tradesman had become so prosperous as to jump from 4½d. to 3s., why should he not? Cannot a man be allowed the enjoyment of his own prosperity?

"The substantial tradesman who went to pass his evenings at the ale-house for 4½d., now spends 3s. at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit maître.* The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon enquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving men, and abigails, disguised like their betters."

The West End on one side and Grub Street on the other, neither of which had the least intercourse with the City, were completely ignorant of the leaps and bounds with which the trade and the wealth of the London merchants, and therefore of the London tradesman, advanced in the eighteenth century. That the City shopkeeper should send his daughters to a good school—or what was considered a good school,—that his wife should buy what she wanted instead of making it,—seemed a clear proof of impending bankruptcy, not to speak of the impudence of stepping outside the rank and station to which these people were called. That the shopkeeper was entitled to all the pleasures which his increased wealth allowed was never considered by the satirist,—partly because, having no wealth of his own, and associating with none but such as himself, needy and dependent, he knew nothing about the increase of wealth. Nor was it till the merchants and rich tradesmen began to buy country estates, that the old respect for the City began to return, and the county families, which had to admit these new families into their society, began to ask whether a return to the old custom of sending boys into the City was not worth considering. In many places they have already considered this question; in others they are still considering it. But it would be interesting to learn, if we could discover the facts, how many country estates are now in the hands of families which made their money in the City during the years 1750 to 1850 or thereabouts.

CHAPTER III

THE CRAFTSMAN

THE daily life of the craftsman and the appearance of his workshop are difficult to recover. His hours of labour were longer; he began about six, he worked till seven or eight; he consumed vast quantities of beer, mostly the black beer now called porter and stout; he would not touch tea or coffee; he took bread and cheese for breakfast and for supper; he regarded beefsteak as the only form of meat worthy the attention of a free Englishman. In his shops, where all worked together, there were no steam appliances, and such machines as the workman used were simple—such as the lathe, worked by a treadle. Every shop was governed by rules of the trade, enforced by the men themselves, to whom, indeed, they were more sacred than the Ten Commandments. Every trade had its own customs, which were unwritten rules. The workshops were small, and they presented the appearance of living-rooms as well as workshops. The walls were mostly plastered; the shelves were covered with old hour-glasses, candlesticks with thick tallow candles such as are used on board ship, snuffers, old lanterns of horn, tools and implements of all kinds; the windows were generally casements, with diamond panes set in leaden frames and studded with thick "bull's-eyes" of green glass, used to prevent breaking—one never sees these bull's-eyes now; the place was not too well lit even by day: after dark the men worked by the light of tallow candles, which they provided at their own expense. Some of the men sang songs and catches at their work. Especially was this the case with the weavers, who were said to have brought over the custom from Flanders. Falstaff says, "I would I were a weaver. I would say my psalms and all manner of songs." Hogarth, who frequented one weaver's shop at least, has represented his two apprentices at work at the beam. The walls are pasted with songs, political and comic, and dismal ballads of executions and confessions. In each corner of the workshop was a fireplace, and in winter evenings the men toasted their potatoes in the hot ashes.

The ceiling was covered with names of bygone workmen inscribed in candle smoke. The doors and the woodwork were covered all over with names; and on the wall was to be seen many a "hand next the heart." The custom has long since

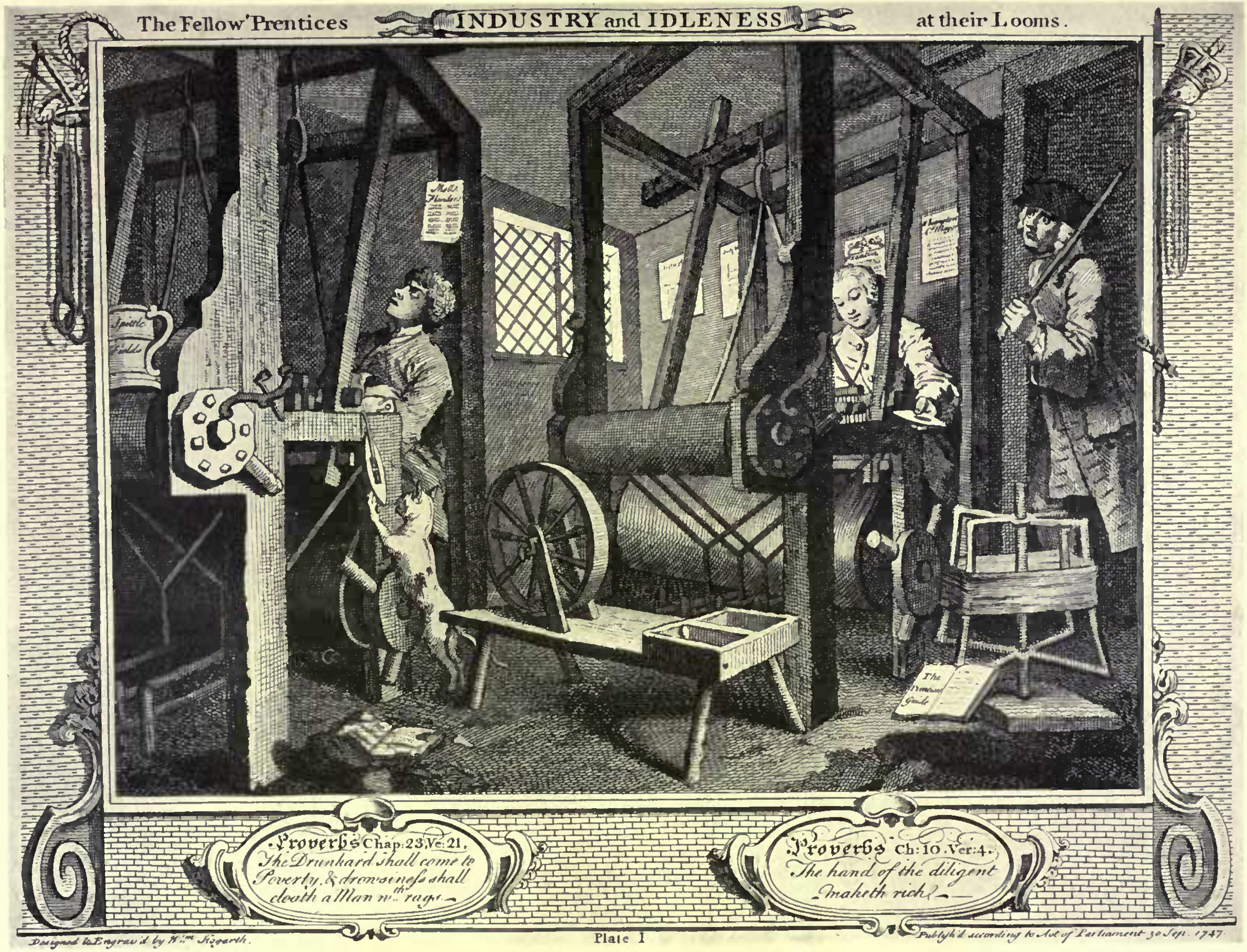

The Fellow 'Prentices
INDUSTRY and IDLENESS
at their Looms.
Proverbs Chap: 23. Ve: 21.
The Drunkard shall come to Poverty, & drowsiness shall cloath a Man wth rags.
Proverbs Ch: 10. Ver: 4.
The hand of the diligent maketh rich.
Designed & Engrav'd by Wm Hogarth.
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 30 Sep. 1747.

Plate I

INTERIOR OF A WEAVER'S WORKSHOP

From Hogarth's engraving, "The Fellow 'Prentices at their Looms" (*Industry and Idleness*).

died out, and few there are who know now what it means. It was this. When a man left the workshop, either for good or for a time, his fellow-workmen chalked his hand all over; he then stamped an impression of the chalked hand on the wall, which was left till it became worn out by time. When he returned, if he did return, it was the signal for the order of a gallon pewter pot filled with foaming porter. In such a shop Hogarth, with his dog Tramp between his feet, delighted to sit and watch the men and talk with them. He called them his "shopmates." They spoke of him as the greatest "limner"—that good old word still survived—in the whole world.

One of the things most desired by the working-man was to have a stately funeral. With this object he belonged to a burial-club. Every member, I believe, paid a shilling on the demise of another member. The shillings paid for the coffin; the society provided the black cloaks for the men and the hoods and scarves for the women. We must remember that the burial took place in the City churchyard, which was not far from every house in the parish; and that the funeral was a walking one. In some trades, when one died, the whole fraternity attended; the funeral took place in the night; and a subscription was paid for the cake and wine which marked the mourners' sense of their bereavement.

Franklin's *Biography* gives us some insight into the manners of the better class of working-men. He worked for a printer named Watts in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and had lodgings at the house of a Catholic lady in Duke Street (now Sardinia Street), opposite the Roman Catholic chapel. At the top of the house was a lady who had been sent to the Continent to take the veil, but, finding the climate disagree with her, she came home and lived in a nun-like solitude, performing her religious duties with the greatest regularity, living on £12 a year and giving the rest in charity. Franklin, for his part, also lived with the greatest frugality: his supper consisted of half an anchovy, a piece of bread, and half a pint of ale shared with his landlady. The other men at the press drank a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, a pint between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one at six in the evening, one after work,—altogether six pints a day, which seems a good allowance. Franklin himself mostly drank water, and had gruel with butter, toast, and nutmeg for breakfast. But it does not appear that his method became popular.

The craftsmen of London still, in the eighteenth century, stood by each other. Many of the trades lived together, as the watchmakers of Clerkenwell and the weavers of Spitalfields. They all had their own distinguishing dress, and could be recognised by everybody; they had their laws and observances. The lamplighters, who were not a large body, went so far as to attend the funeral of any brother who died; they buried him at night; and they all wore white jackets and cocked hats, and carried flaming torches. And the following little anecdote shows a brotherly feeling actuating an episode of loyalty.

In the year 1730 the woolcombers of London resolved on paying their respects to the Queen on her birthday. They therefore assembled "in their shirts"—why in their shirts?—and in their coloured woollen caps, and marched a hundred strong to St. James's Palace; they carried with them, beautifully made in white wool, an effigy of Bishop Blaze on horseback; they bawled under the windows of the Palace till the King and Queen appeared; they then threw up their caps, louted low, and retired.

There is to be found in a book of the eighteenth century, called *A General Description of all Trades digested in Alphabetical Order*, a list of crafts and trades. The date of the book is 1747.

From this instructive document we gather that there were 135 crafts then practised in London, and thought worthy of practice; there were also 175 trades or different kinds of shops at which things were sold. Of course the trade and the craft perpetually overlapped. The boatbuilder sold the boats at which he worked with his own hand. The horse-milliner kept a shop for selling his wares, which was at the same time a workshop for making them. The saddler worked with his journeymen, making the goods which he sold. The draper, the grocer, the mercer, the glover, the hosier, had shops which were for the sale of goods alone. Speaking generally, the vendor was a capitalist, small or great, who did not stand on the same level as the craftsman. He was a master, an employer of labour; he stood between the public and the craftsman; and although we get at the wages of the time, these figures help us very little to understanding the relations between the masters and the men.

The list is manifestly incomplete: one could name offhand a dozen trades omitted in this General List. I have, however, supplemented this list with that of the *Directory* of 1791. In the course of 44 years only, one thinks, there could not have been the addition of many new trades. The *Directory*, however, adds 182 trades to the list of 1747. So that in 1791 there were 492 different industries practised and different kinds of shops carried on in London. This list of trades and crafts must again be supplemented by other ways of earning a livelihood, such as that of a coachman or a footman; all the women's trades; the callings of lamplighter, scavenger, messenger, bailiff, constable, watchman, porter, stevedore, waterman, chairman, groom, stableman, barge- and lighter-man. It is, however, as it stands, an interesting and instructive list.

The hours of work were generally from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., that is, fourteen hours a day—less, I suppose, breakfast and dinner hours. Sometimes they were 5 A.M. to 9 P.M. Now and then one finds 7 A.M. to 8 P.M., but very seldom. We may take it that the day's work for most trades began at 6 and ended at 8. There was no Saturday half-holiday and there was no Bank Holiday. As for the wages, they seem to have averaged about 15s. a week. Some workmen, as cordwainers, enamellers, fan-makers, commanded as much as 4s. a day or 24s. a week. The purchasing power of the shilling was for the working-man twice as great as at present, because his standard of life and comfort was very much lower: the people were far worse housed, far worse fed, and far worse clothed than they are now. Yet they were not discontented on these grounds, simply because their standards were lower. There were apprentices to trades as well as crafts. The draper took an apprentice for £30; he paid his assistants from £25 to £30 a year with their board; and it was calculated that a young man might begin the business of a draper with a capital of £1000. The soap-maker asked a fee of £200 to £300 for an apprentice; he paid his assistants £50 to £100 a year with their board; and he wanted £2000 capital before he could start in business. An usher in a school received £10 to £20 with his board. If he went to a school as an apprentice we find that his parents paid from £10 to £20 for his fee.

One cannot understand why some trades boarded their men and others did not. It was formerly a much more common practice than it has since become. Chemists and grocers still continue to board their assistants; so do drapers: formerly, to take only a few, barbers, collar-makers, leather-cutters, jewellers, net-makers, soap-makers, butchers, distillers, fishmongers, hosiers, milliners, mercers, oilmen, packers, pawnbrokers, refiners, skinners, stuffmen, tobacconists, upholders, whalebonemen, and some others, all boarded their apprentices and assistants.

Apprentices, if refractory, were taken to Bridewell and there flogged and imprisoned. The cells are there still, but the apprentices are no longer flogged.

CHAPTER IV

DRESS

Dress in the eighteenth century, so far as men were concerned, showed a steady tendency towards a more natural and simpler method of clothing and adornment. The seventeenth century bequeathed to its successor a full flowing wig, a square-cut coat, a hat in which the crown had gone down and the brim had gone up—the old three-cornered hat,—a long waistcoat, knee-breeches, shoes with gold or silver buckles, a lace neckcloth, white ruffles, and silk stockings. The manners, as is always the case, corresponded with the fashion. With so vast a top-loading as was provided by the wig, it was impossible for the movements of the body to be otherwise than slow and artificial, if not dignified. In all the pursuits that required active movement, either the wig was blown off, or it was first carefully removed and a "night-cap" substituted. In representations of cavalry we see the horses ambling and caracoling, but not galloping; when cavalry charged in actual battle the wigs all fell off. In duelling the wigs were removed; masters of fence fought with bare skull. In Hogarth's picture of "Southwark Fair," a master of fence rides into the fair with a bare skull, showing the wounds he has received, patched up with sticking-plaster. The games of tennis and ball went out, with athletics and rough sports, among the better class, *i.e.* all those who wore wigs. One moved slowly, out of respect for the wig. Not only was it liable to be deranged or to be knocked off, but it demanded, so majestic was it, a corresponding dignity of carriage. One must live up to such a wig.

These huge periwigs went out of fashion early in the century. They were succeeded by a great variety of artificial head-coverings, until the wig finally disappeared. Why did they not wear their own hair? For more than one reason. The wig was a great leveller. With the aid of this contrivance, the handiwork of Time, the painter, could be annulled or destroyed. Where the chin and lip and cheek were smooth-shaven, there was no accusing the owner of grey; when the skull was shaven, there were no white locks: save for the wrinkles and the crows'-feet, the bowed shoulders and the bending limbs, the old man was on a level with the young. Nor were grey locks the only consideration. Baldness falls upon some men in quite early manhood; upon others, later on; in either case it is a defect grievous and lamentable. With the wig it mattered nothing whether one was bald or not. Again, the wig was a great protection for the head; it saved the wearer from the effects of cold draughts; it was part of the comfort of the age, like the sash window and the wainscoted wall. And the wig, too, like the coat and the waistcoat, was a means of showing the wealth of its owner, because a wig of the best kind, new, properly curled and combed, cost a large sum of money. Practically it was indestructible, and, with certain alterations, descended. First, it was left by will to son or heir; next, it was given to the coachman; then, with alterations, to the gardener; then it went to the second-hand people in Monmouth Street, whence it continued a downward course until it finally entered upon its last career of usefulness in the shoeblack's box. There was, lastly, an excellent reason why, in the last century, it was found more convenient to wear a wig than the natural hair. Those of the lower classes who were not in domestic service wore their own hair. Their heads were filled with vermin. Even the maidservants of "gentle" houses suffered from the same reproach. These vermin were very easily "caught." They might be caught in a hackney- or a stage-coach; on a pillow in an inn; by the use of a hair-brush; by putting on a stranger's hat; by accidental contact in a crowd. They were very disagreeable things to have upon one, and they were very difficult to get rid of. Now, the man who shaved his head and wore a wig was free of this danger, though there were certain insects which did get into the wig. There is authority for saying that with children of all ranks — the children of the wealthy retailers of London are especially mentioned—the head was generally troubled in this respect.

It is, however, especially in the study of wigs that Hogarth seems to rejoice. In the picture of "Noon," the dwarf has one kind, the beau another, the clergyman a third, the old tradesman, whose back we see, has a fourth. In the "Enraged Musician" there is but one wig—that of the musician himself; the men who bawl their goods wear their own hair long and in tails. In "Taste in High Life" there is the wig in the highest and latest fashion, rolled at the sides, brought down over the forehead, and provided with a long pigtail. The portrait of Bishop Hoadly presents us with the episcopal wig—full, majestic, flowing. Captain Coram, on the other hand, wears his own venerable locks.

In "Marriage à la Mode" we find more wigs. Observe that of the bridegroom in the first of the series, the curl-papers of the visitor in the second. In the "Industry and Idleness," observe that the Industrious Apprentice is advanced from his own hair (in the second picture) to a wig in the fourth; that the porter wears a badge and a wig; that the musicians at the wedding wear wigs, but the butcher wears his own hair; that the Idle Apprentice wears his own hair.

The "House of Commons" gives us not only a collection of portraits, but an exact representation of the wigs worn by gentlemen—not fops and beaux—in the year 1734; and the "Five Orders of Periwigs" offers a conspectus of all the wigs worn at the Coronation of 1761.

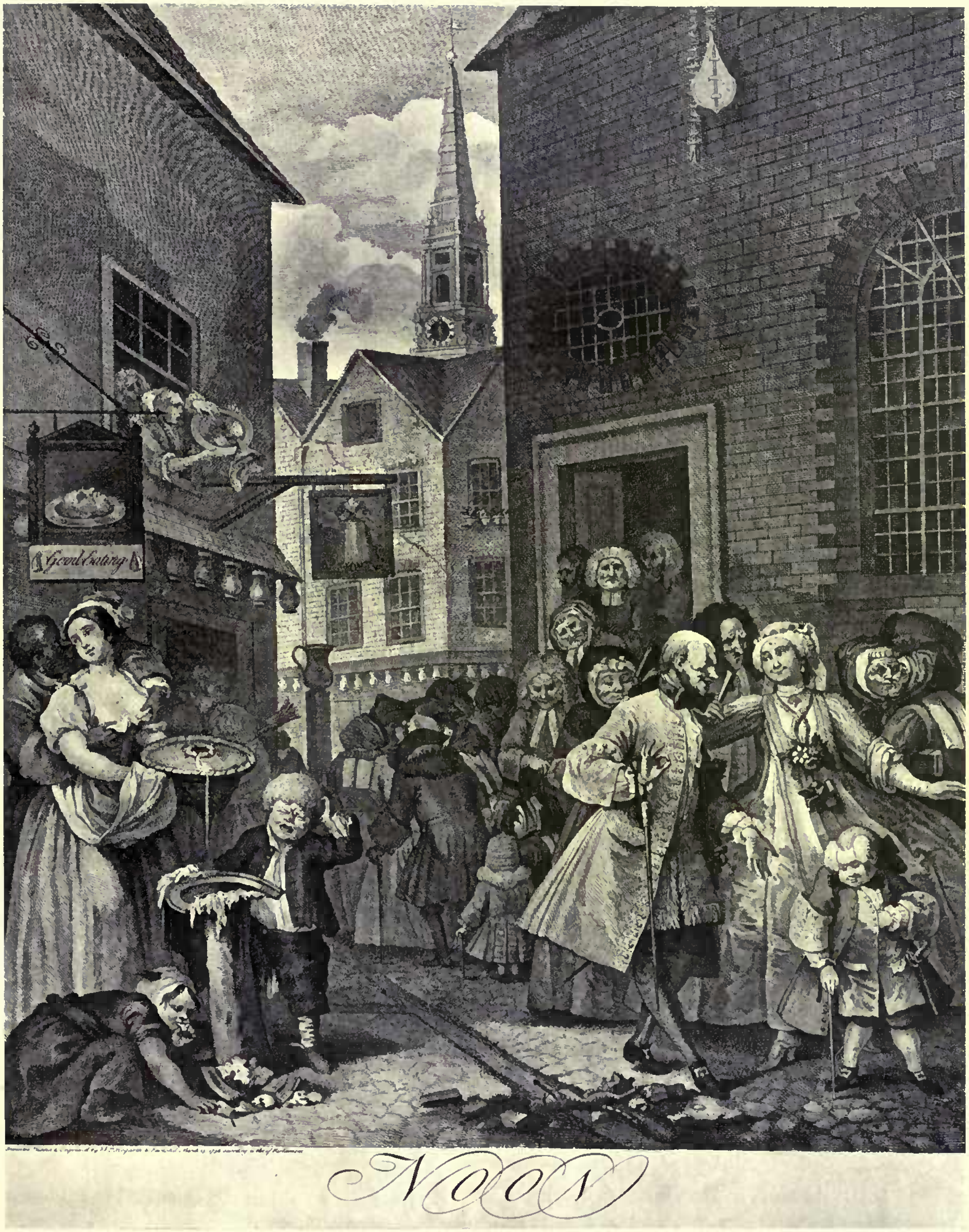
In the examination of Bambridge (1729) the Committee of Inquiry wear full wigs, as befits their position; the man himself, whom they are examining, wears his own hair. Position, however, is by no means indicated by wearing a wig: the practice spread wider and went lower; long before wigs went out altogether among the better sort, they lingered among certain callings and trades. In the "Laughing Audience" we observe half a dozen different kinds of head-dress, including the "toupee" and the "club" and the natural hair.

The advertisement of one William Philips, who professed to "manufacture all his own hairs," shows the variety of wigs. William Philips offered the public Brown Bobwigs, cut or dressed, 14s.; Scratches for the same price; Grizzle Bagwigs for 21s.; Grizzle Bobs, cut or dressed, also for 21s.; Dark Majors at 18s.; and Brown Bagwigs only 15s. But the Grizzle Major cost 25s., and Grizzle Tyes 21s.

About the year 1760 there began to be a revolt against the wig. The vast wig of 1700 had long since given place to a smaller erection, the ends of which were plaited and put into a silk bag. The "toupee" had come in—an array of curls over the forehead, with more curls, or a "club," on either side of the face. Now the wig itself began to go out. Yet it remained in use for a long time with divines and physicians, and with lawyers, who still preserve it.

It was also preserved, probably for the reasons above suggested, by the citizens of London, by men-servants, clerks, accountants, coachmen, gardeners, and so forth. Old wigs were used by the shoeblacks; nothing better was ever invented for this use. In Rosemary Lane there was a sixpenny lottery for wigs. If a man wanted one, he would pay sixpence, and dive into a cask where there were many old ones. Perhaps he would fetch up a good one, perhaps he would not. In the fashionable quarter men had begun to wear their own hair, long, powdered, tied behind with a black silk ribbon. It was not till near the end of the century that they began to leave off the powder, which still continued for a long time with less fashionable people.

The changes of fashion in men's dress need not be followed in detail. There were eccentricities and follies then as there are to-day. The waistcoat and the coat were altered from year to year. These grew more costly, more elaborate. Never at any time, except perhaps that of Richard II., was the dress of men more splendid than in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. In the City the merchants affected during the day a plain but substantial dress of brown cloth; they wore silver buckles to their shoes, and very fine ruffles. They carried a stick instead of a sword, and they were not ashamed to use it on occasion. The same merchants would dress themselves for an assembly in most gorgeous silk coats and waistcoats. The drapers and mercers seem to have affected a more pretentious style of dress than the

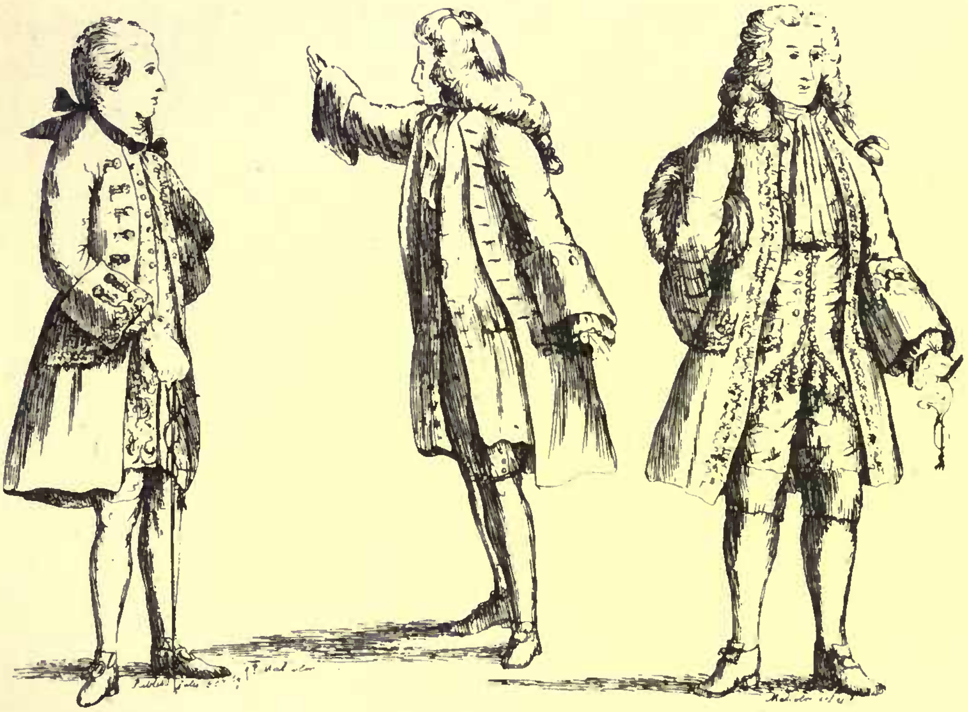

Good Eating
NOON

COVENT GARDEN AT MID-DAY

From Hogarth's engraving, "Noon" (*Times of the Day*).

merchants. One reads of a draper sallying forth to present some new goods to a lady. He wears a black velvet coat, a silk waistcoat, velvet breeches, white silk stockings, well-blacked shoes with silver buckles, fine lace at his throat and his cuffs, and a hat trimmed with silver lace. His 'prentice walks behind him carrying the parcel of silk. The affectations and airs of the mercers and drapers are noticed in contemporary essays and satires. In the West End swords were worn.

The dress of the common sort was little disturbed by fashion. They wore a checked shirt, no waistcoat, a frock of blue cloth, still preserved in the butchers' blue, and black horn buttons. Mechanics and servants of all kinds wore an apron, sometimes white and sometimes brown. The reason of the apron was twofold—to protect the body and to protect the clothes. A blacksmith protected the body from the flying sparks by his leather apron ; a grocer protected his clothes from the stains of the various commodities in which he dealt by his white apron. They wore shoes, and in most cases woollen stockings. The poorer sort had no stockings, but in cold weather wrapped their legs with wisps of straw.



DRESS IN 1745

From a contemporary print.

As regards the dress of the ladies, of course it changed perpetually ; only in a book of costume and fashion would it be possible to follow it. The fashion of the hair, the head-dress, all changed from year to year, according to the caprice of La Mode, and the necessity of showing oneself not out of the fashion. One hears constantly of the "swing-swang" of the hoop, of petticoats loaded with fringe to the top, of the scarlet tabby negligée trimmed with gold, and so on.

Girls wore commonly a blue mob-cap, a white frock, and a silk sash of some pleasing colour. The frock was often trimmed with yellow, and a black lace mantle was thrown over the shoulders. Their hair was powdered, so that they were always grey; a black ribbon was tied in it. Sometimes they wore a straw hat flapping on either side. The strawberry-girls and others wore the hat over a white cap; for the better sort, a red or pink ribbon tied the hat under the chin.

This is not the place to follow the fashions of the century. The women wore hoops throughout the whole century except a few years before the end. They wore hoods, small caps, enormous hats, tiny "milkmaid" straw hats; hair in curls and flat to the head; "pompons," or huge structures two or three feet high, with all kinds of decorations—ribbons, birds'-nests, ships, carriages and waggons in gold and silver lace—in the erection; and finally, in 1794, the so-called "simplicity" or "classical simplicity," of which we have seen so many caricatures, with long ringlets, the waist under the armpits, a diaphanous gown which clung to the figure and revealed it even if it was not already visible through the dress.

In the year 1756 a favourite ornament was a wheeled vehicle in gold thread—

> "Here in a fair one's head-dress sparkling sticks,
> Swinging in silver springs, a coach and six;
> There on a spring or sloped pompon you see
> A chariot, sulky, chaise, or *vis-à-vis*."

The *Connoisseur* takes up the subject:—

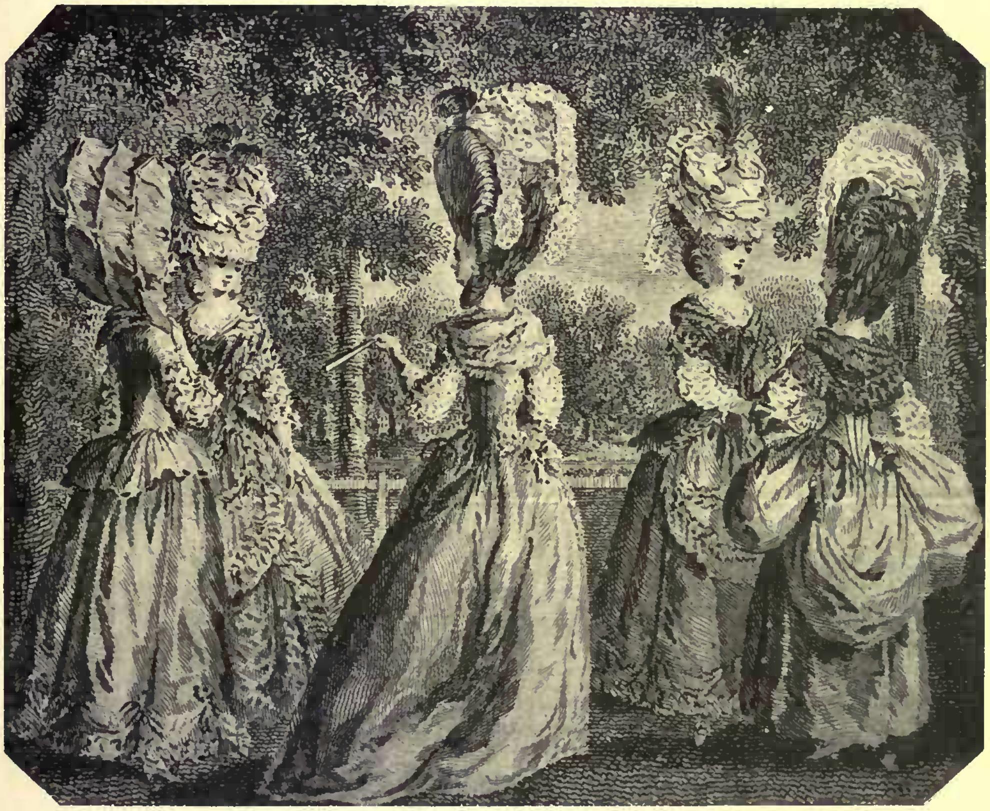
> "The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner, at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her stage-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further inquiry, the milliner told me, with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a Capriole or Cabriole; which we may trace from the same original with our English word Caprice, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies *to prance like a horse*."

About the same time we find the following account of a "Pretty Fellow's Dressing-Room" (*Connoisseur*, ii. p. 231):—

> "I was accordingly shown into a neat little chamber, hung round with Indian paper, and adorned with several little images of Pagods and Bramins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various-coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the toilet most excited my admiration, where I found everything was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, enclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a Japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chintz. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them Japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several; in one I found lip-salve, in

another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies' black sticking-plaister; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of Delescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes. In the middle stood a bottle of Eau de Luce, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond pastes, powder-puffs, hair-combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastick equipage. But among many other whimsies I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me that it was a comb for the eyebrows."

The following is the complete outfit of a beau. It will be remarked that it cost a great sum to turn out a young man completely dressed in this century:—



HEAD-DRESSES

From a contemporary print.

"My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with silver lace; two frocks, one of white drab with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold binding; one waistcoat of gold brocade, one of blue satin, embroidered with silver, one of green silk trimmed with broad figured gold lace, one of black silk with fringes, one of white satin, one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pair of cloth breeches, one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet; twelve pair of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat laced with gold *point d'Espagne*, another with silver lace scolloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled shirts; as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. A gold watch with a chased case, two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords, one with a silver handle, and a fourth cut steel inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle, and a set of stone buckles for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver-mounted pistols with rich housings; a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady on the top."

ON THE SAME IN VERSE

"Painter! once more show thy art,
Draw the idol of my heart:
Draw him as he sports away,
Softly smiling, sweetly gay.
Carefully each mode express;
For man's judgment is his dress.
Cock his beaver neat and well,—
Beaver size of cockle-shell;
Cast around a silver cord,
Glitt'ring like the polish'd sword;
Let his wig be thin of hairs,—
Wig that covers half his ears.
Be his frock quite *à la mode*,
Short, lest his steps it incommode;
Short as his waistcoat was of yore,
When dull men long garments wore.
Let the ruffle grace his hand,—
Ruffle, pride of Gallic land.
Be his waistcoat blue or yellow,
That befits a pretty fellow:
Let it be well trimm'd with lace,
Adding lustre, adding grace.
Make his breeches of Nankin,
Most like Nature, most like skin;
Let a ribband deck the knees,—
Dangling ribbands always please;
With stockings, of the finest silk,
Soft and shining, white as milk.
Let him wear the nice-made shoes,
Buckling just above the toes,—
Buckles of a fashion new,
Bigger almost than the shoe.
Thus equipt, he'll far excel
Every Beau, and charm each Belle."

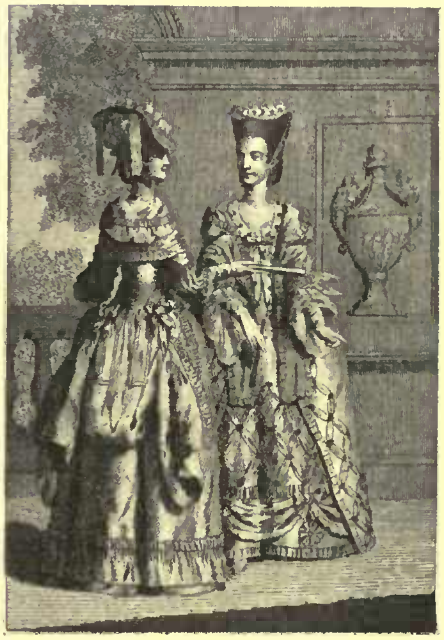
The "Beau Parson" dresses in canonicals as seldom as possible, but cannot wear bright colours, or a sword, or a bagwig. He wears a Parson's Blue lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings, pumps made of dog-skin. He has a wig with a bag front, properly cropped behind, so as not to eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He has had a joint of one toe removed so as to improve the shape of his foot and shoe. An extremely delicate creature!

The costumes of the earlier half of the century can be illustrated most readily from the pages of Hogarth, the greater part of whose work was done before 1750. He died in 1764. Here are a few notes on his costumes.

The apprentice, we observe, wore a long coat, no waistcoat, and woollen stockings; a leather stock kept his neck warm. The Idle Apprentice illustrates his idleness by having his stockings down at heel. Of his three villainous companions at play in the churchyard, one, who is too villainous for anything, has his hair growing through his hat, his toes through his shoes, his elbow through his shirt; he is scratching his skin under his shirt. Another with a black patch over his eye is clearly cheating; a third, looking on, is scratching his head vigorously.

The travelling gentlemen wore some kind of kerchief tied round their heads under the hat; or they wore caps with long flaps at the side; or they tied their hats over their heads; or they wore a hat of another shape for travelling purposes: all these may be seen in Hogarth's "Country Inn Yard."

The "country girl," when she came to town in order to grace the First Picture of the "Harlot's Progress," wore a white cap tied under her chin, and a hat over the cap. Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, is similarly adorned; so is the "Shrimp Girl." The country girl wears a stuff frock and a white apron, a tucker over her shoulders, and a rose in her bosom; a bag hangs from her arm, and a needle-case and scissors from her belt.



DRESS IN 1775
From a contemporary print.

The fashion of dress imparted an air of dignity to the City merchant which the modern fashions cannot do; see, for example, the merchant in "Industry and Idleness," where he takes the Industrious Apprentice into favour. It gave a splendour to the wealthy nobleman which he cannot now assume; it disguised a bad figure and set off a fine figure; in its more costly developments it presented a richer and more noble appearance than any dress ever invented. It would have been incomplete, however, without the wig.

The picturesqueness of the time is greatly due to the dress. We all know how effective on the stage, or at a fancy ball, is the dress of the year 1750. Never had gallant youth a better chance of displaying his manly charms. The flowered waistcoat tight to the figure, the white satin coat, the gold-laced hat, the ruffles and dainty necktie, the sword and the sword-sash, the powdered wig, the shaven face, the silk stockings and gold-buckled shoes—with what an air the young coxcomb advances, and with what a grace he handles his clouded cane and proffers his snuff-box!

Nothing like it remains in this century of ours. And the ladies matched the men in splendour of dress until the "swing swang" of the extravagant hoop spoiled all. Here comes one, on her way to church, where she will distract the men from their prayers with her beauty, and the women with her dress. She has a flowered silk body and cream-coloured skirts trimmed with lace; she has light-blue shoulder-knots; she wears an amber necklace, brown Swedish gloves, and a silver bracelet; she has a flowered-silk belt of green and grey and yellow, with a bow at the side, and a brown straw hat with flowers of green and yellow. "Sir," says one who watches her with admiration, "she is all apple blossom."

The white satin coat is not often seen east of Temple Bar. See the sober citizen approaching: he is dressed in brown stockings; he has laced ruffles and a shirt of snowy whiteness; his shoes have silver buckles; his wig is dark grizzle, full-bottomed; he carries his hat under his left arm, and a gold-headed stick in his right hand. He is accosted by a wreck—there are always some of these about London streets—who has struck upon the rock of bankruptcy and gone down. He, too, is dressed in brown, but where are the ruffles? Where is the shirt? The waistcoat buttoned high shows no shirt; his stockings are of black worsted, darned, and in holes; his shoes are slipshod, without buckles. Alas! poor gentleman! And his wig is an old grizzle, uncombed, undressed, which has perhaps been used for rubbing shoes by a shoeblack. On the other side of the street walks one, followed by an apprentice carrying a bundle. It is a mercer of Cheapside, taking some stuff to a lady. He wears black cloth, not brown; he has a white tye-wig, white silk stockings, muslin ruffles, and japanned pumps. Here comes a mechanic; he wears a warm waistcoat, with long sleeves, grey worsted stockings, stout shoes, a three-cornered hat, and an apron. All working-men wear an apron; it is a mark of their condition. They are no more ashamed of their apron than your scarlet-coated captain is ashamed of his uniform.

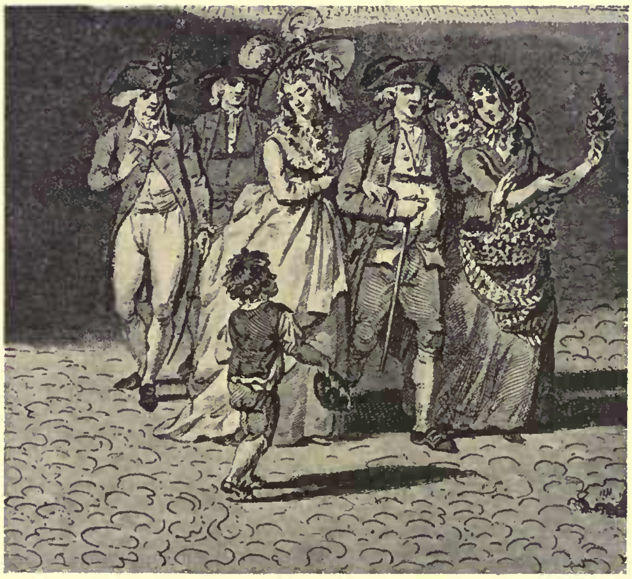
Let us next note the whiteness of the shirts and ruffles. A merchant will change his shirt three times a day; it is a custom of the City thus to present snow-white linen. The clerks, we see, wear wigs like their masters, but they are smaller. They do not wear the full-bottomed wig, to assume which would be presumptuous in one in service. Most of the mechanics wear their hair tied behind; the rustics, sailors, stevedores, watermen, and riversidemen generally, wear it long, loose, and unkempt. Here is a company of sailors rolling along, armed with clubs. They are bound to Ratcliffe, where, this evening, when the men are all drinking in the taverns, there will be a press. Their hats are three-cornered; they wear blue jackets, blue shirts, and blue petticoats. Their hair hangs about their ears. Beside them marches the lieutenant in the new uniform of blue faced with white.

About the year 1775 there were strict rules about evening dress. No one went into company except in full dress; a frock was not worn in the evening; at the theatre one had to appear in a dress-coat, wig, and sword; no gentleman would venture into a side box in boots; if ladies were insulted in the lobbies, swords were drawn. The dress-clothes of a man of fashion were extremely costly. Colonel Hanger says that he spent £900 on his dress-clothes for one winter only; and that he employed other tailors for his morning and hunting frocks and his servants' liveries.

> "I was always handsomely dressed at every birthday; but for one in particular I put myself to a very great expense, having two suits for that day. My morning vestments cost me near eighty pounds, and those for the ball above one hundred and eighty. It was a satin coat *brodé en plain et sur les coutures:* and the first satin coat that had ever made its appearance in this country. Shortly after, satin dress-clothes became common amongst well-dressed men. Great officers of state are in honour compelled to appear in a handsome suit of clothes at the birthday of their king; it is but a small part of that gratitude and duty they owe to their sovereign, for the dignified situation he has given them, to attend on his person."

Let us return to the costume of the Londoner about the middle of this century. To begin with the craftsman. His dress, in most cases, was a kind of uniform by which his trade was known. The carpenter wore a white apron looped up at the side—there was a fashion in wearing aprons—and a brown paper cap neatly folded in shape; the shoemaker wore a short leathern apron; the blacksmith a long leathern apron; the fellowship porter a black hat with a long brim behind; the barber a white apron with pockets in front to hold the tackle. Besides, he carried a basin in his hand, and generally ran through the streets in his character of "the flying-barber." The butcher wore a blue coat and apron; the baker was all in white, including his cap; the waterman wore a sailor's kilt or petticoat, and a woollen jersey; the tapster was in short sleeves rolled up, with a white apron, the corner tucked into the waistband; the brewer's drayman wore a leather apron and a red cap; the printer, a stuff apron from head to foot; the shopmen, except those of the draper, all wore aprons. The apron, indeed, was the symbol of the servant and the craftsman; it belonged in varied form to every trade.

To take a step upwards. The attorney, the notary, and the proctor dressed in black; so did the physician, but with a huge three-tailed periwig, and a gold-headed cane with the pomander at top; the barrister dressed in black, with a gown which he appears to have worn habitually as he did his wig—there was then, as there is now, a special wig for every step on the legal ladder, from Utter Bar to Bench; everybody knew the difference between the lawyer's wig and that of the physician. The clergyman dressed in black, with a wig and cassock, a flowing gown, and long Geneva bands. The respectable tradesman's dress in 1750 is described as consisting of a Spanish snuff-coloured coat. I think that Dr. Johnson, who would not rank himself above a respectable tradesman, always wore a brown coat, waistcoat and breeches of the same, a dark grizzle, full-bottomed wig, metal buttons and buckles, lace necktie, and lace ruffles. Apprentices acquired their ruffles by theft and exchange. Later on, the wig became powdered hair tied behind; the brown coat became a black velvet or cloth coat; the stockings were of white silk; muslin ruffles, japanned pumps, and silver buttons. The less prosperous tradesman appeared in a brown grogram coat; on Sundays he wore a white waistcoat; his stockings were of thin thread in summer; and he wore what was called a 'grizzle unpowdered brigadier" wig. I have notes of a tradesman bankrupt and down on his luck. He is described as wearing a brown coat and waistcoat, no shirt, the buttons off his coat, and even a skewer acting the part of buttons where things had necessarily to be kept together; stockings of worsted darned here and there with thread of different colours; shoes without buckles and down at heel; and, to crown all, a nondescript wig which could never have been in any fashion. One can hardly imagine a more poverty-stricken figure. The description is not exaggerated. Such a scarecrow was by no means uncommon in the debtors' prisons.



TAKING THE AIR
From a print published in 1789 by R. Pollard, London.

Officers in the navy wore scarlet until the year 1748, when George the Second was so much struck with the dress of the Duchess of Bedford as she rode in the Park, that he ordered her blue riding-habit, with white silk facings, to be taken as the model of his new naval uniform. The masters and warrant-officers wore blue coats trimmed with green and stuck about with brass buttons wherever a button could be placed; the common sailors wore petticoats or kilts, with a thick jersey like those now worn by fishermen: they were bare-footed; they seem to have worn their hair long and ragged or matted, both untidy and uncleanly—it was before the days of pigtails; and their hats are described as "triangular apple-pasty shaped."

The gentlemen enjoyed a great choice of fashion. The Park was not like Piccadilly to-day, filled with young fellows all dressed in the same coat, the same collar, the same tie, the same umbrella carried at the same angle: in 1750 every young man struck out his own line for himself; he would be original within certain limits. One who held, or had ever held, His Majesty's commission, wore his scarlet coat always.

The coats were made of silk of all colours, brocade, flowered silk, flowered velvet and satin, trimmed with gold and embroidered; the waistcoat was of rich silk, flowered with gold. Gold buckles and buttons were common; the lace at the wrists and neck was the finest lace of Valenciennes; they still wore swords as part of the daily dress, but in the West End and the Court, not in the City.

Towards the end of the century the wig disappeared and the hair was curled, powdered, pomatumed, and tied behind. Among the minor "Miseries of Life" is mentioned the slipping and sliding of lumps of the powder and pomatum from the head down to the plate at dinner; this must have been misery indeed, but a greater misery was having to put on the stuff at all. Then they went on to wear the hair cut short in order to evade the duty on powder. There were many varieties of the fashionable youth: the beau became successively the macaroni, the jessamy, the dandy, the smart young man, and the "rain beau," so called because he carried an umbrella. One year it was the "high kick of fashion" to wear a single spur, like a postillion; the next year, men carried clubs, or they wore topcoats like coachmen. In one year, *horresco*, it was the fashion for ladies to be "eight months gone"! In fact, there was no end to the freaks and follies of fashion. At this present day there are freaks and follies, but the older men and the sober quiet people know nothing about them, and go on their own way unregarding. So a hundred and fifty years ago, while the workaday world went on with the work of the world, the men and the women of fashion dressed for each other, and prinked for each other, and carried on the little freemasonry of speech, carriage, and dress, which separated the fashionable world from the outside.

In the pictures of the time the ordinary citizen is commonly represented as possessed of a protuberance of person which at the present day is extremely rare. The alderman did actually bear before him an enormous abdomen; so also did the citizen who was not an alderman. We are apt to consider this phenomenon as due to the habit of living freely, drinking much, and taking no exercise. There is authority for believing that the enlargement of the person was, in some measure, perhaps in great measure, due to the tightness with which the breeches were girt round the loins; thus, says the authority, "the circulation of the fluids of the system was dammed up like a mill pool, and a preternatural obesity in the abdomen was developed." When braces were invented the tightness ceased and the protuberance itself was no longer produced. Braces were first used by sailors and by workingmen for greater convenience; they were called at first "gallowses." The breeches were buttoned tightly below the knee, displaying a pair of silver buckles. The throat was tightly swathed with a stock showing another silver buckle behind. That this tightness was dangerous is shown by the fact that when a gentleman fell under the table he was instantly relieved of his stock. The same writer goes on to describe the waistcoat. Formerly, he tells us, the waistcoat was really a waistcoat; it was a coat, and it came below the waist. In fact, the waistcoat was the successor of the doublet, while the coat was the successor of the cloak. When a country gentleman went on a visit, he would drop a clean shirt into one pocket of his waistcoat and a brace of birds into the other. Formerly, as soon as the bridal visits were all received, and "the six small choice cups and saucers were carefully replaced in the corner cupboard"—who does not remember the corner cupboard?—the young housewife set herself to embroider the ample white silk waistcoat of her husband, garnishing it with what appeared to be parallel streams of parsley and butter. And, at any gathering, one would point to this embroidery, and to the worked ruffles and the embossed cravats, as illustrations of the lady's accomplishments and taste.

The following reminiscences on the subject of old clothes are preserved in Place's *Collection*:—

> "Since I can remember, the number of Jews who went about the streets crying 'Old Clothes' was much greater than it is now. Clothes were much dearer then than now; there was much less aptitude among the people in converting garments to various uses then than now. Women also now buy cotton goods at a small price and *make their own clothes*, and either employ a *mantua-maker* or buy their outside garments either ready-made or at second-hand. There was not then as now the same desire to wear clothes made purposely for men, working-men and small tradesmen; they were purchased either at the 'Slop Shops,' of which but few comparatively remain, or at the second-hand clothes shops, which are reduced to a still smaller comparative number. Old-clothes shops were indeed very numerous. Monmouth Street was filled with them, and so was Middle Row, Holborn. In the City of London, and the eastern end of the metropolis, they were very numerous. Field Lane or Holborn Bridge is still occupied by sellers of old clothes; these are principally old-shoe shops and fences for stolen goods. Rosemary Lane, commonly called 'Rag Fair,' has now comparatively but few old-clothes shops. In fact, the dealing in old clothes has greatly diminished. People have more contrivances to consume their clothes in various useful ways, and do not like to wear second-hand things, and consequently the number of those who used to cry 'Old Clothes' has greatly diminished. Most of the clothes sold by gentlemen's servants and others are now sent abroad to Holland and Germany, and some few to North America.
>
> The Jews were the only people who went about crying 'Old Clothes' for the purpose of purchasing them. They were then, as now, exceedingly dirty in their persons, but they were then much more ragged than they are now, and they then almost universally wore their beards long. It was thought good sport to maltreat a Jew, and they were often most barbarously used, even in the principal streets. In 1771 eight Jews broke into the house of Mrs. Hitching, a widow woman at Chelsea, robbed the house, and murdered one of the servants. It was one of those daring outrageous robberies which had been but too common in the eighteenth century. For this robbery and murder four of the gang were hanged. It seems that they all wore their beards, and as their persons were not known every Jew was in public opinion implicated, and the prejudice, ill-will, and brutal conduct this brought upon the Jews, even after they had been tried and punished, did not cease for many years. 'Go to Chelsea' was a common exclamation, when a Jew was seen in the streets, and was often the signal of assault. I have seen many Jews hooted, hunted, kicked, cuffed, pulled by the beard, spit upon, and so barbarously assaulted in the streets, without any protection from the passers-by or the police, as seems, when compared with present times, almost impossible to have existed at any time. Dogs could not now be used in the streets in the manner many Jews were treated."

CHAPTER V

WEDDINGS

THE wedding of a daughter was an occasion for all the display and hospitality that the family could afford: in fact, many families attempted too much, and seriously impaired their fortunes by the splendour of a single wedding.

In the first place, a lucky day must be chosen. For this purpose the almanac was consulted; then the days proper for various occasions were duly set forth, and of course the day must not fall within a prohibited season. Now, the general rule, to quote an old almanac, was as follows:—

"Marriage comes in on the 13th day of January: at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in and goes not out until Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from whence it is unforbidden until Advent Sunday: but then it goes out and comes not in again until the 13th day of January next following."

In other words, Advent, Christmas, Lent, Ascension, and Whitsuntide were counted unlucky. This was clearly a survival of the ecclesiastical rule which, while it called marriage a sacrament, could not withhold the sense of something impure or unholy about it. With the exception of Lent, the superstition of an unlucky season for marriage has now passed away.

Again, in choosing the day care was had as to the proclamation of banns—this must not take place at the end of one quarter of the year, so that the marriage would be held in the next quarter. In some places—no doubt with such Londoners as belonged to such places—there were local customs, too many to be repeated. True lovers'-knots were exchanged—the knot being always a symbol of constancy and of willing bonds.

Thus Gay:—

"As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitched his dangling garter from his knee:
He wist not when the ninepin string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff of Inkle blue:
Together fast I tye the garters twaine,
And while I knit the knot, repeat this strain—
Three times a lovers' knot I tye secure:
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."

Rings made of threefold gold wire were given to the guests. On the morning of the wedding the bridal bed was decked and dressed by the bridesmaids; it was adorned with ribbons of blue and green; sprigs of rosemary dipped in scented waters were tied to the posts. Wedding favours were prepared by the same fair hands—streamers of ribbons for the girls, and topknots or cockades in the same colours for the young men's hats. On the way to and from the church all the guests carried sprigs of rosemary. When it came to drinking the health of the bride, each in turn dipped his sprig of rosemary in the bowl before he drank. It was expected at a wedding that the ladies should solemnly inspect the bride's trousseau. Silver spoons were given her, and teacups.

The wedding festivities lasted two or three days; there was no honeymoon, no wedding journey—the young couple remained in their own house; the wedding tour, with the bridesmaid for companion, came later. The wearing of wedding favours, however, continued until the first half of the nineteenth century. After the celebration in the church there was a great banquet given by the bride's father; there was dancing and music after the feast; outside, the butchers performed with their marrowbones and cleavers; beggars collected; the bridegroom, whose duty it was to wait upon the guests, gave the broken meats to the poor. The bride was put to bed by the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was escorted to the bridal chamber by the best man. In the morning the bride was awakened by a band of trumpets or clarions which came to discourse sweet music and give her pleasant dreams before she awoke.

All these marriage ceremonies and expenses led people to think of a cheaper and readier way of getting married. Such a way was offered by the parsons of the Fleet, Mayfair, and Sion Chapel, Hampstead. It is generally believed that the Fleet marriages were the first of the clandestine marriages which became so common and so dangerous in London during the first half of the century. They had been carried on quietly, at the Savoy and at the Mayfair Chapel. The law recognised as valid a marriage celebrated with or without banns or licence, whether performed in a church or not. In the year 1686 one Adam Elliot, rector of St. James's, Duke's Place, was excommunicated for marrying without licence or banns. Orders had already been issued by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners against the clandestine marriages of the Savoy and Mayfair. Now, the beneficed clergymen might be excommunicated or deprived; but what about the unbeneficed, of whom there were always some in the Fleet? Excommunication would not hurt them, and they held no office of which they could be deprived. Therefore they began to carry on these marriages with zeal and profit. At first they were held in the Fleet Chapel; but in 1710, marriages in chapels without banns being prohibited, rooms were fitted up outside the Fleet in the taverns and houses of the Fleet parsons, and a trade in clandestine marriages began which lasted for more than forty years.

The Fleet Wedding, which was not confined to the Fleet, is an episode in the history of London which may be described as simply amazing. It is amazing to think that it was ever permitted at all; it is more amazing to think that it was allowed to continue so long.

Before the Act, commonly called Lord Hardwicke's Act (26 George II., c. 33) which forbade the solemnisation of marriage without banns or licence, "any contract," according to Blackstone,[1] made *per verba in præsenti*, or in words of the present tense, and, in case of cohabitation, *per verba de futuro* also, was deemed valid marriage to many purposes, and the parties might be compelled in the spiritual courts to celebrate it *in facie ecclesiæ*.

In other words, the law of marriage thus interpreted recognised a contract, with consummation, as the essential part of valid marriage, with the condition that the parties might be afterwards called upon to go through the ceremony of marriage in a church.

The ceremony of the church was the part of the law understood by the people. But what church? If the parish church, it was necessary to put up the banns or to procure a special licence. The former came to be considered vulgar, or even indecent; the latter was costly. But since there was no law obliging persons about to marry to go to the parish church, a practice grew up of celebrating marriages, *i.e.* of reading the marriage service, in churches and chapels outside the jurisdiction of the bishop. Such churches were those standing in the former precincts of religious houses, such as St. James's, Duke's Place, in the ancient precinct of the Holy Trinity Priory, and the Savoy; such chapels as those of the King's Bench Prison, the Marshalsea, the Fleet Prison; and such unconsecrated chapels as that of Mayfair.

It was discovered soon after the Restoration that marriages celebrated in these places of worship, since they carried with them a formal contract *per verba in præsenti*, before witnesses, which alone made them valid, and since they were conducted *in facie ecclesiæ*, could not be in any way disputed. Therefore, all those who desired to marry secretly, or hurriedly, or cheaply, began to flock to the churches where these "irregular" marriages were solemnised by the rites of the Church.

In the year 1686, the custom having already become a scandal, an attempt was made to put a stop to it by suspending the minister, or perpetual curate, of St. James's Church, Duke's Place, one Adam Elliot, for three years, for solemnising marriages without banns or licence; but he was able to prove that his church was extra-parochial and therefore the suspension illegal. He then resumed his marriages at the rate of some sixteen couples a day.

All that the people wanted was a chapel of some kind, an ordained clergyman, a prayer-book, the wedding service, a register, and the "marriage lines"—the certificate which proved the wife to be an honest woman.

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[1] *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xv. p. 567.

The clergymen who were prisoners for debt took advantage of this belief. They used the chapels of the Fleet and the King's Bench for the marriage service, and, for a fee of a few shillings or a guinea, or whatever they could get, they married all comers without inquiry and without banns or licence. Nearly 3000 persons were married in the chapel of the Fleet in five months—October 1704 to February 1705. The scandal grew and assumed greater proportions. It was necessary to do something; therefore, in 1712, an Act was passed by which the use of these chapels for marriages was prohibited.

Since they were turned out of the chapel, the clergymen of the Fleet went into the rules outside the prison. Here they put up small chapels or converted rooms in taverns into chapels. They sent out their touts, or "plyers," who walked about Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill and brought in couples to be married. The open scandal of the thing was notorious. Pennant (*History of London*) says that "in walking along the street in his youth on the side next to the prison, he had often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space," he says, "was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."

There is a letter in the *Grub Street Journal* of 1735 which gives an excellent picture of the things which were permitted:—

> "Since midsummer last a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner:—This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the City and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and a black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a-going!' 'The Doctor?' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a mad-house, 'What has the Doctor to do with me?' 'To marry you to that gentleman; the Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go.' 'That gentleman!' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or if she would not he would still have his fee and register their marriage from that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, which, says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, injoining that if ever I married

it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew."

Many of the clergymen went halves with tavern-keepers; after the wedding there was generally a carouse. Some of the officiators in the cassock and gown were not in holy orders at all; some were in the service of the tavern-keepers on a small salary.

But the Fleet was not the only place where these marriages were celebrated. The chapel in Mayfair, the chapel of the Savoy, the Mint in Southwark, the King's Bench Prison rules, were also used for this purpose. In Mayfair Chapel the Rev. Alexander Keith married for some years an average of 6000 couples (or persons?) every year. His advertisement in the *Daily Post* of July 1744 is given by Burn in his history of Fleet weddings:—

"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in Mayfair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner house opposite to the City side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it, and the minister and clerk live in the same corner house where the little chapel is, and the licence on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch" (Sydney, vol. ii. p. 399).

Most of the weddings were those of quite common people. Looking through some of the lists, we find a butcher, a soldier, a tile-maker, a coach-painter, a baker, a mariner, a waggoner, a cordwainer, a smith, and here and there a gentleman.

There are some names, however, which point to histories that one would like to know. Thus Henry Fox, son of Sir Stephen Fox, was married by a Fleet parson to the daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lord Abergavenny married here one Catharine Tatton; Sir John Bloy married Anne Moore; John Bourke, afterwards Viscount Mayo, married Catherine Hamilton; the Honourable John Graydon married Kasandra Tahourdin; the Marquis of Annandale married Charlotta Bempden; Lord Montagu married Harriet Dunch; and so on.

There are fifty-three names of ministers known to Burn, the historian of the Fleet weddings, and fifteen unknown. He also knew of thirty-eight tavern-keepers who were clerks as well.

It was customary at these marriages, not only to give the woman a certificate, but also to enter the marriage in a register. These registers were often mere pocket-books. A great many of them were preserved, and in the year 1821 they were bought up by the Government for preservation. In 1837 they were taken to Somerset House, where they remain to this day.

The registers and pocket-books contain marginal notes, many of which were copied by Mr. Burn for his book on Fleet weddings. These notes show in many cases the reasons why this method of marriage was adopted:—

> "(1) For purposes of secrecy, as when a marriage was solemnised which would have been forbidden by the parents; or when a man of rank married a woman of lower station (see above, the marriage of the Honourable John Graydon and 'Kasandra' Tahourdin).
>
> (2) For purposes of fraud when a real marriage was solemnised, but *ante-dated;* or when a death certificate was bought and a false entry was made and *ante-dated.*
>
> (3) For cheapness. The notes are full of cases in which labourers, sailors, and the like were married and tried to get off without paying anything or stole what they could.
>
> (4) When a woman desired to shift her debts to the shoulders of her husband. Many sailors and soldiers, especially guardsmen, who could not be arrested for debt, were ready to marry and take over any amount for a consideration.
>
> (5) When a woman, as in the case of a certain Quakeress, objected to the ceremonies of the Church and was personated by another woman.
>
> (6) When a woman desired to get rid of her debts by marriage, yet shrank from putting herself into the power of some low ruffian. In the case of one Deborah Nolan the bridegroom was a woman dressed as a man, and calling himself John Ferren, Gentleman. Of course the creditors might look for John Ferren, Gentleman, as long as they pleased.
>
> (7) For shifting the burden of a pauper on another parish, as when the churchwardens of a certain City parish gave 40s. and the expenses of a Fleet wedding to a poor blind fiddler in order to get him and his family settled on Shoreditch parish.
>
> (8) For purposes of abduction, of which there are many cases quoted.
>
> (9) For saving the expenses of the wedding festivities. It was customary in the City to celebrate a marriage by a feast lasting two or three days, in which the family of the bride displayed their wealth by a reckless ostentation of profusion with music, gifts to the poor, and the assemblage of all their relations and all their acquaintances. To avoid this expense, a prudent pair went off together to Fleet Market, were married for a guinea, returned with the certificate of marriage, fell on their knees before the injured parents, who feigned amazement and wrath, but were easily pacified."

The Act introduced by Lord Hardwicke which made banns or licence necessary, and therefore marriage in a church, together with the consent of the parents, so long as the parties were under age, was vehemently opposed. Horace Walpole wrote strongly against it:—

> "It was amazing," he says, "in a country where liberty gives choice, where trade and money confer equality, and where facility of marriage had always produced populousness—it was amazing to see a law promulgated that cramped inclination, that discountenanced matrimony, and that seemed to annex as sacred privileges to birth as could be devised in the proudest, poorest, little Italian principality. . . . The abuse of pre-contracts had occasioned the demand of a remedy; the physician immediately prescribes medicines for every ailment to which the ceremony of marriage was or could be supposed liable. Publication of banns was already an established ordinance, but totally in disuse except amongst the inferior people, who did not blush to obey the law. Persons of quality, who proclaimed every other step of their conjugation by the most public parade, were ashamed to have the intention of it notified, and were constantly married by special licence."

Charles Townshend spoke against the Bill in the House:—

> "I must look upon this Bill as one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man; and if I were concerned in promoting it, I should expect to have my eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town I passed through, for, against such an enemy, I could not surely hope for the protection of the gentlemen of our army."

A Captain Saunders gave as his reason for voting against the Bill the case of sailors, which he illustrated by remarking that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and the whole returned married! And not sailors only, it was carefully pointed out, would be hindered in their endeavours to obtain the comforts of wedlock, but the whole tribe of soldiers, waggoners, stage-coachmen, pedlars, etc.

As for Alexander Keith, he wrote against the Bill—but in vain, for it passed:—

"'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing,' is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March, when we are commanded to read it backwards, and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England."

In conversation he said, "Damn the bishops! So they will hinder my marrying! Well—let 'em! I'll be revenged. I'll buy two or three acres of ground and I'll underbury them all."

On the last day of the old order Keith married nearly a hundred. And in one of the registers there are 217 entries.

CHAPTER VI

FUNERALS

The cheap and unostentatious funeral had, as yet, no advocates. On the contrary, the good people of London made a funeral the occasion for displaying, as much as possible, the respectability and the wealth of the family. No one of any consideration was allowed to be buried until he had had a lying-in-state, for which purpose the house was hung with black; mourners in black scarves, bearing black poles ornamented with black plumes, stood at the door; and the coffin with the lid off, as in Hogarth's funeral scene, was laid in the best room, which was hung with black and lighted by wax candles in sconces. The widow received the visitors in her own bedroom, sitting up in bed. The bed was draped in black; the room was lit by a single taper; the grandchildren stood at the foot of the bed; the white cover was draped in black; and the very soles of the shoes were blacked. After the funeral the chamber of death was closed in memory of the deceased, and kept closed as long as was convenient.

At the funeral the mourners were presented with black scarves and weepers, black cloaks, black gloves, and rings; everybody carried a sprig of rosemary, which was thrown into the grave; and as the funeral was generally conducted at night, the mourners wore long black cloaks, black gloves, and scarves; they carried torches which, after the service, they put out by knocking them on the ground. Many of the London churches kept very handsome velvet palls for the use of the parishioners. The City parishes being very small, it was always possible for the mourners to walk to the church. The procession was headed by one or more beadles; there were sometimes twelve or even more pall-bearers; the pall was adorned by the dead man's coat-of-arms, if he had any; the mourners followed two by two; the church was hung with black; plumes were borne before the coffin; the lights were sometimes carried by hired men. Those who died maids or bachelors had their hearses decorated with white and black; married people with black only. The hearse was painted on the sides; in the case of a maid or a bachelor, the horses were black and white, and the driver was dressed in black and white, while on the hearse nodded black and white plumes.

After the ceremony the friends returned to the house and took supper, with punch and wine. Everybody who knows the City churches has remarked the tablets to the memory of dead and gone citizens. These are sometimes adorned with shields, and enriched with a distich or a quatrain of Latin verse. It is suggested by a satirical visitor that after the death of the head of the house, his sons would obtain a grant of a coat-of-arms from the Earl Marshal—which cost twenty guineas; they would also obtain from the rector of their parish a set of Latin verses in praise of the deceased. Thus they stepped at once into the position of *armigeri*, *i.e.* gentlemen, and their father took rank as a City worthy in praise of whose virtues these verses had spontaneously flowed from the pen of the parish clergyman. Of the pretty custom of hanging garlands in the church on the death of a girl, and such observances, I find no trace in the customs of London.

An engraving, however, of the eighteenth century of the West Front of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, shows a funeral in which the pall-bearers are six girls in white with white caps. The coffin is preceded by two men bearing white plumes. The men wear white scarves and white weepers. The mourners wear black cloaks with white scarves and white weepers. The funeral was therefore one of an unmarried girl.

The expense of funerals continually afforded materials for the essayist, who corresponded with the later leader-writer. Thus, a certain worthy cheesemonger who died in Thames Street was taken to Whitechapel Churchyard in a stately hearse, followed by three mourning-coaches, each drawn by six horses, and accompanied by many hired mourners bearing flambeaux in their hands to dispel the darkness of the night. The hearse, says the essayist, was originally introduced to convey to their family vaults persons of distinction, who had all their lives been used to state and parade. But it is absurd for a tradesman who has trudged on foot all his life to be carried after death, scarce one hundred yards from his own house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such folly is after the manner of the highwayman who sold his body to the surgeons that he might have a mourning-coach and go to the gallows like a gentleman. In the beginning, when the hearse was the exclusive appendage of people of note, it was hung round with escutcheons blazoned with the arms of the deceased, and an "achievement" was affixed to the front of the house to tell the passer-by that sorrow was a guest within. This custom probably derived its origin from the time of the Plague, when a mark was put upon every house visited by the pestilence, and the rich, indulging in "the luxury of woe," introduced a new fashion into the dreary realms of grief. But now the most ordinary plebeian must do the same as his lordly patron and customer; and a tavern-keeper, having lost his wife, stuck up the royal arms, the sign of his hostelry, as a hatchment.

Another ridiculous and ostentatious practice was beginning to prevail—that of putting the whole household into mourning. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leather breeches. Everything must put on a dismal appearance; even the coach must be covered and lined with black, and yet was regularly seen at night awaiting at the door of the opera-house or the theatre. A story, too, is told of a young lady who wore a ring set round with death's-heads and cross marrow-bones, for the loss of her father, and another on the same finger prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. A letter to a relative, though filled with the most frivolous nonsense, must be written on black-edged paper, and sealed with black wax. A friend, ever since the death of his wife, has made use of black sand, and writes with nothing but a crow-quill pen. Even in these trifles the commonalty learned to ape their betters, and grudged them even the distinction of their follies. Both black- and gilt-edged paper were in as great demand in the City as in the more fashionable regions west of Temple Bar. And not only did the citizens treat themselves to mourning-paper; even their shop books were edged with black. An ingenious and enterprising stationer proposed to carry out the conceit to the utmost, and to manufacture mourning-paper on the principle of the paper for amatory epistles, lately introduced from France. As the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers'-knots, little cupids, and amorous posies, in red ink, he proposed that the margin of his paper should be dismally stamped in black ink, with the figures of tombstones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality when in mourning.

CHAPTER VII

SERVANTS

LONDON housewives suffered much at the hands of their servants. They became so exorbitant in their demands, we are told, that their wages, from thirty or forty shillings a year at the beginning of the century, increased to six, seven, or eight pounds per annum. An ordinary tradesman, unless with a very flourishing business, could not afford to keep a servant. The history and progress of the maid-of-all-work in the eighteenth century was this. She came up from the country in the waggon; she was engaged without difficulty at forty or fifty shillings a year; she very soon began to learn her value; she resolved on getting higher wages; she engaged the herb-woman or the chandler-woman—who were the friends of all maid-servants—to find out another place for her; when it was found, she left her mistress; she took the better place with a higher wage; still unsatisfied, she began at once to look out for one still better. Then observe the change in her dress. "Her neat's leather shoes are now transformed into laced ones; her yarn stockings are turned into fine white ones; her high wooden pattens are kicked away for leather clogs; she must have a hoop as well as her mistress; her poor, scanty, linsey-woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one, four or five yards wide at the least. In short, plain country Jane is changed into a fine London madam; can drink tea, can take snuff, and can carry herself as high as the rest."

A lady with far greater plainness of speech than can be here presented, gives the writer whose words I have quoted her own experience with servants. The very language put into the narrator's mouth, which is such as only a man could use, shows the invention of the whole. Suffice it to say, that one was an impertinent liar, another a slattern, a third of violent temper, a fourth a lazy slut, a fifth a clever servant but a thief, a sixth gifted with an incurable tongue, and so on; it is just such a list as would be furnished at the present day by a lady who could not manage her servants, and found faults which she ought to have met and repressed quietly and with tact.

The following advertisement must be taken as sarcastic. It is from *Poor Robin's Intelligence*:—

"A maid-servant to be hired, either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, for reasonable wages. One that is an incomparable slut, and goes all the day slip-shod with her stockings out at heels; an excellent housewife, that wastes more of everything than she spends; an egregious scold, that will always have the last word; an everlasting gossip, that tells abroad whatsoever is done in the house; a lazy trollop, that cares not how late she sits up, nor how long she lies in the morning; and, in short, one that is light-fingered, knowing nothing, and yet pretending to know everything."

The men-servants were certainly a corrective to the pride of the men of rank and wealth. They seem to have been an intolerable nuisance. They demanded their own gallery at the theatre, where they made disturbances and riots so that the piece could not be heard; they would not allow a visitor, especially one who came to ask a favour, into their master's presence without a bribe; they got drunk—in the country the coachman was never allowed to mount the box for the return journey till he was so drunk that he could hardly sit there; they formed a secret company or confederacy with each other; they robbed their masters; they took bribes and perquisites; they were in communication with the shops which pretended to buy kitchen-stuff, bones, grease, etc., and were really receivers of stolen goods; and they demanded vails of every guest that came to the house. When the dinner was over and the company went away, the men-servants stood in a double row, holding out their hands. It was a most monstrous tax. On the custom of giving vails a great deal was written, and all in condemnation of the practice, which was continued simply because people were afraid of their servants. The following is from "Angeloni"—a pretended Italian:—

"I need not write a further comment, or notes, to illustrate the truth of what has been said; to prove that the English nobility and gentry ruin their being well served by a licentious and mistaken habit of suffering their servants to receive money from any other persons but themselves. In fact, the domestic scarce conceives himself the menial servant of him who supplies him with his daily bread and apparel, and in general has very little good-will towards him.

From this one evil habit of giving money to servants, the nobility of no nation appear so mean as the English; my lord looks on whilst his guest discharges the house by paying the servants; and no domestics are in any comparison so insolent and inattentive in their service, because they know that it is not his lordship's hands from which they receive their money."

Every great house maintained a small army of servants. There were my lord's valet, the butler, the hall-porter, the steward, the housekeeper, my lady's maid, for principal servants. There were the footmen who waited at table, climbed on behind the carriage, followed the ladies carrying a pole of office, and stood in readiness in the hall. There were the running footmen, who ran before my lord's carriage dressed in white and carrying white wands; they notified the approach of their master to the innkeeper, and stood one each side of the door to receive him. There were the coachman, the grooms, the gardeners, the cooks, the women-servants—

those of the kitchen, the pantry, the still-room, and the spinning-wheel. In the City the wealthy merchant had his footmen ; the tradesman was followed to church by his apprentice carrying the books. The manners and the morals and the conversation of the servants may be learned, provided allowance is made for exaggeration, in Swift's *Conversations*. There is only one point in which I admire the great man's lackey. It is noticed by a French traveller. He will not allow himself to be "corrected," *i.e.* beaten, by his master. The French lackey condescended to receive a jacketing as part of the work for which he was paid. Not so the Englishman. If his master attempted "correction," very likely he was himself drubbed for his pains.

Gentlemen of the shoulder-knot took the names of their masters, so that it was not uncommon to hear of a company of bishops drinking at a tavern.

CHAPTER VIII

COARSENESS

THE coarseness prevalent in the eighteenth century, the gross indecencies and ribaldry of its songs, of the daily and common talk, makes itself felt in the whole of its literature—in the plays, the poems, the essays, the novels. At the beginning of the century there was very little current literature except the Restoration Plays, which were not extremely edifying. The Rake's Progress and the Harlot's Progress ran side by side at certain points; the progress of both was terribly coarse and gross. But the grossness belonged not only to the poor wretch of a harlot, but to all classes alike. When we read that after dinner the whole of the Guards' mess, from colonel to ensign, turned out to spend the evening at a certain notorious house in St. James's Street; when we find Dr. Johnson welcomed by a lady on the avowed ground that his presence will be a check on the indecent conversation of her husband and his friends; when we read some of the toasts that were given at every gathering; when we look at a certain volume in the Collection of Francis Place; when we consult the unsavoury books of Ned Ward and Tom Brown; when we read how ladies spoke freely of things;—there is nothing left but to confess that of all the centuries which have sinned in this respect—they all have sinned, including our own—the eighteenth century is the worst.

Yet we must not exaggerate. These things belong to the men. They were tolerated and welcomed because the men for the most part kept their own society to themselves apart from the women. They passed, every day, many hours at the tavern, the club, and the coffee-house. The surest and the shortest way to make men brutal is to separate them from the women. I dare say that the poor ladies of the time had much to endure, and constantly heard things which should not have been said. Remember, however, that ladies of the present day must hear things bawled aloud in the street which ought not to be said in their hearing. What happens? They do not hear them; they not only make as if they do not hear them, but the words pass through their brains as a disagreeable object passes before their eyes, making no mark and disappearing. I say that the coarseness of the period was mainly caused by the separation of the men from the women in their natural amusements. It is nothing to the point that there were assemblies, gardens, and places of meeting; the fact remains that the national habits kept the great mass of the men apart from the women every evening in their taverns, coffee-houses, and clubs, and that this separation caused a great deal of the common coarseness. This position is proved by one fact. When the taverns and coffee-houses ceased to be the resort of the better class; when merchants, lawyers, and responsible persons generally, left off frequenting the tavern; when they began to spend the evening in their own homes and in the society of their wives and daughters,—then language purified itself, stories and jests previously laughed at became impossible, the old ribaldry disappeared and found shelter in holes and corners, and society, from the highest to the lowest, became distinctly cleaner and purer in language. I believe, too, under the new influence of women, that it became cleaner and purer in reality. It is true that life became also much duller. The life of the bourgeois suburban resident, the man who goes to a dull, though innocent, home every evening all the year round, is infinitely more dull and monotonous than that of his great-grandfather, whose evenings were spent at the tavern, where every day there was something new said or told, and some new jest to hear.

CHAPTER IX

THE POSITION OF WOMEN

THE position of women in the eighteenth century needs little comment. A few towards the end of the century had already begun to claim equality with men in all respects. Their claim was received either with derision, or with contempt, or with pity, or with a condescending snub, of which the following is a fair example:—

> "The idea of the equality of the sexes is truly ridiculous. Man is the natural protector of woman; and the shade of subordination is so delicate as to be almost imperceptible. Let the fair sex enjoy their privileges, and leave imperial man in possession of his prerogatives. They may believe a friend who begs leave to assure them that Venus appears more amiable encircled with her *cestus*, than Minerva armed with her *helm* and *shield*."

Women, however, had begun, and not without distinction, to appear in the fields of literature. In painting, they could show as yet but one name; in science, none; in music, none; in sculpture, none; in architecture, none. In acting, many and great were the women who showed that in one art, at least, they were the equals of men. In literature, the names of Sarah Fielding, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Catherine Macaulay, Mary Wollstonecraft, Hannah More, and many others, show that women had entered this field not without honour.

In the ranks of working-women were, first, all those—an immense army—who were connected with dress and fashion,—the dressmaker, milliner, and all the rest; there were women also who served in shops, especially shops where gloves and scarves were sold; there were the girls who took the money at the coffee-house; there were women who made fans, artificial flowers, gloves, stays, etc.; there were the domestic servants, washerwomen, and all those who attended to the house and its daily wants; there were the women who sold things in the street. In the houses, even in the town-houses, a great deal more was made than we can quite understand. Even in the town-houses there were housewives who brewed their own beer; there were still spinning-wheels in use; the still-room was in daily use for the making of jam and jelly, pickles, cordials, and strong waters, perfumes, and preserved fruits, and home-made wines. Most of the clothes for the women were made by themselves; they washed at home, the laundress beginning at midnight or very early in the morning; they ironed and "got up" the linen at home; they made their own stockings—the old woollen stockings which could no longer be darned were made into tinder for the tinder-box; in the country, but not, I think, in town, they made their own rush candles; broken things were either mended at home or by the ambulatory smith,—indeed, most of the necessary repairs were executed by the itinerant craftsman in the street: he sat on the doorstep and mended the cane-bottomed chair; he ground the knives and scissors; he soldered the saucepan and "made good" the kettle. For all these wants and work many more servants were required than we now have to maintain: the mystery of housewifery is greatly simplified; there is no longer any pride in placing on the table the home-made jam, or in offering home-brewed beer; when one has to buy everything, there is no longer any responsibility; if things are bad, the purveyor is changed. Formerly the purveyor could not be changed, because she was the wife. In a word, the middle-class woman was a housewife, a mother, and a nurse. She never thought of any work except household work—to make her own livelihood seemed disgraceful; she looked on marriage and maternity and housewifery as the whole end of womanhood; she regarded the single woman as an imperfect creature; and she felt herself inferior to man only in those fields of work by which he made his money.

The ordinary education of girls is illustrated by the following advertisements. Observe that things practical and useful are taught, as well as accomplishments, and the useless arts then considered necessary to mark young ladyhood:—

"Young ladies are compleatly finished in every polite, as well as useful branch of education: viz., French, Music, Dancing, Writing, Fine Work, Plain Work, Child-bed Linen, etc. There is great care taken of their health, a strict regard paid to the improvement of their morals, a very proper method used to make them good housewives. The Shading is taught by the true rule, and the Brussels Lace and Dresden Work done in a new and perfect taste. Any lady may be waited on by sending a line, and inform'd of further particulars. My terms are very reasonable, which I hope will be no objection, as I have had several years' experience, which makes me acquainted with the disposition of all sorts of children, both foreigners and natives; so that I don't fear making an improvement in the most unpolish'd young ladies from any part of the world, to the satisfaction of any parent or disposer of children that will please to favor me with their commands. Parlour Boarders are admitted after 15 years of age. I also take half Boarders."

"To such parents and Guardians as live near Hart's United Academy in Essex Street in the Strand, and Lemon Street, Goodman's Fields:—

Mr. Hart takes this Method to inform them that he has appointed separate Days and Hours on which he teaches Masters and Mistresses to dance (who are under seventeen years of Age), at the Rate of a Guinea Entrance, and a Guinea a

Quarter. And the French Language is likewise taught them on the same terms by a Gentleman who is a Native of Paris and has had a University Education; and such as chuse it may learn the Italian on the same condition; and there is a Harpsichord always kept in order for the convenience of those that learn to play on that instrument. The Days and Evenings of Attendance for the above Purpose on Mondays and Thursdays. Grown Persons continue to be taught Musick, Dancing, Fencing, etc., with as much Privacy and Expedition as can possibly be wished for, without any Connection with the above. The Practising and Assembly Nights continue as usual.

There are back doors to both Academies."

Ladies' work in the eighteenth century depended on their rank and condition of life. If they were rich and noble, they did nothing except play cards and dress; if they were not rich, but only belonged to the better sort, they had many occupations: they made feather-work and shawl-work; they spun wool; they worked in silk; they netted, knitted, and knotted; they cut out paper; they played the harpsichord; they talked scandal.

A fashionable occupation of 1770-80 was pulling the gold and silver threads from epaulettes, lace, tassels, etc. The threads were afterwards sold. The ladies carried their bags in their pockets. Very few of them read anything or knew anything at all about books; they knew, however, all the details about housekeeping; they knew the genealogies of the whole country, and they could describe the coats-of-arms of all their friends in terms of scientific heraldry.

English society in the middle of the eighteenth century seems to have been entirely given over to cards. It is observed that Englishmen are only happy when they are apart from women, and that women are only happy when they are gambling. "Nothing," says an essayist of the time, "is more common than to find gentlemen of family and fortune, who know nothing of the fair sex but what they have collected from the most abandoned part of it, and can scarce reckon a virtuous family among their whole acquaintance." Thus, when such a gentleman found himself sitting next to a lady at dinner, he had nothing to say to her nor she to say to him. Indeed, the low and profligate companions of the man made him as dull in the company of a lady as her constant habit of playing cards made her insipid and stupid. Ladies, chiefly without the company of gentlemen, played cards every evening. The lives of ladies, indeed, were so monotonous and dull that the excitement of cards became necessary for them. A great lady had none of her husband's company except perhaps at dinner: he had his own pursuits, his own friends, often his mistresses as well; he was drunk most nights. The lady, for her part, had no intellectual resources whatever: she read no books; she knew nothing that went on, and cared nothing; her maid dressed her; she had a carriage and four horses—her running footmen before, her hanging footmen behind; she had her town and her country house; her nurse looked after the children; her life was that portentously dull kind of life in which everything is provided and there is nothing left to desire.

Certain sets of ladies met every evening to gamble. They began by putting a shilling for every player under the candlesticks. This offering was not a kind of gift to Lady Fortune, but to the servants; it was supposed to pay for the cards; and as it was renewed every game, there was always a handsome sum at the close of the evening. Some ladies were accused of appropriating the card-money to themselves, an act of meanness strongly denounced.

The term "Blue-stocking," applied to women who pretended to learning, is said to have originated in the appearance of Benjamin Stillingfleet, at a party composed chiefly of ladies, in the grey stockings of morning wear instead of the orthodox black silk for evening. The leader of the Blue-stockings was Mrs. Montagu, who began in the year 1750 to get up evening parties without cards. The eighteenth-century gentlewoman had many admirable points, but she had her faults. In the country she was a perfect housewife, and in household administration she passed her whole time. In town, where there was less to do, she gave up, as we have said, her evenings to cards. High and low, from the duchess to the butcher's wife, they all played at cards whenever they gathered together. Of literature, books, science, art, or any intellectual branch the women of the period knew nothing. Hence the contempt of woman's intellectual powers which began in the last century and is only now disappearing. From this contempt Mrs. Montagu and her friends, among whom Dr. Johnson must not be forgotten, did their best to rescue their sex. Without accomplishing very much by themselves—yet Mrs. Montagu's *Letters* are delightful—they encouraged other women to brave ridicule and to take up studies seriously. They made it possible for Mrs. Barbauld, Hannah More, Lucy Aikin, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Mary Wollstonecraft, Harriet Martineau, and others, to prove that, if women are frivolous and ignorant, it is because their education makes them so, and because men like to think them so. Very possibly the conversations were a little self-conscious and sometimes conducted with an insufficient supply of preliminary knowledge. Yet honour is due to women who could dare to break away from conventionality and to brave ridicule for the sake of raising their self-respect.

As regards the condition of women in the lower class there is little direct information, but a good deal may be learned indirectly. Thus, in the autumn of 1793, when Lord George Gordon died in Newgate, two or three other cases of malignant fever, all of which ended fatally, appeared in the prison. The public mind was greatly alarmed at the time by a recent mortality in the West Indies, due to yellow fever. Dr. Lettsom, therefore, was requested to examine and report upon the condition of Newgate. He found that precautions had been taken. Pitch-barrels were burned every day in the area between the women's yard and the state side-court and on the staircases, while the rooms were washed and aired and sprinkled with vinegar. In the women's sick-ward were six cases of fever, besides that of a woman who had died in the night. On the women's side there were 95; a few days before there had been 200; the proportion of sick, therefore, was not large. On the common side, where there were 250 prisoners, there was not a single case of fever. The recommendations made by the learned physician do not concern us here; but the light which he throws on the condition of the poor wretches lying in the prison is valuable. They were, for the most part, the very dregs of the population; half of them were clad in rags insufficient and unwashed. The women especially were miserably provided: they had neither shoes nor stockings; they had no ideas of personal cleanliness; they slept on beds provided by themselves and thrown upon the floor in a filthy condition, and never moved or ventilated or cleaned. Obviously, as they came into the prison, so they went out of the prison. The lower classes of the women therefore went barefooted, and went all the year round in rags which were never washed; personal cleanliness was unknown; they slept on beds thrown upon the floor; the beds were never cleaned, and swarmed with vermin.

I have found a great many cases during the century of women who chose to pass for men, sometimes for their whole lives. I have copied out a few of these, not all belonging to London. The frequency of the thing makes one inclined to think that it was a common practice. The life of a sailor at sea was rough, but it was infinitely preferable to the life of Poll and Moll on shore.

In April 1793 there died in an outhouse at Worcester a well-known pedlar who had been on the road for many years. Just before his death the pedlar told his landlady that he was a woman in disguise, and that his name was Fanny. She had been active in the riots of 1780, and, being afraid of arrest and trial, she assumed the dress of a man, which she continued to wear.

Two women lived together at Poplar for thirty-six years, nominally as man and wife, one of them dressed in a man's coat, woollen cap, and blue apron. They kept a public-house, the White Horse. On the death of the supposed wife, the other woman retired from the business. She had served every office in the parish except that of churchwarden, which she was going to serve the next year. Shortly after her retirement the woman brought an action against one William Barwick for blackmailing her. He knew the secret of her sex, and got money out of her by threatening to reveal the truth. He was convicted and sentenced to stand four times in pillory and to endure four years' imprisonment.

Among the cases on record of this difficult transformation, the following is perhaps the most curious and the most amazing. The girl was the daughter of a woman living at Smithfield. She had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a man who seduced her, and then, to avoid pursuit and discovery, dressed her up like a boy. With him she continued for a twelvemonth, when they separated. She then went on board ship and sailed on a voyage for twelve months, doing all the duties of a common sailor without the least suspicion. She then bound herself to a Mr. Angel, painter, in the Green Walk, near Paris Garden stairs. Here she made the acquaintance of a girl called Mary Parlour, whom she married in October 1766. The wife pawned her clothes for the maintenance of this strange husband. After her marriage the so-called Samuel Bundy entered on board the *Prince Frederick* of Chatham, but ran away on account of the great number of hands on board; she then went on board a merchantman, but ran away from that because she could not keep away from her beloved wife. Indeed, there was the greatest love and friendship in both for each other.

Large numbers of women who enlisted in the army volunteered for the navy. In one case a woman in the Marines was sentenced to 500 lashes, and actually received 400 before the officers begged her off. Yet her sex was not discovered. In another case a woman was found out by being tied up for two dozen lashes. They always made good soldiers and sailors, and were never discovered by their comrades. In many cases they enlisted in order to look after a sweetheart.

Another singular case is that of a woman who succeeded her father as sexton and grave-digger of the parish; dug the graves herself; would never frequent the society of women; spent her evenings with the men in the taproom; talked, drank, took tobacco, and swore like them. She wore a man's coat and cap, short hair, a woman's skirt, and man's boots.

In September 1815, H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte*, 110 guns, was paid off. Among her crew was a negress who had served as a seaman in the navy for eleven years, passing by the name of William Brown. She was actually captain of the foretop, and she is reported to have been handsome and active.

Another of the women who followed the drum was one named Christian Cavenaugh, or, afterwards, Mother Ross. Her father was a man of some means, a brewer and maltster of Dublin, who, though a Protestant, lost his fortune by the battle of the Boyne, and his life soon after by grief. Christian, after a beginning which promised much for the future, found an asylum with an aunt who kept a public-house in Dublin. Here on her aunt's death she married the waiter, and had by him three children. He was kidnapped and carried off to Holland, where he had to enlist as a private soldier. When the wife heard what had happened, she placed her children under the care of her brother, dressed herself as a man, enlisted as a private soldier, and went out in search of her husband. She fought at the battle of Landen, where she got a wound in the ankle; was made prisoner by the French and taken to Saint Germain-en-Laye, where she stayed till she was exchanged. On her return she quarrelled with a sergeant in her regiment over a girl; a duel followed, in which she wounded her antagonist. After this, her relations were able to get her discharge, to escape the consequence of this encounter. She then, however, enlisted in another regiment. At Donauworth she received a bullet in the hip, but escaped discovery. After the battle of Hochstadt she found her husband, who was making love to a Dutchwoman. The wife, discovering herself, reproached him with this infidelity, and pointed out that he must not think of her as his wife so long as the war lasted.

She went through the battle of Ramillies, and had her skull fractured, in the treatment of which her sex was discovered. She was then reconciled to her husband, and was permitted first to cook for the regiment and afterwards to become sutler. Her husband was shortly afterwards killed in battle, and a few weeks later she found consolation with one Hugh Jones, a grenadier. She was now a marauder as well as a sutler, and ranged over the field of battle after every encounter, searching and stripping the dead. At one of the many sieges she lost her second husband. She then returned to England, and presented a petition to Queen Anne setting forth that she had served in the Earl of Orkney's regiment for twelve years, had received several wounds, and had lost two husbands in the service. The Queen gave her a bounty of £50 and a pension of one shilling a day. She went to Dublin, set up a pieshop, and married a third time, again a soldier; once more she joined the barracks as sutler, and so continued till her husband was admitted to Chelsea Hospital, where she lived with him until her death in 1739. She was buried in Chelsea Hospital with military honours.

As regards the rough work done by women of the lower classes, it is difficult to arrive at facts, because there was little curiosity felt about these women. Considering, however, the cases in which they successfully personated men in the army and the navy, the allusion to their fighting with fists like men, the stories of the Billingsgate women, the accounts of the riverside women, and other indications, it may be judged that a great deal of the roughest work was done by them. One industry seems to have been entirely in their hands—that of market-gardening. All round London there were market-gardens for the supply of the town with vegetables and fruit; these gardens were tilled and cultivated by women, the fruit was carried to the markets in baskets on the heads of women, it was cried in the streets by women, and the women so employed were known by the name of "codders." Like the ladies of Billingsgate, they were endowed with great gifts of speech and powers of repartee, and, like these ladies, they carried on a perpetual exchange of compliments with the passers-by.

The universal presence of the courtesan through the whole of the century has been already noticed. The laws against her toleration were most sharp and severe. In theory she could not exist. If she was found in the streets at night, she was taken to the roundhouse; thence to the magistrate; thence to Bridewell, where she was whipped and imprisoned. If she was found at a public place of resort, she was bundled off to Bridewell; if she was found in a lodging-house, the landlord was fined and imprisoned. Yet she flourished, she continued, she increased. For she was never fined, never imprisoned, never whipped, except when she had sunk to the lowest level, where the unfortunate creatures could not command toleration.

First, she bribed the watch; then, if necessary, she bribed the constable; thirdly, she bribed the magistrate. At the concert, at the dance, at the suburban garden, she flocked in troops and multitudes; she turned innocent pleasure into an orgy, and dragged the trail of her conversation across the decorous talk of the citizen's wife and daughter. If she was to be prosecuted, some one would have to inform. The informer offered himself to be bought off. She could not be turned out of her lodgings, however disorderly they were, because the landlord squared the beadle for her, and the beadle shut his eyes and closed his ears. She was all day long, as well as all night, in evidence; she met the stage-coaches with smiles of welcome; she smiled in resplendent attire at open windows; she walked about the public gardens; she was not in the least repressed by law or by public opinion. In new neighbourhoods she found a place of retreat, of sure and undisturbed retreat; in fact, she was always the first tenant in a new neighbourhood. Not that she was by any means unknown in older parts of the town; there were whole streets entirely occupied by her and her friends—such as Exeter Street, Strand. As for the poor wretches hurried off to Bridewell, they were only the lowest and the most miserable, who could not bribe the watch or pay blackmail to the constable.

We complain of this lamentable person at the present day. From time to time the cry uprises of those who are indignant and those who are pitiful; of those who would protect the young; of those who would keep the streets clean; of those who would make the strange woman impossible. Then silence falls again; for the woman defies philanthropy and religion, pity and indignation, the laws of man and the Law of God. It seems as if nothing can be done.

Reform in this direction will be, in fact, only possible when the general voice and consent of men—not of some men and all women, but of all men—is found on the side of reform. If only half the men desire such a reform, it will not be possible; if only three-fourths of the men desire such a reform, it will not be possible; because in a large population even a small fraction of the incontinent will render public virtue impossible. It is, however, certain that things are far better now than they were in the century we are considering; that London in this respect is far more orderly, and perhaps more virtuous, than it was forty years ago; that it was then far more orderly than it had been towards the close of the eighteenth century. The night-houses, the haunts of the lost woman and her friends, were then open all night long; the streets were filled with these poor creatures; in every thoroughfare they swarmed; they lurked in the courts and narrow lanes; they gathered under the open windows with their loud and shameless ribaldry. We have seen that they did this with impunity, and why. Yet it was not without remonstrance from those who led public opinion—from the clergy and from the men of letters. I have before me a tract on the subject complaining of the condition of the streets about the Strand. The writer begins by asking whether the man ought not to be punished for this offence as much as the woman; whether the man ought not to be held up to shame as much as the woman; whether, at all events, men innocent or guilty should not do all in their power to reform and to restore the unhappy victim of man's ungoverned lust. He quotes Dr. Johnson on the subject. The Doctor says, roundly, that "no irregular intercourse ought to be allowed between the sexes"—but he does not tell us how to stop it. He says that "laws, severe laws, steadily enforced," would be enough—but he does not tell us how to enforce these laws. Strange, that in a century when laws of all kinds were passed, only to be evaded and ignored, this great philosopher should still place so much reliance on the law. He quotes Paley, who also speaks strongly on the subject. He shows how this vice, in man, prepares the way for all others, indisposes the mind for intellectual and religious pleasures, and depraves the moral character more than any other. He makes a strong point, however, when he shows how it militates against marriage, and quotes another author to show that "bad women multiply the seduction of youth, more rapidly than bad men seduce modest women."

He proceeds to point out the inconveniences from their appearance in the streets; how they not only attract and lead astray young men, but also gather together pickpockets and thieves. The rest of the article is commonplace. He mentions, however, the society newly formed for the reform of the fallen, that called the "Forlorn Female Fund of Mercy." I have no other information concerning the Fund except that a written note in my copy of the tract speaks of twelve women as having been reformed in that year—which year?—by means of the Fund. The Magdalen Hospital, now removed to Streatham, has room for 138 women. It was founded in 1758.

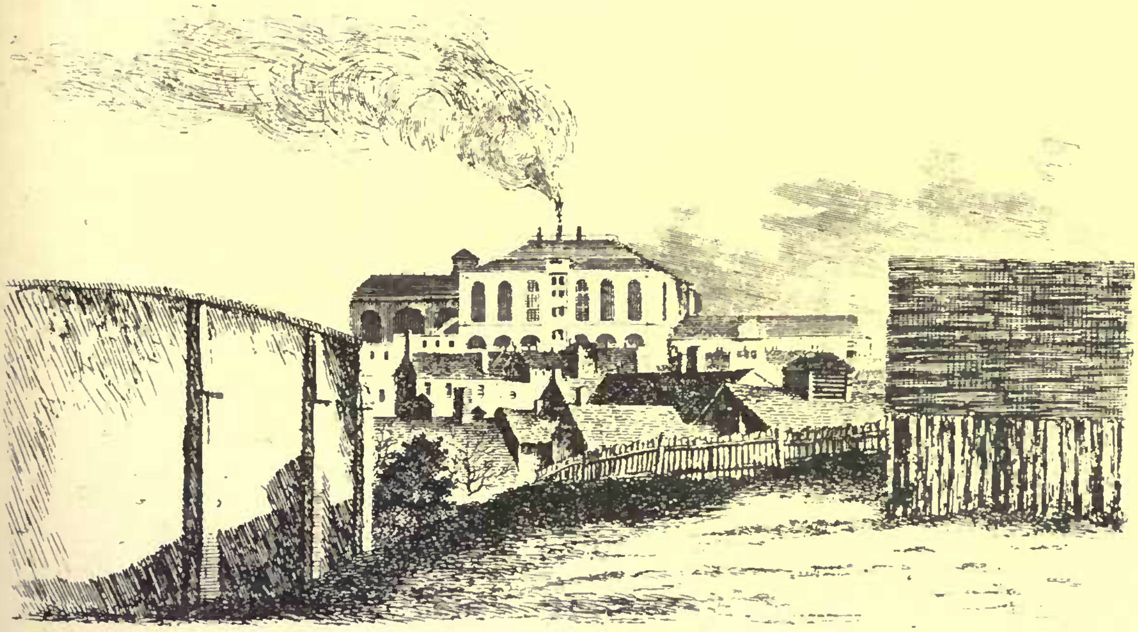
We read so much about disorderly houses, dancing-places, and resorts of the worst company, that we are fain to ask what was the use of the Act of Parliament which forbade any such houses without a licence. The answer is simply that, without information laid, evidence offered, and formal proof, nothing could be done. Sir John Fielding, it is true, suddenly visited one place, seized all the people there, sent the women to Bridewell and the men to prison. But he was the only strong magistrate of his time. The Act was evaded in many ways. The disorderly house offered pretended concerts for charitable objects; the people paid for admission on the pretence of benefiting the charity: if it was a dancing-crib of a notorious and disorderly kind, it called itself a school, and the people who went there were the pupils. Another and a better way was to bribe the authorities. How else did the "Dog and Duck" and the "Apollo Garden" in St. George's Fields, or the "Cave" of Highgate, continue so long?

Among the societies of London, now more than thirty in number, which attempt the work of rescue and reform, two only belong to the eighteenth century; the rest were all founded in the nineteenth century, twenty at least since the year 1850. The hospitals, however, and especially the Lock Hospital, founded in 1746, have always worked in the direction of rescue and reform. Law, societies, hospitals are only alleviations, not remedies; the only true remedy is the restraining force of united public opinion. I cannot believe that the strenuous efforts of certain very well-meaning people have hitherto done much to influence public opinion. Education of the higher kind, such as is only beginning to be understood; that which breaks away from the schools and pushes aside examinations, which gives the mind occupation, provides healthy recreation, brings the sexes together under the electric light, which teaches that love is the one thing desirable, which encourages the young people to look forward to marriage as the first and greatest prize that any conceivable order of society can offer;—this, which is the education of the nation and hope of the individual, this alone will gradually reduce the terrible evil under which all great cities groan and suffer and are heavy laden. It is a most hopeful sign that this kind of education has begun to be understood. There is another hopeful sign. I have stated that the condition of London, at least, is greatly improved in this respect since the eighteenth century, and that the improvement has been most marked during the last thirty years. I have made on this subject such inquiries as one can make who is neither a physician nor a woman. Now, the opinion of those who have had opportunities of studying the question, as to the reasons and causes which drive women to take up this mode of life, is that necessity or want of food is never the cause; nor is it, as the eighteenth century was never tired of preaching, seduction. It is either inclination—the desire to take the easier way and to get out of the groove of laborious work,—or it is, at first, the desire to supplement poor wages and to get the means of better dress and greater comfort. This theory, if it is true, is hopeful. It increases our pity for the poor creatures; it increases, in a way, one's respect for woman. It shows us that if we can make the lives of the working-girls brighter and happier for them, if we can give them clubs and places of recreation in which the spirit of self-respect is dominant, and friends who are filled with that spirit, the temptation which even now is met, at first, with horror, may never arise at all. As for seduction, I believe that the man who, in the old books, laid himself out for the systematic seduction and desertion of girls has now become a very, very rare creature. One's hope, therefore, is not in laws, nor in policemen, nor in prisons, nor in fines, nor in the breaking up of a den here which is opened next day in another place. It lies in the newly born sense of responsibility of the higher towards the lower class, in the thought and care which thousands of ladies now take for their lowlier sisters, in the happier and brighter lives which are now open to them, in the protection afforded by the friendship of those ladies, the influence of their own companions, and the growing force of public opinion, which, by restraining young men, removes the temptation from girls. Now, few, if any, of these influences were at work in the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER X

FOOD AND DRINK

THE breweries of London in 1760 turned out 35,107,812 gallons of beer. If we take Maitland's estimate of three-quarters of a million for the number of inhabitants, we shall have about 47 gallons a head of beer produced for the citizens of London. But if we allow for infants, boys, and girls, we get 70 gallons a head. And if we suppose that the men drank as much again as the women, we have 100 gallons a head for the men and 40 for the women. And this I take to be a very probable amount. For 100 gallons a head is not much more than a quart a day, and the working classes certainly drank a great deal more than a quart a day.



MEUX'S BREWHOUSE (built about 1796)

From a print published in 1808 by J. P. Malcolm.

The dreadful drunkenness, of which we must presently speak more fully, which prevailed all through the century, must be acknowledged to have belonged far more to the upper and lower classes than to the bourgeois and merchants, although even among these there was too much drinking. The sleek faces and fat figures of the eighteenth-century portraits speak of little exercise and much meat and drink; the early deaths of so many statesmen, generals, and noblemen point to the same cause; while we read of such hard drinkers as William Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Eldon, Stowell, and many others, with amazement. They could drink their six bottles. Is there a man now living who could drink his six, or even his three, bottles of port? Lower down, the drink was rum. Even with the citizen who did not get drunk, punch taken at his club was the usual evening drink; but I imagine that the punch brewed at the tavern was not always a very strong compound. At home, the housewife brewed her home-made wines—cowslip, raspberry, currant, ginger wine,—which were offered to visitors. Sometimes a cordial was produced, also made at home. In the early years of the century, when the ladies took tea, they counteracted any bad effect from it by taking a dram of cordial or strong waters after it. Beer remained the national drink, morning, noon, and night; and this, although the lower classes for a time went hankering after the Destroyer of Man, the drink called Gin. I think that the beer grew stronger as the century went on. The small-beer, which was perfectly innocuous, and by its sour taste, like cider, gave the drinker that grip of the throat which he liked, became much like our mild ale; while the black beer, the stout or porter, was certainly very much stronger than the small-beer of old. But in every house in the country, and at many in town, there was home-brewed ale; and we may be very sure that the thrifty housewife was not going to provide strong beer for her children and her maids.

One carries away from the various sources of information a general impression that the eighteenth century was a time in which men and women ate a great deal; that the habit of eating largely was universal; and that there was everywhere a great plenty. It was a thriving time: trade was extending daily in all directions; the merchant, the tradesman, the craftsman, all classes joined in the general prosperity. Even in a thieves' den we find the frequenters having a roast leg of pork, roast fowls, a leg of mutton, roast goose, and wild ducks for their supper: the profusion shows that the standard of living was high in the class from which these people came; they knew, at least, what good cheer meant.

What we should expect, on being invited, say, in 1760, to a dinner in London, would be a profusion of excellent things all put on the table at once. There was a great deal of the useless and unmeaning ceremony which belonged to the time; the hostess pressed food upon her guests; it was bad manners to refuse; compliments were expected as to the excellence of the dishes; children and young people sat mute. The meats were served with more seasoning and stuffing than at present; the puddings were, we should now consider, far too sweet. A love for sweet things still remained a characteristic of English cookery: the folk did not, as in former times, pour honey over roast mutton, nor did they fill the cup of sack with sugar; but they still loved sweet things.

The dinner of the eighteenth century, so far as the food was concerned, appears at first sight to have been very much like our own dinner. If we examine a little more closely, however, we shall find very great differences. Thus, with the better sort in the City the dinner-time was generally at four; at the West End it was at five, or say any time after five, for it was a movable feast. The dinner of the wealthy people consisted of solid joints, pies of all kinds, fowls, turkeys, geese, and game, with puddings. When there was soup or fish it was not served separately: everything was put on the table at once; the same plate served for the pigeon-pie first and the roast veal afterwards. The table was not decorated with flowers; the wine was not set upon the table before each person. Holinshed remarks that in his time the wine or ale was not set on the table in pots or cruses, "but each one calleth for a cup of such as he listeth to have, or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivereth the cup again to some one of the bystanders, who making it clean, restoreth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same."

This custom was observed at banquets, if not in private houses, throughout the eighteenth century. A writer in 1790 notes the fact that it has only lately become the fashion to put the wine on the table during meal-time, and that the new custom was then very far from being general. In Hogarth's picture of the City Feast there is no wine on the table; one of the guests is drinking from a cup, and the attendant waits behind.

The guests helped themselves to what was before them; they drank wine formally to each other; they shovelled green peas into their mouths with the assistance of the knife, because the two-pronged fork was of no use; they gnawed and sucked the bones of birds; they rinsed their mouths after dinner out of water-bowls. In the summer they retired to the garden for dessert and wine. There was very little drinking of wine during dinner; all kinds of wine were used, but port alone after dinner.

There was a certain amount of observance of Lent, especially among the clergy; but the practice of fasting or abstinence from any meat food gradually went out, even with the clergy. At different seasons there were dishes to mark the day: roast lamb was served at Easter; gooseberry-pie at Whitsuntide; goose at Michaelmas; brawn, turkey, mince-pies, plum-porridge, which afterwards became plum-pudding, at Christmas.

One who has looked at Mrs. Glass's wonderful book on Cookery, and has reflected upon the variety and wealth of dishes which then graced the board, would not lightly approach the subject of food. Yet there are a few *plats*, favourites with the people, which may be noticed. Sage tea, for instance, with bread-and-butter, is no longer taken for breakfast; and some of the following dishes have disappeared:—

hasty pudding, made of flour and water boiled together, to which dabs of butter and spoonsful of brown sugar were added when it was poured out of the pot—no one now ever sees sugar quite so brown as that which the West Indies used to send over a hundred and fifty years ago. Onion pottage has assumed the more complex form of soup. A bean tansy was once universally beloved. There are two forms of it: in the first, after bruising your beans you put them in a dish with pepper, salt, cloves, mace, the yolks of six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and some slices of bacon; this you baked. The other form was when you mixed beans, biscuits, sugar, sack, cream, and baked all in a dish with garnish of candied orange-peel.

For those who dined at the tavern or a cook-shop, the facilities and the choice were great in number and various in quality. A young man in the early days of the century could "dive"—that is, take his food in a mixed company of footmen out of place, chairmen, and so forth—for threepence-halfpenny. Or he might take a sausage at a "farthing fry"; or he might go to an ordinary, where he paid from sixpence to a shilling for a very good dinner. Johnson used to dine for sevenpence. After dinner, he repaired to a coffee-house with the air of a man who had dined pleasantly and copiously. The dinner-hour varied from one to four in the City. It grew gradually later.

The following notes are taken from a certain practical *Art of Cookery*:—

"Gooseberries were served with mackerel; fennel with crab, lobster, and salmon. Pickled mangoes were already in use with potargo, another West Indian pickle.

'What Lord of old would bid his cook prepare
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Cavare?'

Quince was first introduced into apple-pie—a most admirable invention—by one Trotter. Requiescat! Lettuce was eaten to induce sleep; pie-crust was very rightly supposed to cause seriousness—for that reason let us forswear it. Squat-pie was indigenous to Cornwall, white-pot to Devon, beans and bacon—food for kings—to Leicester. A boar's head was graced with sweet rosemary and bays, and an orange or a pippin was stuck in his mouth.

'Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras the wine;
Wassail the Bowl with ancient Ribbands fine;
Porridge with Plumbs and Turkeys with the Chine.'

Currants were served with veal, and honey was still sometimes poured over beef; but, says my authority, these customs are changed since we have discovered the flavour of rocombolic, shalot, and garlic. We must, however, says the poet, have patience with the failings of the cook.

'Good nature must some Failings overlook,
Not Wilfulness, but Errors of the Cook.
A String won't always give the Sound design'd
By the Musician's Touch and Heavenly Mind.

Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the Dish,
Or no fryed Parsley scattered o'er the Fish.
Shall I in passion from my Dinner fly,
And Hopes of Pardon to my Cook deny
For Things which Carelessness might oversee,
And all Mankind commit as well as he?'"

Tea, as a luxury, made its way very rapidly; as a necessary of life, very slowly and against the most vehement opposition. In 1745 the *Female Spectator* declares that tea is the bane of housewifery, the destruction of economy, and the source of idleness. In 1753 we are told that country-people keep tea, but "as they seldom offer it but to the best company," less than a pound will last them for a twelvemonth. Jonas Hanway hated tea. In 1757 four millions of pounds were imported, but a great many men still refused to take it.

In the time of William and Mary a duty of 5s. a pound was imposed. The tea-duties continued for a long time to be very heavy: they amounted at one time to cent per cent. As a natural consequence, two-thirds of the tea used in this country was landed by smugglers; and just as the justices of the peace scrupled not to drink brandy which they knew to be smuggled, and remained on friendly terms with men whom they knew to be concerned with gangs of smugglers, so their ladies drank tea, bought lace, and wore silk dresses, all of which they knew to be smuggled.

The growth in the demand for tea, and the growth of tea-drinking, from 1728 to 1833, is illustrated by the facts that in the former of these two years the average price per pound was 32s. 6d., and the quantity imported was 1,493,626 lbs.; and in the latter year the price was from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d., when the amount imported was 31,829,620 lbs.

For a hundred years there was waged a fierce fight over the taking of tea. There is before me a pamphlet dated 1758, on *The Good and Bad Effects of Tea*, in which the author, though he recognises the extent of tea-drinking, deplores the consequences. In fact, he overestimates the extent when he says that "prevalent custom hath introduced it into every cottage, and my gammer must have her tea twice a day." The importation of tea into this country was no more than five or six millions of pounds a year, which was by no means enough to go round every cottage after providing the tables of the better class.

The tea-table was denounced as an extravagance—certainly tea at 30s. a pound was not a cheap luxury. Dr. Johnson defended the drinking of tea, but not for the lower classes, because it contains no nourishment for the body. Some writers endeavoured to substitute sage tea as being more wholesome and much cheaper than China tea. Other drinks were set up as rivals: saloop, an infusion of sassafras; chocolate, which has never become a popular drink; coffee, which has been the most formidable rival to tea, but cannot compare with it for popularity; and of late years, cocoa. Tea remains the queen of those drinks "that cheer but not inebriate."

In the year 1722 Mr. Humphrey Broadbent of London, coffeeman, put forth a pamphlet called *The Domestick Coffeeman*, in which he showed the true way of making chocolate, coffee, tea, and other drinks. He says that, whatever is said, tea has but two sorts, Green and Bohea. He stands up for tea, as indeed he must, the purveying of tea being his trade. Quoting one Schröder, he enumerates the properties of the herb:—

> "It is to dissipate or drive away the thinnest humours: whence it follows, that in all cases where any persons are affected with *Rheums*, and thin and moist humours, it is to good purpose used, whether to preserve from or cure them of the same, especially in those distillations of humours which are called *Catarrhs*, from whence proceed infirmities of the head and breasts, running of the eyes, heaviness of the head, noise in the ears, shortness of breath, palpitations of the heart, etc. 'Tis also useful for weak stomachs, and want of digestion; in the weakness of the Joynts; it is also serviceable in the Gout. In short, the inhabitants of *China* who use it much, are free from Diseases of the Joynts and Reins; to sum up all, it is esteemed the great *Corroborator* of human strength, preserving from all accidents which proceed from ill air, to which purpose divers Embassadors residing in those parts use it in the morning. This herb is prodigiously used and esteem'd by most people of our own country, and deserves great recommendations, it being admirably grateful to the smell and taste, and carries an agreeable roughness along with it into the stomach; it is a very gentle astringent and very requisite to a good digestion: its use after dinner, or eating, is of very great service in assisting digestion, in preventing the uneasiness which usually attends a full or weakly stomach; it is accounted one of the best, pleasantest, and safest herbs that was ever introduced into food or medicine; in the frequent use of which persons generally enjoy a constant health; it is best in the morning and after dinner, and not so good at night (except on purpose to keep you awake), because it is said to enable a person to continue a long time wakeful."

Dr. Lettsom (1772) wrote on the habit of tea-drinking. He says that the long and constant use of tea, as a part of our diet, makes us forget to inquire whether it has any medicinal properties. He confesses that some persons have taken it from infancy to old age without any bad consequences. These are the very strong. Those less robust find themselves fluttered and shaky after a tea breakfast; often have sickness and disorder of the stomach after a dish of tea. It causes weakness and debility of the system; a trembling hand; it drives people to drink spirits; while the poor, in throwing away their money on the herb, entail debility and wasting in their children.

The manners of the tea-table were regulated by strict rules. When a lady finished her cup she tapped it with a spoon as a sign of the fact, when it was the pleasure and the duty of the gentlemen to relieve her of the cup. If she desired no more she turned the cup over in the saucer.

> "Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what? Your cup
> Turned in your saucer, bottom up!
> Dear me, how soon you've had your fill!"

Let us leave tea and turn to other articles of a less harmless nature.

The drink called punch, in its various forms, plays so large a part in the literature of the eighteenth century, that it is necessary for us to understand exactly what it meant.

Common punch made on a large scale for a company was compounded in the following manner:—three dozen lemons peeled; two pounds of lump sugar; boiling water poured over these; the lemons cut and squeezed; the kernels taken away; then more boiling water poured over the lemons; three quarts of sherbet, one pint of brandy, and one of rum.

If gin punch was made, gin was used instead of brandy and rum. A glass or two of blackberry whisky or black-currant whisky was added.

"Quack" punch was made by adding two pods of sweet tamarinds to each bowl.

"Oxford" punch was made with cherry brandy.

"Rumfustian" was composed of twelve eggs whisked; a quart of strong beer; a pint of gin; a bottle of sherry; with nutmeg, sugar, and rind of lemon.

Milk punch contained for each bowl two quarts of water, one quart of milk, one quart of rum, and two quarts of brandy, with the lemons and spirits as before.

For a bad cold the remedy was a pepper posset. You took a dozen corns of pepper and an equal weight of allspice; you put them into a pint of milk and let it simmer; you then put in a gill of sherry, and boiled the whole.

As a provocative to drink, a turkey's gizzard sliced and rubbed with cayenne pepper was found the best thing possible.

The popular drinks were beer, "bub"—Christian bub, excellent bub, mighty bub, "humming bub"—affectionate for ale. Cordials: sweet apple, twopenny, punch, gin, egg flip, gill ale, stout, brandy, rum of Barbadoes, stocky, half-and-half, cider, cherry beer, amber beer, mild beer, purl, old Pharaoh, knock-me-down, humtie-dumtie, stipple, shouldree, rum shrub, possets of many kinds and cups of many kinds.

There were then, as now, many kinds of ale; the most famous were the ales of Oxford, Wales, Burton, York, Nottingham, and Derby.

The *Vade Mecum for Malt Worms*, which is a guide to the taverns for the early eighteenth century, is a slangy book, and, as might be expected, tolerably coarse. When you settle down for an evening of drink, you "fly your kite"; the tavern is a "Fuddling School"; drink is *rum bouse*, *strong bouse;* the *Hissing Road of Gutter Lane* explains itself; the "Props" are the principal customers—here named; a big drink is a *double dabber;* good food is good *peck;* and so on.

Some were houses of resort to various trades and professions. Thus, porters and carmen frequented the White Lion, Gracechurch Street; stock-jobbers met at the White Horse in Castle Alley; at the Woolsack in Foster Lane were found lawyers and physicians, besides a lower class of tradesmen; at St. Paul's Chapter House, booksellers and printers struck their bargains. Lawyers also frequented the Hell at

Westminster. There were tradesmen's clubs which met once a week, and once a year the members had an outing with their wives and families in the country. At the King's Head, Spitalfields, there were gardens and arbours.

> "On Tuesday nights here gentry do commence,
> Skilled in the noble art of self-defence,
> Learn how to make a parry and a thrust;
> To all the rules of taverns truly just."

On Fridays they had at the tavern a minstrel club. The Harp, or the Welsh Harp, Chancery Lane, was frequented by Welshmen.

The two principal vices of a century which practised them all, perhaps with greater avidity than its successor, were drinking and gambling. It is difficult to say which of the two was the more fatal or the more widely spread. Probably the former would claim the larger following and the more numerous victims. In the City every kind of business was transacted at the tavern, and nothing was concluded without a bottle. The morning draught was common in the early part of the century, though it vanished later on; the men who dined together sat down early and rose up late. The higher one mounted in rank the more one drank; almost every member of the Royal Family except the King drank heavily. Port and punch were the principal drinks of the upper classes. It was considered bad form not to leave the feast half-drunk, at least.

Mr. Humphrey Broadbent, quoted above, mentions many other drinks; among them is gill ale, made by the infusion of ground ivy in strong ale. Put in your ivy dry and add a little horse-radish.

There were also Dr. Butler's Ale, Dr. Quincey's Ale, and Scurvy Grass Ale—all extremely popular as medicines; no doubt with the additional recommendation that while you were being cured you were also getting drunk. I will quote the second only:—

"Take bettony, sage, agrimony, garden scurvy grass, common wormwood; of each three handfuls: roots of alicampane and horse-radish; of each four ounces; mix; put in a bag; hang them in four gallons of new ale while it works."

Alum was another famous drink. It is bewildering in its comprehensiveness; it demanded seventeen different herbs to make it well.

Dr. Stewart's Water, "the same which but lately kept the Archbishop of Canterbury alive so long," contained twenty ingredients worked up in a "limbeck" and distilled.

The cordials recommended are cinnamon-water, arrack, rosa solis, lemon-water, orange-water, and "Usquebaugh," which was not Scotch whisky at all, but a preparation of *aqua vitæ*, liquorice, cloves, raisins, mace, and ginger.

Early in the eighteenth century there appeared, unnoticed at first, but rapidly growing and developing, a new and very threatening habit among the common people of London, viz. the drinking of gin, a spirit brought over, it is believed, by King William's people, and previously unknown to London. The time was not given to study or to watch with jealousy the manners and customs of the people. They had to work; they must not be allowed to combine; they must not be allowed to assemble; they must be kept down: what they did while they were down and out of sight and quiet, nobody cared. Presently, however, rumours began to spread that the people were seized with a new appetite. They craved insatiably and continually for a drink which afforded an intoxication more rapid, more complete, and more destructive than the simple beer on which the Londoner had got drunk from time immemorial. This new drink robbed the working-man of his skill and dexterity; it made his hand shake; it took away his strength, his will, his natural affections. For the sake of the gin-shop he pawned his tools, neglected his work, deserted his children; his wife, falling into the same insatiable thirst, sold the household goods and sent the children into the streets to starve. Everywhere the gin-shop appeared; at the corner of the street stood the stall where the women sold gin; it was so cheap that, according to Smollett, a man could get drunk on a penny and dead drunk on twopence. In the suburbs of London alone, not including the City, there were more than 7000 retailers of gin; everywhere the drunken people lay about on the pavements, in the road, in the cellars. Nor was the demand for gin confined to the lowest class: it spread upwards among the more responsible people, until it was feared that the whole nation would before long be destroyed by this pernicious habit.

The country was at length awakened to the danger that threatened: the Middlesex magistrates (March 1736) invited the attention of the House and asked for legislation. And legislation followed—such legislation as should be an abiding lesson for all those who think it possible to convert the people to ways of virtue by legislation. In a Committee of the whole House, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, moved certain resolutions to the effect that the cheapness of gin was the chief inducement to the extravagant use of it; that it ought only to be sold by persons licensed and paying a large sum for these licences, and that it ought to be loaded with a heavy duty. The resolutions were followed by an Act which granted licence to sell gin only on payment of £50 per annum, and laid a duty of 20s. a gallon on gin. Infraction of the law was to be punished by a fine of £100.

This Act came into operation on the 29th day of September. At first the people did not understand what was intended. When, however, they found every gin-shop closed, all the distilleries silent, and no gin to be had anywhere, they showed signs of rising. A company of Guards was sent to protect Sir Joseph Jekyll's house in Chancery Lane; the guard was doubled at Kensington, St. James's, and Whitehall; and the Horse Guards paraded in Covent Garden. Some of the gin-shops, their signs draped with black, put a doll in a coffin in their windows, calling it Lady Madam Geneva; some of them organised a funeral procession—that of Madam Geneva,—and marched down the streets following a coffin.

Then the popular indignation suddenly disappeared, and good temper and sweet contentment reigned once more. What happened was this. Some of the distilleries were closed or turned into breweries; the open stalls where gin had been sold in the streets were swept away. Only three persons were found to take the fifty-pound licences; only two were fined for infraction of the law. Yet the people went about their work with satisfied and smiling countenances. For they discovered that this Act made no difference whatever. Instead of asking for gin, the thirsty asked for "Sangree," "Tow Row," "Cuckold's Comfort," "Bob," "Make Shift," "The Last Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," "The Balk," "King Theodore of Corsica," "Cholick and Gripe Waters." Presently the sellers of gin became more audacious; the stalls in the streets reappeared; the distilleries went on again. When the informers did lay an information, it was only against those who could afford to pay the fine; the justices either would not or could not convict; the informers themselves were intimidated, brutally treated, and murdered: to call out upon a man in the street that he was an informer was to bring all the people within hearing upon him with cudgels and with fists and with sticks. In short, the whole voice of the people was resolved that the Act should not be obeyed. Therefore it became a mockery, as all Acts must become which try to change habits or passions that are universal and must be followed and obeyed. This Act continued nominally in force for nearly seven years, broken and disregarded all the time. It was at last repealed.

It is alleged as an illustration of the widespread habit of drinking that in 1750, in the City of London, there were 16,000 houses, of which 1050 are said to have been held by licensed victuallers, a proportion of 1 in 16. By the riverside the proportion was 1 in 7. Of the 17,000 houses that constituted the borough of Westminster, 1300 were licensed. Of the 7066 houses in the parish of Holborn, 1350 were devoted to the sale of wine, beer, and spirituous liquors. Of the 2000 houses in the parish of St. Giles, 506 were gin-shops, besides 82 "two-penny houses," where gin was the principal liquor drunk. In 1724 it was estimated that 1,172,494 barrels of strong ale and 798,495 of small-beer were consumed in London, and this was complained of as a decrease in consequence of the growing use of wines and spirituous liquors. In 1728 there were imported 30,044 tons of wine—namely, 18,208 tons from Portugal, 10,255 from Spain, 1105 from France, and 476 from Holland and Germany. The wines of the Peninsula were therefore the favourites. In 1733 the spirituous liquors consumed in London alone amounted to 11,200,000 gallons—namely, 56,800 gallons of arrack, 1,315,000 of brandy, 330 of citron-water, 316 of cordial-water, 380 of Geneva, 316 of Hungary-water, 103 of "rackee," 327,700 of rum, 12 of "vizney," 154 of usquebaugh, 8,601,290 of malt spirits, 12,527 of cider spirits, and 890,320 gallons of molasses spirits. If the population was then 800,000, the consumption of spirits was then 14 gallons a head, including men, women, and children. Excluding the two latter and the boys, we have for the men the average of 56 gallons a head per annum, which means very nearly a quart a day. The lowness of price had, naturally, much to do with this excessive indulgence in exciting beverages. Thus, British brandy was only 4s. a gallon; old cognac, 7s. 9d.; Jamaica rum, 3s. in bond, or 7s. 6d. retail, duty paid. Wine was also very cheap: red port wine and white Lisbon, 17s. for 13 bottles, or 1s. 4d. a bottle; Madeira from West Indies, 27s., and Valencia wine, 3s. 6d. per gallon. Country squires, the clergy, merchants, lawyers, craftsmen, tradesmen, and indeed all classes of society, were alike given to strong drink. Women of all classes followed the men—happily, at a distance.

The subjoined advertisement addresses itself especially to ladies:—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION

At the Rich Cordial Warehouse, in Cross Street, near Carnaby Market, Golden Square

Are continued to be sold the following Liqueurs, viz.:—

Oil of Venus; Spirit of Saffron; Spirit of Cinnamon; Barbadoes Citron Cream; Orange Flower; Mint; Tansey; Spirit of Adonis; Viper Water; Usquebaugh, green, yellow, white; Coffee Water; Chocolate Water; Belle de Nuit; Turkey Visney; Fine Clarey; Lilly-cum-Valley; Marasquino; Flora Granata; red and brown Jacomonoodi; Parfait Amour; Eau Cordiale de Genève; Fenouilette de l'Isle de Rhé; Eau divine; Orangasse; Eau des Millefleurs; Eau d'Or; Limette des Indes; Cedra rouge et blanc; Eau de Bergamotte; Ratafias of Orange Flowers; Quinces red and white; Chamberry; Neuilly; Fine Cholic Water; Surfeit; Plague; and Peppermint Waters."

The following is a contemporary record of the excessive drinking of the time. It is from a pamphlet published in the year 1736:—

> "Every one who now passes thro' the streets of this great metropolis, and looks into the distillers' shops and those who deal in spirituous liquors, must see, even in shops of a creditable and wholesale appearance, a crowd of *poor ragged* people, cursing and quarrelling with one another, over repeated glasses of these destructive liquors. These sights we may behold at all hours of the day, in most strong-water shops, even in the High Streets, and I am informed that in some of the suburb parts it is much worse; particularly in one place not far from East Smithfield, that such a dealer has a large empty room backwards, where as his wretched guests get intoxicated they are laid together in heaps promiscuously, men, women, and children, 'till they recover their senses, when they proceed to drink on, or, having spent all they had, go out to find wherewithal to return to the same dreadful pursuit; and how they acquire more money the sessions papers too often acquaint us."

I have before me a table certified correct by J. V. Bearblock, "Yeoman of the Cellar," of the amount of wine consumed at the Mansion House, year after year, from 1774 to 1785. It is a huge total, but the amount means nothing unless we know the number of banquets and the number of guests at each. I subjoin, however, the table, as it may interest some. The number of bottles of each kind of wine shows the favourite wines of the period. Port comes first easily; next, Lisbon; Madeira, claret, hock, burgundy, and champagne follow; then a few kinds of wine for which there is a very slight demand. Sack, of which there were a few bottles taken, disappears in 1784, and is replaced by sherry, of which a great deal is drunk. Champagne had hardly begun to be a wine taken at dinner. During the whole period of ten years 1905 dozen of port were consumed and 1214 dozen of Lisbon; 142 dozen of champagne. The following are the totals:—

1774	626 doz.	2 bottles.	1781	566 doz.	10 bottles.
1775	516 ,,	11 ,,	1782	389 ,,	
1778	466 ,,	7 ,,	1783	433 ,,	6 ,,
1779	412 ,,	10 ,,	1784	470 ,,	6 ,,
1780	507 ,,	3 ,,	1785	426 ,,	9 ,,

The table leaves out the years 1776 and 1777.

In January 1809 it was stated that the expenses of four committees only of the Corporation amounted to £7000 a year, chiefly in tavern bills and annual excursions.

A few more notes on food. Bread, in times of plenty, was sold at such a price that for 1½d. a man could buy enough for the whole day. Strong beer cost 2d. the quart of the brewer, and 3d. at the tavern. At the cheaper dining-rooms a man might have as much meat as he could eat for 6d.

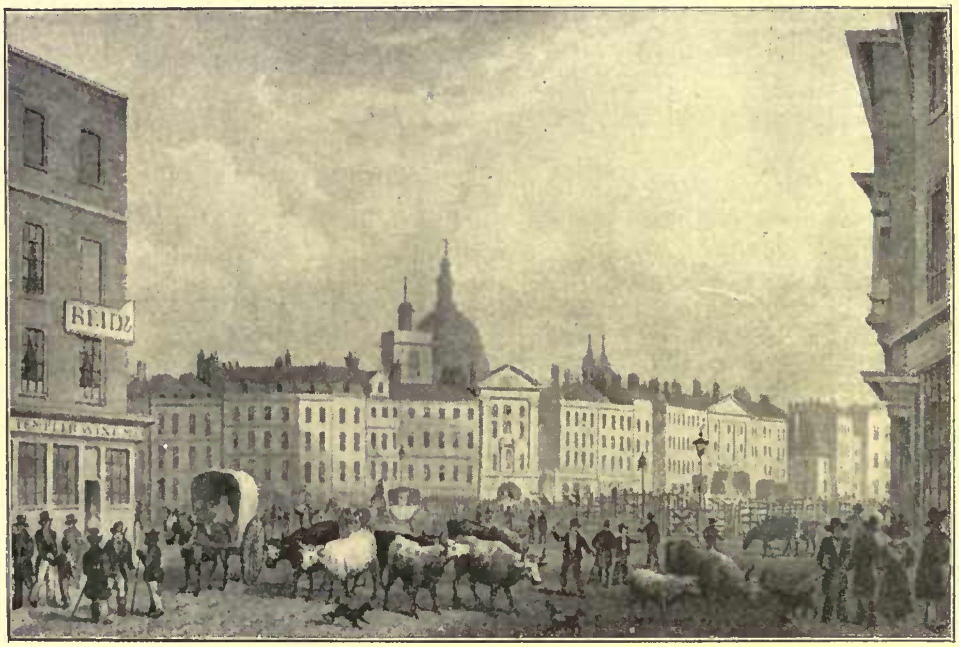
It was observed that green peas came into the London market earlier than into that of Paris. Pineapples could be procured, at a price, all the year round. There were in the market in season, good melons, peaches, figs, and grapes—wine was made of grapes ripened at Kensington.

There was an immense amount of adulteration of wine. Port was very easy to make or to adulterate: sloes, damsons, blackberries, cloudberries—all were pressed into the service. Champagne was even easier to imitate: perry formed the foundation, with sugar and brandy. Bordeaux was simply made by doctoring *vin ordinaire* to make it resemble Chateau Margaux or some other fine vintage.

Statistics are to most people unprofitable. To those who know how to use them, they are most valuable. For the latter class, therefore, I append the following figures:—

In 1725 the consumption of the metropolis was estimated at 369,600 quarters of flour, 98,000 beeves, 60,000 calves, 70,000 sheep and lambs, 187,000 swine, 52,000 sucking pigs, 115,000 bushels of oysters, 14,750,000 mackerel, 1398 boatloads of cod, haddocks, and whitings, 16,366,000 lbs. butter, 21,066,000 lbs. cheese, 5,000,000 gallons of milk—the use of which had decreased owing to the fashion of taking tea, coffee, and chocolate,—and 475,000 chaldrons of coals: the present consumption is about 2,800,000 chaldrons. At Leadenhall Market, on the 27th and 28th of September 1734, were sold upwards of 34,000 geese, and the supply fell short of the demand. About 30,000 acres of land in the immediate neighbourhood were devoted to the production of vegetables and fruit.

I conclude this chapter with the Voice of the Grumbler. He says much the same thing now, with much the same exaggeration:—



OLD SMITHFIELD MARKET

From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd.

"If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. . . . As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman, for having staved a cask of port, it appeared, from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above one hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant of Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. . . . The veal is bleached by repeated bleedings and other villanous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so devoid of all taste, nourishment, and flavour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricassee of kid-skin gloves, or chip-hats from Leghorn. As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers' meat and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees and sauces of all kinds—so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true. . . . I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties with table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous, much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass called butter, manufactured with candle grease and kitchen stuff; and their fresh eggs imported from France and Scotland. Now all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way without restraint."

CHAPTER XI

COST OF LIVING

WE have next to inquire into prices and the annual cost of living. I find the following figures in the *London Advertiser*, 1786, where there is an estimate of household expenses. The writer takes a family consisting of a man, his wife, four children, and two maids, and thus estimates their weekly expenses :—

	£	s.	d.
Bread for 8 persons at 8d. a week each	0	5	4
Butter, 1 lb. a day at 9d.	0	5	3
Cheese, 3½ lbs. at 5d.	0	1	5½
Roots, herbs, spices, and decoraments of the table	0	0	6
Meat, fish, or fowl, 1 lb. for each person at 6d. a pound	1	8	0
Milk and cream at 2d. a day	0	1	2
Eggs 4d. ; flour 1s. 2d.	0	1	6
Small beer at 14s. a barrel of 36 gallons, 12 gallons consumed	0	4	8
Tea 2s. ; sugar 3s.	0	5	0
Candles (summer and winter), 4 lbs. at 9d.	0	3	0
Coals, 2 fires in winter, one in summer, weekly average	0	5	6
Soap, blue, starch, and washing	0	5	0
Thread, needles, tapes, etc.	0	1	9
Sand, fuller's earth, whitening, scouring paper, brick dust, small coal, etc.	0	0	4
Repairs of furniture, etc.	0	2	0
	£3	13	5½

Food and small things cost, therefore, £3 : 13s. : 5½ a week. We go on to complete the estimate for the year :—

	£	s.	d.
Food, fire, etc.	189	18	8
Clothes for the master and mistress, and hairdressing	40	0	0
Clothes for the four children	24	0	0
Lying-in expenses	6	0	0
Pocket expenses, including letters for the master, 4s. a week	10	3	0
Ditto for mistress and children	5	4	0
Physic and illness	5	0	0
Schooling	8	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Wages of maids and taxes	14	10	0
Rent £50; taxes £16	66	0	0
Entertainments for friends	20	0	0
Wine and sundries, say	10	19	4
	£400	0	0

Not a word is said about books and newspapers; nor is anything said about the nightly punch at the club, or the occasional bottle of port at a tavern, or about strong ale or cordials. There is no mention of church sittings; none of coach hire; none of any holidays. It will be seen that they live well. The principal drink is small ale; of this they drink twelve gallons a week, which is a gallon and a half, or six imperial quarts, a day; if the children take only a pint a day each—that is, two quarts—there remain four imperial quarts for the four adults; and this allowance was probably intended. The allowance for candles seems to be about three a day for winter and two a day for summer: one a day for the kitchen and two for the parlour. It was still a time of grievous darkness. I doubt if, in the ordinary household, the family lit more than one candle at a time. Since tea at that time was about 16s. a pound, only a quarter of a pound was consumed in a week. For entertaining friends there is allowed a handsome sum, namely, about 8s. a week. One guest, certainly, could be invited once a week on this allowance. But did the London citizen never buy any books at all? Such, I fear, was his practice.

The same writer gives an estimate for a family whose income did not exceed £200 a year:—

	£	s.	d.
Bread for 7 persons	0	4	1
Salt butter, 3 lbs. at 7½d.	0	2	10½
Cheese, 3 lbs. at 5d.	0	1	3
Meat, 3 joints on an average	0	7	6
Fish and bacon	0	3	0
Vegetables, oil, vinegar, etc.	0	2	0
Milk	0	1	2
Flour and eggs	0	1	6
Sand, whiting, etc.	0	0	2
Small beer	0	1	3
Tea and sugar	0	3	0
Candles	0	2	6
Haberdashery, as thread, pins, etc.	0	1	0
Soap and starch, etc.	0	2	6
Powder, blacking, etc.	0	0	3
The weekly expenditure is per annum	88	10	2
Clothes and pocket-money for the man	8	0	0
Ditto for the woman	6	0	0
Ditto for the four children	16	0	0
Maid wages	5	0	0
Boy to go errands, 6d. a day; not boarded	7	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Coals, 2 fires in winter, 1 in summer, 5 chaldrons at £1 : 14s.	8	10	0
Day-schooling for the children	3	0	0
Entertainments for friends	4	0	0
Physic for the family, on an average	2	0	0
Expenses of lying-in are chiefly defrayed by the presents of gossips (suppose £5 extra once in two years)	2	10	0
Rent and taxes, exclusive of lodgers (though many contrive to live rent free)	15	0	0
Repair of furniture, utensils, etc.	2	0	0
Expense of trade with customers, travelling charges, Christmas-box money, pens, paper, letters, etc., suppose for even money	4	5	10
He may then lay by for the children or lay out for other purpose	30	0	0
	£200	0	0

The rents of the houses varied, of course. The expensive parts of the City were the streets round St. Paul's, Cheapside, and the Royal Exchange. There were also streets of highly rented houses about Bloomsbury, not to speak of the West End. However, a very good house could be had at £150 a year, and in a less desirable quarter for £50 a year.

The taxes of a house amounted to about half the rent. There was the land-tax of 4s. in the pound; the house-tax of 6d. to 1s. in the pound; the poor-rate, varying from 1s. to 6s. in the pound; the window-tax, which demanded first 3s. for your house, and then, with certain exceptions, 2d. extra for every window, so that a house of fourteen windows paid 4s. 6d.—in the year 1784 this tax was increased in order to take the duty off tea; the churchwardens' rate for repairing the church; the paving-rate, of 1s. 6d. in the pound; the watch; the Easter offerings, which had become optional; the water-rate, varying from 24s. to 30s. a year.

The common practice of bakers and milkmen was to keep a tally on the door-post with chalk. One advantage of this method was, that a mark might be added when the maid was not looking. The price of meat was about a third of the present prices, beef being 4d. a pound, mutton 4½d., and veal 6d. Chickens were commonly sold at 2s. 6d. the pair; eggs were sometimes three and sometimes eight for 4d., according to the time of the year. Coals seem to have cost about 40s. a ton; but this is uncertain. Candles were 8s. 4d. a dozen for "dips," and 9s. 4d. a dozen for "moulds"; wax candles were 2s. 10d. a pound. For outdoor lamps train-oil was used, and for indoors spermaceti oil. For the daily dressing of the hair, hairdressers were engaged at 7s. to a guinea a month. Servants were hired at register offices, but they were often of very bad character, with forged papers. The wages given were: to women as cooks, £12 a year; lady's-maids, £12 to £20; housemaids, from £7 to £9; footmen, £14 and a livery. Servants found their own tea and sugar if they wanted any. Board wages were 10s. 6d. a week to an upper servant; 7s. to an under servant.

We have seen what it cost a respectable householder to pay his way in the year 1786. If we take the same family with much the same scale of living at the present day, we shall arrive at the difference in the cost of things:—

	1900	1760
Food, coals, lights, ale, etc.	£360	£190
Clothes	120	64
Pocket expenses	45	15
School	150	8
Illness	30	11
Wages of two maids	42	14
Rent and taxes (not counting income-tax)	150	66
Travelling	50	nil
Books, magazines, and journals (say)	30	nil
Wine, beer, spirits	70	31
Furniture and the house	50	nil
Income tax at 8d. in the pound on £1200	40	nil

A comparison of the figures shows a very considerable raising of the standard as regards comfort and even necessaries. It is true that the modern figures have been taken from the accounts of a family which spends every year from £1200 to £1400.

It may be remarked in these figures that schooling is extremely cheap, viz. £8 per four children, or 10s. a quarter for each child. Therefore, for a schoolmaster to get an income of £200 a year, out of which he would have to maintain assistants, he must have 100 scholars. The "pocket expenses" include letters, and all for 6s. a week, which is indeed moderate. Entertainments, wine, etc., are all lumped together, showing that wine must be considered a very rare indulgence, and that small-beer was the daily beverage. Tea is set down at 2s. a week. In the year 1728 tea was 13s. a pound, but by 1760 it had gone down to about 6s. a pound, so that a third of a pound was allowed every week. This shows a careful measurement of the spoonful. Of course there was not, as yet, any tea allowed to the servants. Coals are estimated at £14 a year—two fires in winter, one in summer. Repairs to furniture, table-linen, sheets, etc., are set down at 2s. a week, or five guineas a year. Happy the household which can now manage this item at six times that amount!

The following is a table of the prices of meat, sugar, salt, coals, and bread in London in the time of the long war, when everything was frightfully dear.

The table from which this is taken gives the price from month to month. I have taken an average:—

Beef	5s. 11$\frac{1}{3}$d. a stone of 8 lbs. or 9d. a lb.
Mutton	6s. 2$\frac{2}{3}$d. „ „ 9$\frac{1}{3}$d. a lb.
Pork	6s. 11$\frac{1}{2}$d. „ „ 10$\frac{7}{16}$d. a lb.
Sugar	48s. 8$\frac{1}{2}$d. a cwt., *i.e.* nearly 6d. a lb.
Salt	20s. a bushel, *i.e.* about 8$\frac{1}{4}$d. a lb.
Coals	65s. 6d. a chaldron.

The cost of the quartern loaf ranged from 1s. in February to 1s. 5d. in June and July. Add, that tea was from 6s. to 5s. a pound, these prices being at a time of depressed trade and ruinous taxes. The incomes of the people were far less than they are now; they were still further crippled by the taxation; they had nothing like the money to spend that we have, so that the difference in the prices meant a great deal more than would at first sight appear. Our people get excellent meat at 7d. a pound. Their coals cost about three times what we pay; their salt, which we get for next to nothing, cost them 8½d. a pound; and their quartern loaf was nearly three times as dear as our own.

The following is a list of the more common things in daily use, with their average prices; about the middle of the century common food was not so dear as in the time of the Long War:—

"Wheat was 20s. to 25s. per quarter; Barley, 12s. to 14s.; Oats, 10s. to 12s. 6d.; Hay, £2 : 10s. to £3 per ton; Jamaica Coffee, 3s. 6d. per lb. Salmon, at Carlisle, 1¾d. per lb.—servants making a proviso at their hiring that they should not be compelled to dine off it more than twice or thrice a week. Best Seville Oranges, 25s. a chest; Oranges, good for squeezing, 18s.; China Oranges from 15s. to 21s.; Lemons, 22s. a chest. Hogskin hunting saddles on double-riveted trees, 19s. each. Ladies' hunting Side-saddles, quilted, 30s.; Snaffle Bridles, with bound fronts, 2s. 3d.; Pelham Bridles, 3s. 3d.; Best coach-horse Dutch Collars, 8s. the pair. Yard wide Muslin, fine and clear, 4s. 6d. a yard; Book Muslin, yard wide, 7s.; Damask Table Cloths, 8s. a piece; Stays (extraordinarily cheap), 8s. a pair; Broad Cloth, 16s. 6d. a yard. Half-trimmed suit of Clothes, £5 : 5s.; Velvet Breeches, £2 : 2s.; French Frock, £3; Riding Habit, £2 : 18s.; Best 4-thread Knit Breeches, 17s.; Livery Suit, plain Cloth, laced, £4 : 4s. Holland shirts, 9s. to 21s. each; Scotch and Irish Linen, 4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; Gorgona Anchovies, 5s. a barrel."

CHAPTER XII

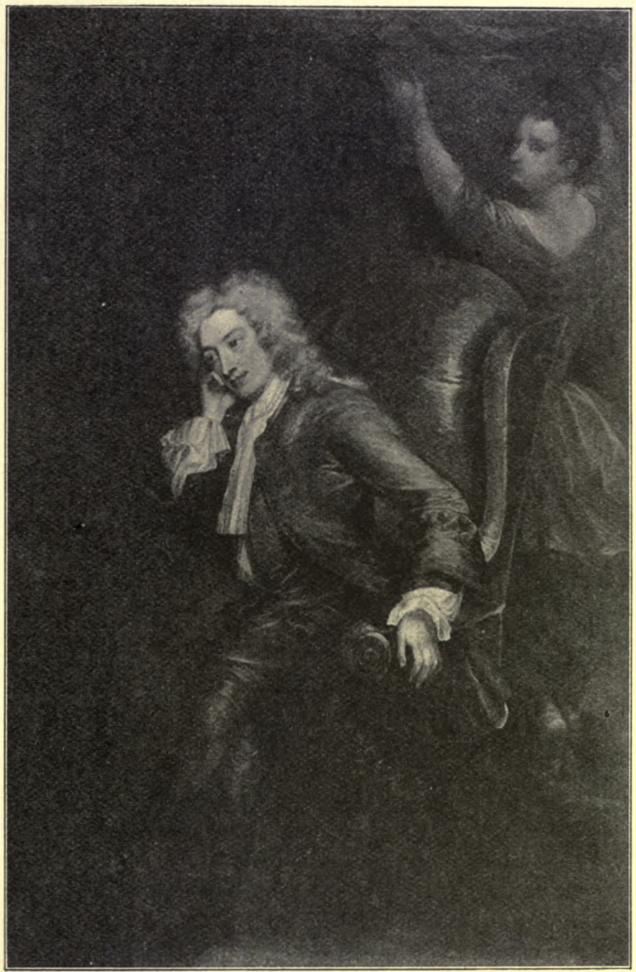
COFFEE-HOUSES AND CLUBS

THE eighteenth century saw the Coffee-house at its highest popularity and power; it also witnessed its decline and fall. With the coffee-house flourished the Club, which was held at a tavern; and the tavern flourished separately and on its own merits beside the coffee-house and the club.

The coffee-house, of which it is said that there were once 3000 in London, was classified according to its frequenters. In the City rich merchants alone ventured to enter certain of the coffee-houses, where they transacted business more privately and more expeditiously than on the Exchange. There were coffee-houses where officers of the army alone were found; where the City shopkeeper met his chums; where actors congregated; where only divines, only lawyers, only physicians, only wits and those who came to hear them, were found. In all alike the visitor put down his penny and went in, taking his own seat if he was an *habitué;* he called for a cup of tea or coffee and paid his twopence for it; he could call also, if he pleased, for a cordial; he was expected to talk with his neighbour whether he knew him or not. Men went to certain coffee-houses in order to meet the well-known poets and writers who were to be found there, as Pope went in search of Dryden. The daily papers and the pamphlets of the day were taken in. Some of the coffee-houses, but not the more respectable, allowed the use of tobacco.

The coffee-houses were great schools of conversation. A man had to hold his own against a whole roomful of men eager to show their wit. The custom encouraged readiness and clearness of expression and of thought. Younger men did not venture to speak in some coffee-houses. And it is not sufficiently understood, in reading Johnson's sententious phrases, that his words were often spoken in a coffee-house so as to be heard by the whole listening room. So Dryden delivered his judgments, and was admired and worshipped by the younger men, as the oracle of the coffee-house. They, indeed, sat mute, diffident, afraid to speak in so great a presence; or, if they hazarded an opinion, did so with the greatest diffidence, and congratulated themselves afterwards if it had been favourably received. In a time of furious partisans, every side of politics had its own coffee-houses: a Tory would have been as much out of his element at the St. James's as a Whig at Ozinda's.

Letters were received at the coffee-house. Of course, the sharper and the adventurer found their way to the coffee-house: many a fine young fellow on his way to Tyburn was recognised as a frequenter at this house or that. They came to pick up the credulous and the ignorant; they fell into conversation with their dupe, found out his weak point, and laid themselves out to please him and to gratify him, with the usual result. The coffee-house, in fact, corresponded to certain of the more sociable clubs of our time, except in one particular—that there was no ceremony of election: any one could enter. At most houses, however, very few presented themselves except those who formed the special clientele of the house.



Walker and Cockerell.

ALEXANDER POPE

From the painting by Charles Jervas in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

"After the play," Defoe writes, "the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at picquet, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their equality and degrees of distance at home."

Garraway's was frequented by people of "quality" who had business in the City; Robins's by the more wealthy citizens; Jonathan's by those who bought and sold stock. Garraway's was also an auction-room for the sale of wines "by candle." That is, when the sale began an inch of candle was lit, and the latest bidder, when the candle went out, was to be the buyer. In its later days it was better known as an auction-room than a coffee-house. The second coffee-house set up was the Rainbow in 1656. This place is still a tavern and restaurant. The coffee-houses speedily increased in number, in spite of assaults made upon them by poets and satirists:—

> "Say, shall then
> These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,
> These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
> Their broth for laughing how the jest does take,
> Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
> A loathsome potion—not yet understood,
> Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
> Dasht with diurnals or the book of news?"

And in the year 1674 a "Women's Petition against Coffee" was circulated, in which the ladies complain that coffee makes men "unfruitful as the deserts where that unhappy berry is said to be bought."

Among the 3000 coffee-houses which flourished in London during the century, many were connected with illustrious names. Most, of course, belong to the unknown multitude. For a picture of a coffee-house of that time we may go to Ned Ward. The house he describes is Old Man's, Scotland Yard:—

> "We now ascended a pair of stairs, which brought us into an old-fashioned room, where a gaudy crowd of odoriferous Tom-Essences were walking backwards and forwards, with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their intended use, lest it should put the foretops of their wigs into some disorder. We squeezed through till we got to the end of the room, where, at a small table, we sat down, and observed that it was as great a rarity to hear anybody call for a dish of Politician's Porridge, or any other liquor, as it is to hear a beau call for a pipe of tobacco; their whole exercise being to charge and discharge their nostrils, and keep the curls of their periwigs in their proper order. The clashing of their snush-box lids, in opening and shutting, made more noise than their tongues. Bows and cringes of the newest mode were here exchanged, 'twixt friend and friend, with wonderful exactness. They made a humming like so many hornets in a country chimney, not with their talking, but with their whispering over their new Minuets and Bories, with the hands in their pockets, if only freed from their snush-box. We now began to be thoughtful of a pipe of tobacco; whereupon we ventured to call for some instruments of evaporation, which were accordingly brought us, but with such a kind of unwillingness, as if they would much rather been rid of our company; for their tables were so very neat, and shined with rubbing, like the upper-leathers of an alderman's shoes, and as brown as the top of a country housewife's cupboard. The floor was as clean swept as a Sir Courtly's dining-room, which made us look round, to see if there were no orders hung up to impose the forfeiture of so much Mop-money upon any person that should spit out of the chimney-corner. Notwithstanding we wanted an example to encourage us in our porterly rudeness, we ordered them to light the wax-candle, by which we ignified our pipes and blew about our whiffs; at which several Sir Foplins drew their faces into as many peevish wrinkles as the beaux at the Bow Street Coffee-house, near Covent

Garden did when the gentleman in masquerade came in amongst them, with his oyster-barrel muff and turnip-buttons, to ridicule their fopperies."

The following is from *A Brief and Merry History of Great Britain*, A.D. . . .

"There's a prodigious Number of Coffee-Houses in London, after the manner I have seen some in Constantinople. The Outsides have nothing remarkable or worth describing, so that I'll speak only of their Customs, which deserve some Notice, because most of the Men resort to them to pass away the Time. These Coffee-Houses are the constant Rendezvous for Men of Business, as well as the idle People, so that a Man is sooner asked about his Coffee-House than his Lodgings. Besides Coffee, there are many other Liquors, which People cannot well relish at first. They smoak Tobacco, game, and read Papers of Intelligence; here they treat of Matters of State, make Leagues with Foreign Princes, break them again, and transact Affairs of the last Consequence to the whole World. In a word, 'tis here the *English* discourse freely of everything, and where they may in a very little time be known; their Character likewise may be partly discovered, even by People that are Strangers to the Language, if they appear cool in their Discourses, and attentive to what they hear. They represent these Coffee-houses as the most agreeable things in *London*, and they are, in my Opinion, very proper Places to find People that a Man has Business with, or to pass away the Time a little more agreeably than he can do at home; but in other respects they are loathsome, full of smoak, like a Guard-Room, and as much crowded. I believe 'tis these Places that furnish the Inhabitants with Slander, for there one hears exact Accounts of everything done in Town, as if it were but a Village.

At those Coffee-Houses, near the Court, called White's, St. James's, Williams's, the Conversation turns chiefly upon *Equipages*, *Essence*, *Horse-Matches*, *Tupees*, *Modes*, and *Mortgages;* the Cocoa-Tree upon *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Evil ministers*, *Errors* and *Mistakes in Government;* the Scotch Coffee-Houses towards Charing-Cross, on *Places* and *Pensions;* the Tilt-yard and Young Man's on *Affronts*, *Honour*, *Satisfaction*, *Duels*, and *Rencounters*. I was informed that the latter happen so frequently, in this part of the Town, that a *Surgeon* and a *Sollicitor* are kept constantly in waiting; the one to dress and heal such Wounds as may be given, and the other in case of Death to bring off the Survivor with a Verdict of *Se Devendendo* or *Manslaughter*. In those Coffee-Houses about the Temple, the Subjects are generally on *Causes*, *Costs*, *Demurrers*, *Rejoinders*, and *Exceptions;* Daniel's, the Welch Coffee-House in Fleet Street, on *Births*, *Pedigrees*, and *Descents;* Child's and the Chapter upon *Glebes*, *Tithes*, *Advowsons*, *Rectories*, and *Lectureships;* North's, *Undue Elections*, *False-Polling*, *Scrutinies*, etc.; Hamlin's, *Infant-Baptism*, *Lay-Ordination*, *Free-will*, *Election* and *Reprobation;* Batson's, the *Prices of Pepper*, *Indigo, and Salt-Petre;* and all those about the Exchange, where the Merchants meet to transact their Affairs, are in a perpetual hurry about *Stock-*

Jobbing, *Lying*, *Cheating*, *Tricking Widows* and *Orphans*, and committing Spoil and Rapine on the Publick."

Tobacco, we observe, had fallen into disuse, except in the form of snuff.

The practice of snuff-taking, which is first mentioned as early as 1589 (Buckle's *Common Place Book*, ii. 674), flourished among us until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it rapidly fell into disuse. The habitual snuff-taker, who formerly kept his box always before him and stained his shirt-front—not to speak of his upper lip—with snuff, has quite disappeared. A box is found at a club, but is seldom used; while women, who used to be inveterate snuff-takers, seem to have abandoned the practice entirely. It held its ground, however, for nearly three hundred years, and it always had friends and defenders. It was said to clear the brain, to sooth the nerves. Like coffee in its early days, snuff was a medicine for all kinds of diseases. On the other hand, it had enemies. Snuff-taking in church was forbidden under penalty of excommunication, by two Popes. It was considered at the court of Louis XIV. a coarse habit, fit only for common people. After the Restoration fine ladies carried snuff-boxes, while a beau was not complete without his box. Forty years later ladies are described as taking generally to the practice. It passed from ladies of fashion to the lower classes; women who hawked things with a wheelbarrow, fishwives, nurses, and others, all carried snuff-boxes. From time to time voices were lifted up against the habit, but it took long to extirpate it—a fact which should be borne in mind by those who inveigh against it, as proving that it gave pleasure at least, if not profit, to those who took it.

I have a pamphlet called *Free Thoughts on Snuff-Taking, by a Friend to Female Beauty*. It is dated 1782, and is principally filled with remonstrances against its use by women :—

"Who without regret can see an agreeable and well-dressed Lady with a beautiful Countenance, elegant Symmetry, and fine natural colouring of the Features, pull off a glove, and, with a fine white delicate hand, take out a box, and put her pretty thumb and finger into a nasty-coloured powder, and apply the same to a beautiful Face and spoil it, by changing the fine natural colour of the Skin in more places than where this filthy drug is laid on, and causing the blood to rise into the face by coughing, etc. ? This is not uncommon even to those constantly addicted to this nauseous custom."

But they all do it. "Little Miss would never have thought of snuff-taking, if she had not seen her Mother and old maiden Aunt do it before her, and Betty the Chamber-maid, Molly the House-maid, and Mrs. Cook, would never have thought of buying Snuff Boxes but to imitate their Mistress ; and the Girl next door, just come from the country, seeing Mrs. Molly (while washing the stone steps at the door) set down her mop to take a pinch of Snuff, thinks all London maids do so likewise, and she to be sure must resemble them. She conquers the first difficulty of it, and continues it, even to old age, when with poverty, sluttishness, and dram-drinking added to it, make her as disagreeable an object as any Female possibly can be."

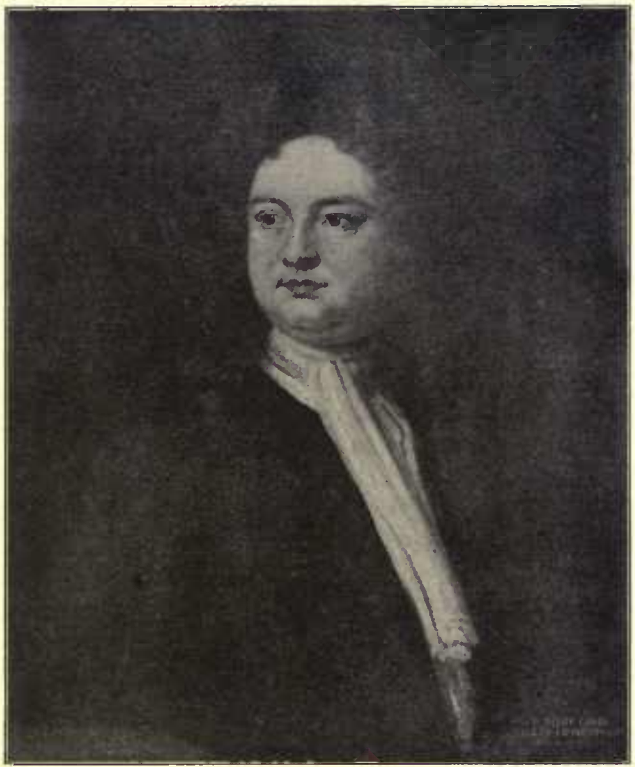
Or we may turn to the *Journey through England* of 1714:—

> "I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the Theatres, and the Chocolate- and Coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levées find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the beau monde assemble in several coffee- or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa-tree and White's Chocolate-houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice.
>
> If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at picquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James's. I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house St. James's.
>
> The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood,—Young Man's for officers; Old Man's for stock-jobbers, pay-masters, and courtiers; and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last; I saw two or three tables full at faro, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.
>
> At two we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones for the convenience of foreigners in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to and nobly entertained."

Before entering the coffee-house, every one is recommended by the *Tatler* to prepare his body with three dishes of bohea and to purge his brains with two pinches of snuff. Men had their coffee-houses as now they have their clubs: sometimes contented with one, sometimes belonging to three or four. Johnson, for instance, is connected with St. James's, the Turk's Head, the Bedford, Peele's, besides the taverns which he frequented. Addison and Steele used Button's; Swift, Button's, the Smyrna, and St. James's; Dryden, Will's; Pope, Will's and Button's; Goldsmith, the St. James's and the Chapter; Fielding, the Bedford; Hogarth, the Bedford and Slaughter's; Sheridan, the Piazza; Thurlow, Nando's.

Will's was for a long time the chief resort of the men of letters. They went there at first to see and converse with Dryden, who held his own place, by the fireside in winter and at the window in summer, which every one respected. To exchange a few words with Dryden was an honour greatly coveted by young men. Thus Dean Lockier narrates his own good fortune in attracting the great man's attention:—

"I was about seventeen when I first came up to town, an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If anything of mine is good,' says he, ''tis *Mac-Flecno*; and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, 'that *Mac-Flecno* was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long 'I had been a dealer in poetry'; and added, with a smile, 'Pray, sir, what is it that you did imagine to have been writ so before?' I named Boileau's *Lutrin* and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. ''Tis true,' said Dryden, 'I had forgot them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation, went to see him accordingly, and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived."



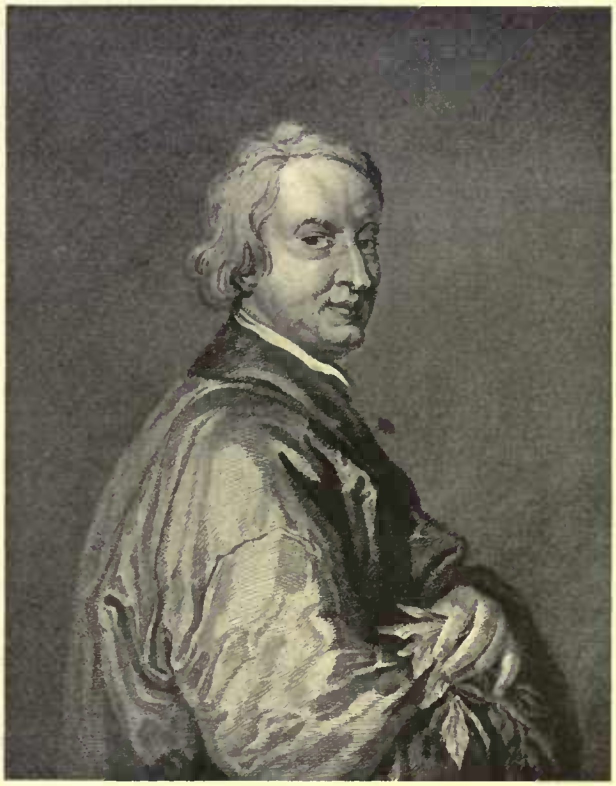
Walker and Cockerell.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

From the painting by Jonathan Richardson in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Addison's days, before he married, were almost wholly spent in the tavern and the coffee-house—that is, in conversation with his friends. Pope says that Addison studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's, dined there, sat for five or six hours, sometimes far into the night,—a way of life that may possibly account for his early death. The Smyrna, the St. James's, the Bedford, the British in turn became the resort of the wits.

The Chapter Coffee-house must not be omitted. The men of letters and the wits frequented Will's, Button's, the St. James's, the Bedford, and the Smyrna; but the Chapter Coffee-house was sacred to the trade which grew rich on the men of letters and the wits. The meetings of booksellers took place in the great room of this house; here they bought and sold their copyrights and stock; here they arranged about sharing the risk of a new venture; here the literary hacks used to go in search of employment. The house is described as containing many small rooms, low and having heavy beams running across them; the walls were wainscoted breast-high; the staircase was shallow and broad and dark. It became the place of resort of visitors who wished to learn what was going on in the world of letters, and came here to listen to the talk. Young Chatterton was one of the country visitors. Towards the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, there was a knot of scholars and writers who assembled here every evening. I think they talked for the house to hear them, and talked of such subjects as the visitors came to hear—books and authors. Among them—the names



JOHN DRYDEN

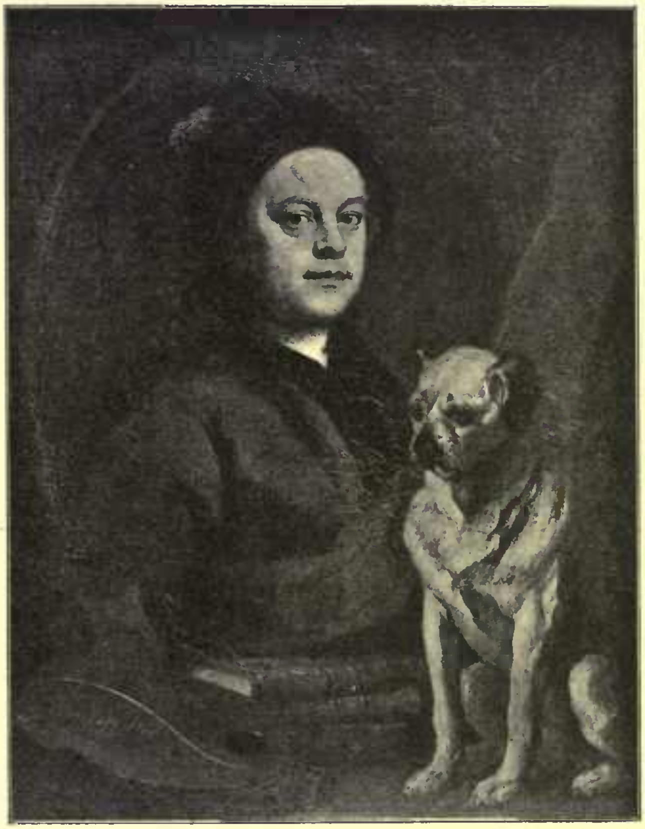
From an engraving after the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

are no longer greatly distinguished—were Dr. Buchan, the author of *Domestic Medicine;* Mr. Murray, a Scots minister; Dr. Birdman, Master of the Charterhouse; Walker, the dictionary-maker; several physicians; Robinson, the bookseller; Alexander Chalmers, his workman; and many others. It was a noisy box in which they sat. But when they died, one by one, and no others came to take their place, the Chapter Coffee-house fell into decay.

When we read of Dryden in his accustomed place by the fire, of Addison, Pope, Swift, and the other great men in their places at the coffee-house, we fail to realise the animated, cheerful flow of conversation which went on around them. The "wits" included a great many men whose names are now forgotten, except by those who have dwelt long among the records and memories of the century. Those who haunted Will's were not always waiting in silence for the oracle of the great man. Quite the contrary: they were carrying on their own discourse, and producing their own impromptu epigram and repartee. Let me, for instance, attempt to introduce the reader to some of the company at Old Slaughter's, St. Martin's Lane. Some of them were called "members," as if the place—tavern and coffee-house—was a club-house. I think, however, that "member" meant no more than frequenter in most cases. There was a club, like one of the clubs founded by Johnson, which met once a week. But on every evening of the week the house was filled with a company, numerous, distinguished, artistic, scholarly, literary. Old Slaughter's was, in fact, a true literary club of the eighteenth century. Not so much a club containing the leaders of any branch of intellectual achievement, with a great many who were neither leaders nor rank-and-file, but a society of which we have no modern successor, including all the "men of the time," the craftsmen of Art and Literature—of whom a few are still remembered, but most are long since forgotten.

At Old Slaughter's, coffee was not the only beverage called for: wine and punch could also be obtained, and were called for every evening. The head waiter, called "Sock" by the *habitués*, was the natural son of an actor well known in his day, named Spiller; Sock was also called the "Punch Spiller," a joke which was repeated every evening, one of those jokes which never fail to be well received. The fellow inherited not only his father's face, but also some of his father's genius; he was an excellent mimic.

As for the frequenters and the members, I fear that a list would be something like Homer's list of warriors long, long ago—names and only names. But they may serve our purpose to show something of the literary and artistic side of London. The company was especially rich in painters. Here one could meet—not all together at the same time—Gainsborough; Hogarth, whose death made all London sad; Ramsay, son of Allan Ramsay the poet, himself a portrait-painter; Frank Hayman, scene-painter, who was also a member of the Beefsteak Club, the Spiller's Head, Clare Market, and other convivial resorts; Oman, who painted halls and staircases; Kettle, member of the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, where they taught painting from the nude; Roquet, a Swiss, who painted on enamel, and wrote in 1755 a work on the *Present State of Art in England;* Samuel Scott, a friend of Hogarth's, one of the famous Gravesend party, painter of the picture of London Bridge now in the South Kensington Museum; Gerard Vandergucht, engraver; Shipley, painter; Richard Wilson, landscape-painter; Frank Vandermins, portrait-painter, always with a pipe in his mouth; Jonathan Richardson, painter; George Lambert, the father and founder of the present Beefsteak Club,—his name stands first on the original list of members, that of Hogarth second; at Old Slaughter's, Lambert was acknowledged King of the Club; Jack Laguerre, son of Pope's Laguerre—



Walker and Cockerell.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

From the picture painted by himself, in the National Gallery, London.

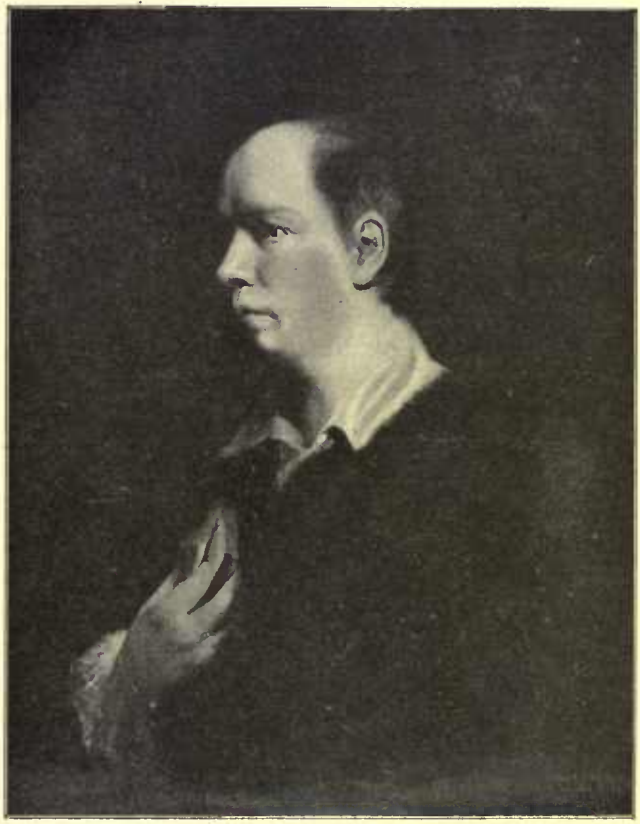
> "Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre"—

scene-painter and a fellow of great wit and mimicry;—these members alone were enough to constitute a club of great distinction. In letters, there were Dr. Johnson; Arbuthnot; Cheyne; Stukeley the antiquary, who possessed a fine collection of caricatures; Thomas Martin; Ducarel, the librarian of Lambeth; Mathew Matey, principal librarian of the British Museum; F. Grose, antiquary and humorist; David Garrick; Henry Fielding; Gostling the antiquary, who had a room in the house where he slept and kept his treasures, notably a set of sketches drawn by Butler himself to illustrate *Hudibras;* Dr. Chauncey, connoisseur and collector of black-letter books; Dr. Messenger Mouncey, physician to Chelsea College; Dr. Hoadley, physician to the Royal Household; Langford the auctioneer, who sold Hogarth's among other pictures; and lastly, Caleb Whitefoord, wine-merchant of Craven Street, who knew all the wits and loved them all. No doubt there were others like the honest Caleb, whose names have not been preserved. In every literary club or society there are always plenty who get in for no merit of their own, but because they take pride and pleasure in knowing literary and artistic people.

This list suggests great possibilities of social evenings. Johnson was seen there, but he did not rule there; Fielding was seen there, but he did not rule there. There are so many who are set down as humorists, mimics, and physicians—who are always good company,—that one is quite certain as to the mirth and merriment, the convivial hours, the songs and the punch-bowls which made Old Slaughter's so great a place of resort. One feels that if the "brilliant epigrams" of the Beefsteaks were wanting, there were good stories by the hundred; good things said by the thousand—none the worse because they were not barbed epigrams nor reflections on a man's calling. I do not think that at Old Slaughter's it was the custom to call a painter "Turps"; or a soap-manufacturer "Suds"; or Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, the wine-merchant of Craven Street, "Corks." If we want to know the kind of conversation which pleased the members of "Old Slaughter's," we have only to read Hogarth's account of his Tour to Gravesend. The members, in fact, were a genial, jovial brotherhood; they loved broad strokes of wit and humour; they laughed at the expected more than the unexpected; they sought no reputation for wit; they loved each other too much to stab with an epigram; most of them were comfortable bourgeois, with wit and genius which helped them out of the ruck of the class to which they belonged; they did not desire to enlist princes and royal dukes into their society like the Beefsteaks; nor noble lords like the Literary Society. The presence of a royal duke would have frozen them; the entrance of a noble lord would have cleared the room.

The coffee-house rapidly ceased to be a place of resort for people of the better kind, but it acquired a new lease of life when the demand for newspapers and the habit of reading newspapers descended the social ladder and therefore increased enormously. They were then frequented by men who came, not to talk, but to read; the smaller tradesmen and the better class of mechanic now came to the coffee-house, called for a cup of coffee, and with it the daily paper, which they could not afford to take in. Every coffee-house took three or four papers; there seems to have been in this latter phase of the once social institution no general conversation. The coffee-house as a place of resort and conversation gradually declined; one can hardly say why, except that all human institutions do decay. Perhaps manners declined; the leaders in literature ceased to be seen there; the city clerk began to crowd in; the tavern and the club drew men from the coffee-house.

The club at its first beginning was a gathering of a small circle of friends for social intercourse and drinking. Its members were a selection from the general body of frequenters at a coffee-house. Early in the century there sprang up a profusion of clubs. A dozen shopkeepers in Cheapside agreed to meet together every Friday evening, perhaps from seven till ten. They drew up rules: every man was to spend so much and no more; there were fines for non-attendance; they could not bring strangers—it was their own club for themselves alone. In Ned Ward's *Secret History of Clubs* there is found a list of clubs which never existed save in the writer's imagination; but there were so many clubs and so various in kind that this book has actually been received and quoted as if it were a true account. The Early Club, the Atheistical Club, the Broken Shopkeepers' Club, the Ugly Face Club, the Lying Club, and the rest, were of course sheer imaginings and inventions;



Walker and Cockerell.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

From a painting by a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

so that it is amusing to find the book taken seriously by many writers. The club, then, was entirely social in its intention, yet narrowed to a society of friends. The tavern and the coffee-house were open to all the world; the club closed its doors to all the world. A few clubs yet survive which maintain the same spirit of separation; the modern clubs which allow strangers on condition that they are introduced by members, and that the members shall be responsible for the good conduct of their guests, have departed from the first practice, the first meaning, of a club.

In the early years of the club there were many which played a distinguished part in history. The October, a club of Tories, for instance; the Brothers' Club; the Scribblers' Club; the Kit-Kat, are all well known for the position and rank of their members.

The mughouse belongs to this period. It was hardly a club, since it does not appear that there was an election. It was held at an alehouse; nothing but beer was drunk; every member had his own mug; there was a chairman to keep order; toasts and healths were proposed; songs were given; a harper played. This kind of gathering, which admitted all classes to membership, became for a time extremely popular; on the accession of George I. it was used for political purposes, especially by the Whigs. As a weapon against the Tories, mughouse clubs were established in various parts of London. There was one in St. John's Lane; one at Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; one in Long Acre; one at the Harp in Tower Street; one at the Roebuck in Whitechapel; one in Tavistock Street; at the Roebuck in Cheapside; and at the Magpie and Stump, Old Bailey; with many others. Now it is, or was, the custom for the London mob to take up, with immense zeal, whatever cause was supposed to be opposite to that of the respectable citizens. The London citizens of respectability were largely Hanoverians; therefore, naturally, the mob became Jacobites. We have seen how the citizens fought the mob.

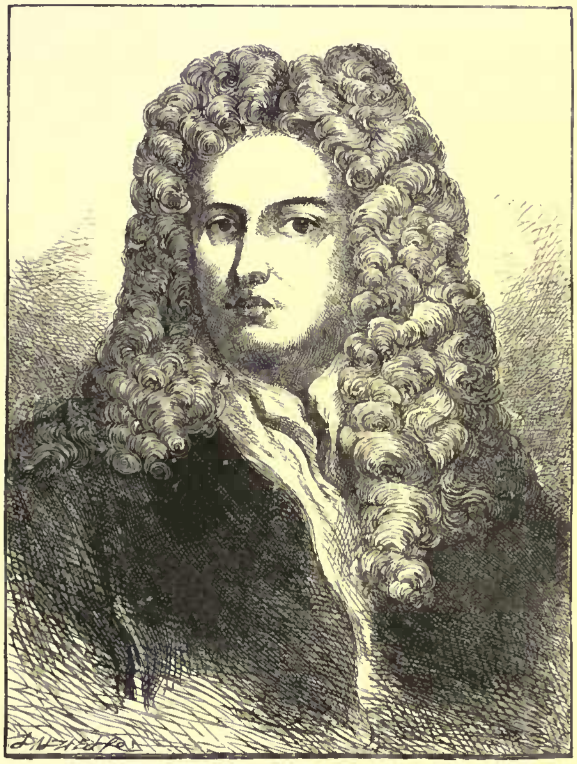
There were as many clubs towards the close of the eighteenth century as there had been coffee-houses at the beginning. Some of them had their own house, but most of them were very small clubs meeting once or twice a week. Many of the coffee-houses became clubs; in this way, for the first time, clubs began to have their own houses; thus White's became a gambling club. Many of the clubs, again, were political rather than social.

A great deal has been written upon the Mohocks' Club. Certainly, the town firmly believed in the Mohocks, but, as has been pointed out elsewhere, their existence cannot be proved. Addison's paper in the *Spectator* on the subject has been taken quite seriously; perhaps he himself partly believed in the half of what he set down. Swift certainly believed in their atrocious exploits. So did Gay (*Trivia*, iii. p. 161):—

> "Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?
> Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
> Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?

I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;
So Regulus to save his country died."

The Bold Bucks and the Hell Fire Club were actual descendants of the mythical Mohocks. Their proceedings, however, must be taken with very great allowance and very large deductions. For instance, when we hear of their scouring the streets and murdering everybody they met, we naturally ask for some names of murdered persons. There are none. And when we read of the Medmenham Franciscans, we may remember that their orgies, if any, were celebrated in privacy, among themselves, and that it is extremely unlikely that they would tell the world what went on, if the thing was scandalous or blasphemous.



JOSEPH ADDISON

After the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The clubs, in a word, belonged to every class of society, from the Royal Family downward. They brought the men together and taught much by the exchange of knowledge in conversation; they taught manners to people who would otherwise have had no manners at all; they civilised and humanised; and, which cannot be denied, they encouraged drinking. That they kept the men from their homes can hardly be charged upon the clubs, because the tavern would have done the same thing if there had been no club.

There has been much discussion as to the origin of the word "club." The thing itself—what Aubrey calls a "sodality in a tavern"—existed before the name. There was the "sodality" of the Mermaid, said to have been founded by Raleigh, of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Donne, Selden, and others, were members. There was also Ben Jonson's "sodality" of Apollo. The word "club" seems to have been first used about the year 1659. There were clubs for social purposes, political clubs, and clubs for mutual support and help.

Let us consider the more important clubs of the time—not Ned Ward's clubs. First in importance as well as in order of date must be reckoned the Kit-Kat Club, founded in the year 1700 by a society of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen. Behind an appearance of conviviality they concealed a perfectly serious purpose, viz. to organise a central place for the leaders in the Hanoverian party. Among them were six dukes, five earls, two barons, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Grenville, Addison, Garth, Mainwaring, Stepney, and Walsh. Their early history is quite obscure. It is not known why they were called the Kit-Kat Club, whether from Christopher Katt, who appears to be a shadowy person, or from the name of a popular mutton pie—Kit-Kat. Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was the secretary. It is said that they met at first in Shire Lane, Temple Bar, the lane next to Bell Court on the west. This lane is now covered by the Clock Tower of the High Courts of Justice. Perhaps in the year 1700 it was not so unsavoury a place as it became later, before it was cleared away. What the club did in its serious vein is not known; in its convivial hours it made verses on famous toasts and engraved them on the toast-glasses. The following lines were written by Lord Halifax:—

"THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a Mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise
With his wit, and with her eyes."

"THE LADY SUNDERLAND

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force to man not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone."

Every member presented his picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller to Jacob Tonson. In the summer the club met at the Upper Flask, Hampstead.

The "Royal Society Club" or the "Club of Royal Philosophers" was founded in the year 1743 for the convenience of Fellows of the Royal Society on days when the Society met. The following were the rules :—

> " Rules and Orders to be observed by the Thursday's Club, called the Royal Philosophers :—
>
> A dinner to be ordered every Thursday for six, at one shilling and sixpence a head for eating. As many more as come to pay one shilling and sixpence per head each. If fewer than six come, the deficiency to be paid out of the fund subscribed. Each subscriber to pay down six shillings, viz. for four dinners, to make a fund. A pint of wine to be paid for by every one that comes, be the number what it will, and no more, unless more wine is brought in than that amounts to."

Forty was agreed upon as the number of members. The club met at the Mitre. The club was continued at least up to the year 1860.

The Cocoa-tree Club grew out of a chocolate-house. It was the headquarters of the Jacobite party, and was made into a club shortly before the Pretender's attempt upon the country.

The dinner-hour of the eighteenth century can never be stated with exactness, even when we speak of people of fashion ; in fact, there was no rule : it was a movable feast. We find in 1743 the Philosophers dining at six. In 1764 the noblemen and gentlemen founding Almack's Club made a rule that dinner should be served up exactly at half-past four, and the bill should be brought in at seven. This little club was extremely exclusive, and would allow none of its members to belong to any other club except Old White's. It was a club of high play.

> " The gaming at Almack's," writes Walpole to Mann, 2nd February 1770, " which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost £11,000 there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath, 'Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight, and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty."

Almack, proprietor of the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, built in King Street the suite of assembly rooms named after him. The world has forgotten Almack's Club, but it remembers Almack's Assemblies, the admission to which was formerly a prize which transformed a woman into one of the leaders of Society. Not to belong to Almack's, to be refused admission, meant that the unfortunate girl had no claim to belong to the really high circles. Perhaps it added to the humiliation that the ladies of the committee gave no reason for rejection.

> " All on that magic list depends :
> Fame, fortune, fashion, lovers, friends ;
> 'Tis that which gratifies or vexes
> All ranks, all ages, and both sexes.
> If once to Almack's you belong,
> Like monarchs, you can do no wrong :
> But banished thence on Wednesday night,
> By Jove, you can do nothing right."

There may be at the present moment exclusive circles the members of which believe that they alone represent the aristocracy of Great Britain, but one does not hear of them; no one applies for admission, no one therefore meets with any humiliation, and it matters nothing to the world whether such an exclusive circle is kept up or not.

Almack's Club, which was in Pall Mall, was transferred to a wine merchant and money-lender named Brooke. Of Brooke's, Tickell wrote to Sheridan:—

> "Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
> And know, I've brought the best champagne from Brooke's,
> From liberal Brooke, whose speculative skill
> Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
> Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
> Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

In 1778 the club was removed from Pall Mall to No. 60 St. James's Street. Among the early members were Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Hume, Horace Walpole, Sheridan, Wilberforce, the Duke of Queensberry, George Selwyn.

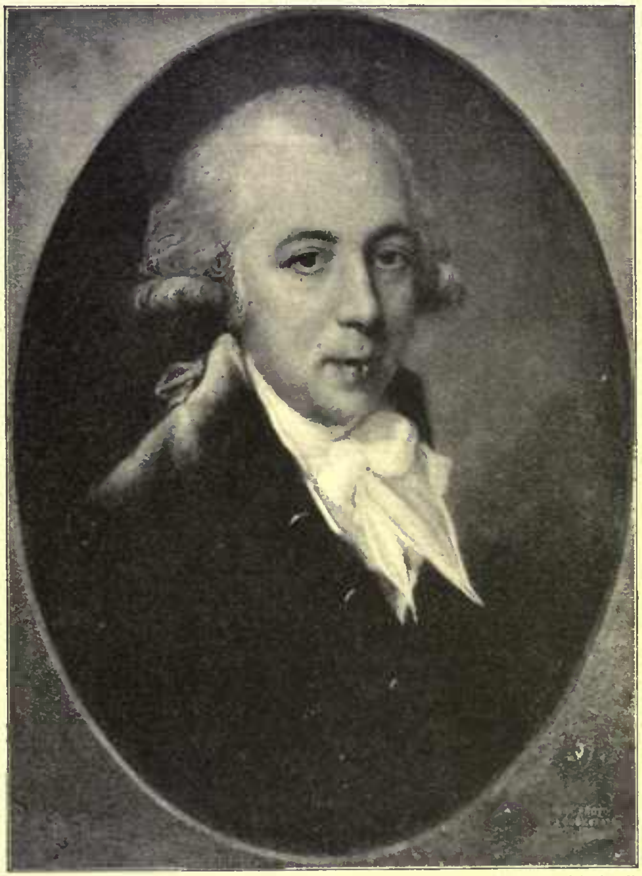
Arthur's Club was originally Arthur's Chocolate-house. It was rebuilt in 1825.

White's Club, also a chocolate-house originally, was founded in 1692 and burned down in 1733, the gamesters being disturbed in the manner portrayed in "The Rake's Progress." The proprietor then removed to the opposite side of St. James's Street. In 1755 it was again removed to the east side, No. 38.

White's was from the outset a house of high play. Innumerable are the gambling stories connected with the club. Chesterfield, Bubb Doddington, Colley Cibber, Horace Walpole, Charles James Fox, and Selwyn are among the names of the bygone members. No one could be a member unless he was a man of fortune as well as family. Apparently the club was expensive in its charges, for we find that in 1780 the house dinner cost 12s., and in 1797, 10s. 6d. a head without wine; also that hot suppers could be had at 8s. or cold meat at 4s. Hazard was played all night long and every night. Whist was also played.

Boodle's Club, like White's and Brooke's, was a club for gentlemen—that is, for men of rank and good family only. Its traditions are less picturesque than those of White's, and the play is not reported to have been so ruinous. Its distinctive points were its entertainments.

In the year 1764 a subscription club, at one guinea a year, was founded at Tom's Coffee-house. This was another indication of the desire to limit the company from the catholic publicity of the coffee-house, which any one with a decent coat might enter, to those whose society might be desired, or at least tolerated. We have seen how the St. James's Clubs grew out of chocolate- and coffee-houses; the development of Tom's was another step in the same direction. But Tom's was neither a club of high play nor was it an aristocratic club; stars and ribbons were seen there in the evening; poets, dramatists, essayists, travellers, lawyers, divines, physicians—in a word, all the "wits"—were found on the lists of the club. It is said that there were 700 members, but this would mean, apparently, 700 from the beginning to the end. The club had only two rooms, both on the first floor—a card-room and a conversation-room—so that 700 members all present together would be impossible. Among the members were Arthur Murphy, Garrick, Sir John Fielding, Lord Clive, Johnson, George Colman, Dr. Dodd, Goldsmith, and Samuel Foote. The club probably declined and fell into decay, for we hear no more about it, and the coffee-house business was closed in 1815. It is noticeable, however, as the first club in which noblemen associated on equal terms with the professional classes, the first club in which men of good family sat down on terms of equality with men of no family.



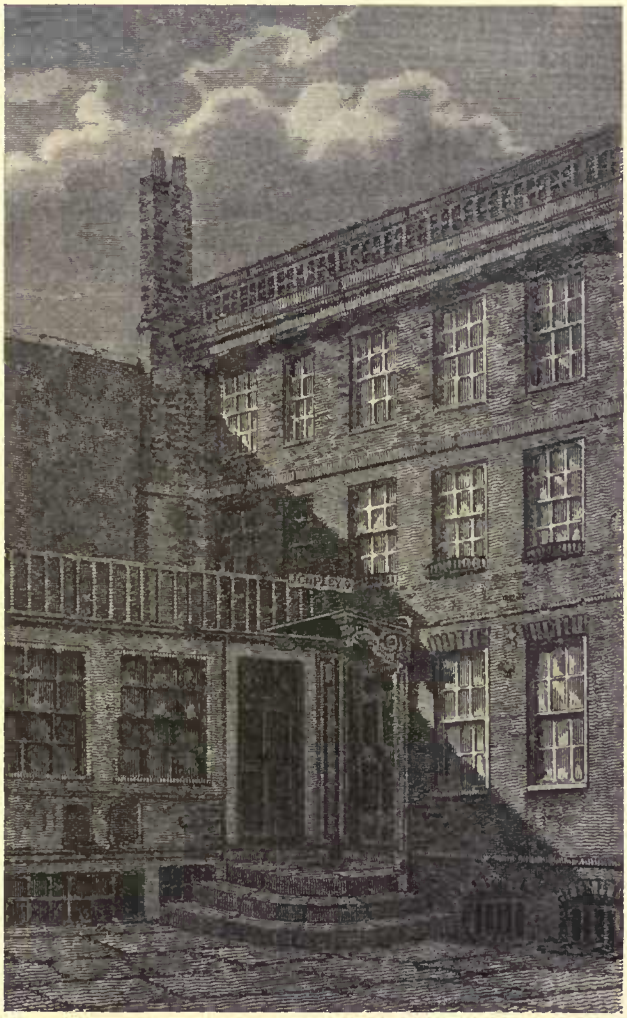
Walker and Cockerell.

R. B. SHERIDAN

From the crayon drawing by John Russell, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

The number of minor clubs of the last century is enormous. As stated above, we must not take Ned Ward's account of clubs, as many writers have done, to be real—there were no such clubs as the Noseless, or the Lying Club; nor are we to accept the *Spectator's* clubs, such as the Fat Men, the Tall Men, the One-Eyed Men, the Everlasting, where they are always sitting and always drinking. There were, however, many clubs with general names: the "Great Bottle Club," the "Sons of the Thames," the "No Pay no Liquor Club," the "Society of Bucks," the "Purl Drinkers," and so forth.

There were coffee-houses where a certain society of men would meet and occupy one part of the room night after night, until they came to be regarded as a club. Thus at the Chapter Coffee-house, of which I have already spoken, at the end of the eighteenth century, a certain knot of well-known scholars occupied the same box every evening, and were called the Witenagemot. People came to the coffee-house in order to listen to the arguments and criticisms of this coterie. This

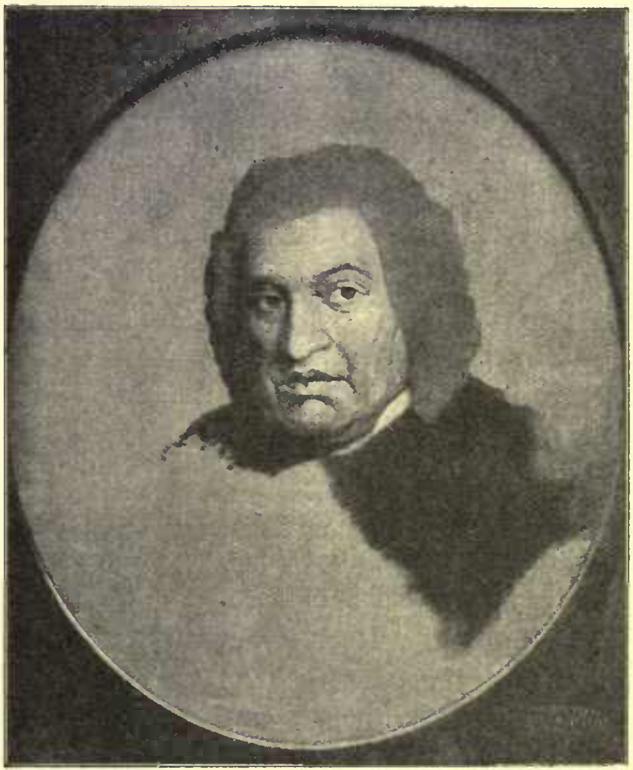


DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT

From a contemporary print.

company, which attracted many visitors and filled the boxes of the coffee-house, took supper at a shilling and drank punch freely. It fell to pieces by degrees and was not replaced. One reason of its decay was the growing habit, among the better sort, of staying at home in the evening.

Debating societies were sometimes called clubs. Thus at the Clifford Street Coffee-house a club was held for the purposes of debate. Here George Canning practised the art of oratory, attack, and reply. The members of this club belonged to a superior class. Those of the Robin Hood Club—a much more famous club—belonged to all classes. Burke practised at the Robin Hood. Goldsmith also was a member, though for the most part a silent one.



Walker and Cockerell.

DR. JOHNSON

From an unfinished sketch in oils by James Barry, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Dr. Johnson's club life forms a large part of his biography. There was never any man more clubbable. He loved to talk; his full mind overflowed; he was only happy when he was seated in his chair at a club with scholars and poets round him. First and foremost among his clubs was that distinguished circle called afterwards the "Literary Club." It was founded by Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the year 1764. It was at first limited to nine, viz. Johnson, Reynolds, Hawkins, Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Chamier, and Oliver Goldsmith. They very soon broke their rule of limitation, and in a few years the list of members numbered twelve. They met at first on Monday evening at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. They then changed their day to Friday, and agreed to dine together once a fortnight during the sitting of Parliament. In 1773 they raised their numbers to twenty; subsequently to twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, and forty. The club still exists, and I believe, for I have not seen the list of members, has a roll of members distinguished in arms as well as letters. But the club no longer possesses any influence in literature, nor is any distinction understood to be conferred by membership. The list of members, however, for the first forty years of its existence is most remarkable, and certainly unequalled for the distinction of the members by any other club in the long list of such institutions. The names of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Colman, the two Wartons, Hallam, Milman, Frere, Steevens, Burney, Sir William Jones, Joseph Banks, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Macaulay, Fox, Lords Lansdowne and Aberdeen, Professor Owen, Bosworth, Adam Smith, Bishops Blomfield, Wilberforce, and Douglas, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Henry Halford, Lords Ashburton, Stowell, and Overstone, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis form indeed a long and splendid list.

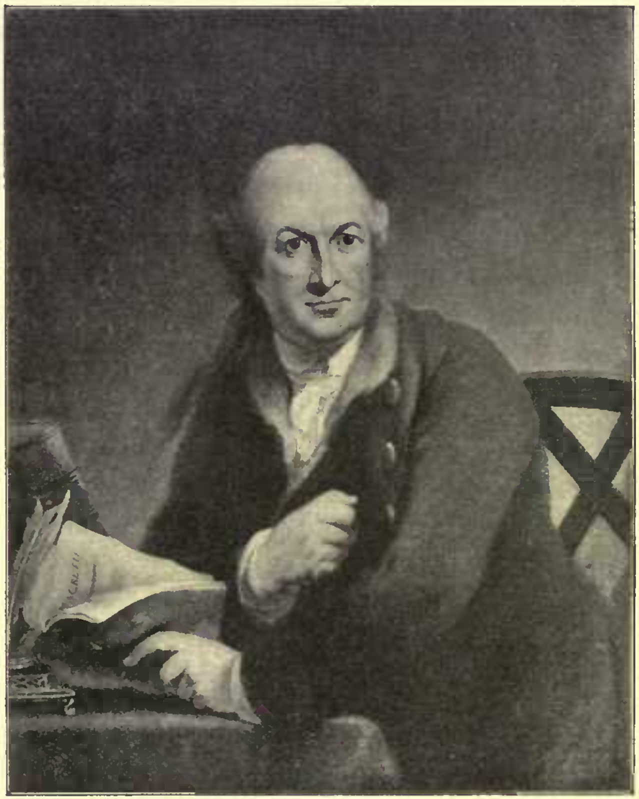
In 1783, the landlord of the Turk's Head dying, the club was moved to Prince's in Sackville Street. When this house was closed they went to Thomas's in Dover Street; thence in 1792 to Parsloe's in St. James's Street; and in February 1799 to the Thatched House. Here also the "Society of Dilettanti" met. When the Thatched House was pulled down the club went to the Clarendon Hotel in Bond Street; in 1869 they moved to Willis's Rooms. The chair is taken by the members in turn, the only permanent official being the treasurer. The following is the list of treasurers from the commencement:—E. Malone, Sir H. C. Englefield, Rev. Dr. Charles Burney, Hatchett, Dean Milman, Sir Edmund Head, Henry Reeve, C.B. The election of a member is conveyed to him in a letter the form of which is never changed:—

"Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour of being elected a member of the Club. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant."

Johnson founded two other clubs, the Ivy Lane and the Essex Head. These clubs were both intended for good talk—that is, the talk of scholars and men who had read. Goldsmith's clubs, on the contrary, were places where men met to sing, drink, and play the fool. One of them was the Shilling Whist Club at the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street; another was held at the Globe Tavern in the same street.

The Dilettanti Society, which exists still, was formed in the year 1734. It was a perfectly serious Society, intended to promote the study and cultivation of Art, which at the time of its foundation was at its lowest and most decayed condition. The Society has done great and signal service by its publications and its antiquarian researches.

The Beefsteak Club—the sublime Society of Beefsteaks—was founded in the reign of Queen Anne and before the year 1709, in which year it is mentioned in Dr. King's *Art of Cookery.* The early history of this club and that of the Sublime Society of Steaks which took its place are somewhat obscure. It seems, however, well ascertained that the present is the second club, and that their gridiron dates from 1735. In 1754 the Society is described as meeting every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, to dine on beefsteaks. George Lambert, Hogarth, Churchill, Wilkes, Garrick, Colman, Linley the brother of Mrs. Sheridan, Arthur Murphy, Bonnell Thornton, Tickell, Lord Sandwich (expelled for his treatment of Wilkes), Kemble, and Charles Morris—Captain Morris—the poet of the Sublime Society, were among the members of the club. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sussex were also members.



Walker and Cockerell.

DAVID GARRICK

From the painting by Robert Edge Pine, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

The Society, as a club, still exists and flourishes. The dinners, we are told, were formerly "radiant with the sallies of wit and epigram." In other words, every one was allowed the most complete license of speech, the only condition being that there should be the accompaniment of wit and epigram. This kind of sparkling dialogue, often adorned with flints and broken glass instead of diamonds, was much admired by some. For instance, on one occasion the chairman, an alderman, suffered the whole evening from continuous flashes of this forked lightning. It was, doubtless, because it is so stated, a perfect hailstorm of wit, and it was directed against him by the vice-chairman. At last he lost his patience and cried out, "I wish I had another vice-chairman, so that I could have a gentleman opposite to me." "Why," said the other, "you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present." When we read of these feasts of wit, we must admire the patience of those who endured the things that were said. It seems to us, in these latter days, when there is said to be no conversation, that the boasted wit of that time mainly consisted in calling each other, at unexpected moments, and with the aid of unexpected materials, ass, dolt, cad, person of ignoble birth, person of repulsive appearance, person of uncleanly habits, person of contemptible calling. Now and then there would be something said that was extremely witty and unexpected. In the intervals of the wit they took turns to sing songs in praise of wine and women, or in praise of women only. The poet of the Beefsteak Club, Captain Charles Morris, who died at the age of ninety, has left two volumes of facile, fluent verse, the whole of it devoted to the praise of punch and port and woman. It is difficult to get through these two volumes. Perhaps one of the losses of the present age is that we no longer sing and laugh and call each other names at our clubs. The eighteenth was, certainly, a robust and a cheerful century. Formerly, at all the clubs except those of the West End, which were devoted to gaming, at all the taverns, at all the coffee-houses, at the "mug-houses," from one box to another arose in succession the song uplifted for the pleasure of the company. But men became less convivial; the fashion of sitting at taverns and at clubs, drinking punch and singing, died out, partly because people during the long war became poor and pinched in circumstances; partly because they left London and went to live in the suburbs. Charles Morris outlived his own songs; in the year 1827 a writer on London amusements laments that a song is seldom heard at the Cock.

It was to the Beefsteak that Wilkes presented his *Essay on Woman* privately, trusting to the honour of the members, who, if they disapproved of the poem, would at least destroy it and say nothing about it. In fact, the grossness of the poem greatly offended the Society, and Wilkes ceased to attend its dinners. But that Lord Sandwich should stand up in his place in the House of Lords in order to move that Wilkes, for this production, privately communicated to him under cover of his honour, should be taken into custody, was an act of private treason fouler than any that can be recorded against the House of Lords in that age. Thinking of "Jemmy Twitcher," one reads Churchill's lines about him with a peculiar satisfaction:—

"From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices more than years have made him grey;
When riotous excess with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand;

Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth—
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly, added vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and courted shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame."

The members at one time wore a kind of uniform: a blue coat with red cape and cuffs, and buttons with the initials B. S. It reminds one of the Pickwick Club, whose members also distinguished and decorated themselves in the same way.

It would be a grave omission not to give an example of the Anacreontic verse which delighted the Beefsteaks; the poet delighted them also with the punch which he alone was suffered to compound for them. I have ventured to make one extract from the *Lyra Urbanica.* The reader will recognise that an old-world flavour is already clinging to the lines. The reader will also remember that all this fine sentiment about love and beauty was perfectly conventional. There was no time when there was less gallantry. Puritanism and port and punch among them had killed the spirit of gallantry. These topers never made love, except to the ladies of Covent Garden, and despised the insipid society of women of their own class.

"Come a toast,—'tis dismal weather,
Wine must clear this darken'd air;
Sunshine from the glass we'll gather,
Beauty's image slumbers there;
Bright in Passion's magic mirror,
Glow her charms when touch'd with wine;
Venus wakes if Fancy stir her,
And her sweetest smile is thine.

Like these icy clouds that blight us,
Reasoning sinks the heart with spleen;
But the sparkling goblets light us
Up to Love's celestial scene—
Dreams of joy will there transport thee,
Hope in fair fruition shine;
Sweetly varying visions court thee;
And a sip will make them thine.

Love's the charm for life allotted,
Cheerful cups exalt the plan;
'Tis the cold who live besotted,
Care's the muddled state of man—
Mark the toils of Pride and Power,
See their victims fret in gloom;
Mirth's the plant of Nature's bower,
And a sprinkle makes it bloom."

The club set apart a room in a tavern for the convenience of its members; the coffee-house admitted the whole world; the tavern, which provided dinner or supper, with wine and strong drink of every kind, was not a rival to either, yet was filled both with those who belonged to a club and those who frequented a coffee-house.

Many of the old inns remained through the eighteenth century—in a few cases to the present day. For instance, the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate Hill, the Bull and Mouth, the Swan with Two Necks, the George and Blue Boar, the Tabard, the Hercules' Pillars, and many others. In fact, it is only by the site becoming too valuable for a tavern that an old inn is destroyed. It was not, however, on account of their antiquity that taverns were popular, but on account of their catering. Pontack's, for instance, the best place for dinners in London, was opened in the reign of William III., and lasted for three-quarters of a century. Here a dinner might be ordered, Defoe says, from 4s. or 5s. a head to a guinea or what you please. The best wines were charged 7s. a bottle.

Of eighteenth-century taverns the most memorable are the Boar's Head, called in 1739 the chief tavern in London; Pontack's, the above-mentioned famous dining-place; the Old Swan in Thames Street; the Mitre in Wood Street, which had associations with Pepys; the Salutation and Cat in Newgate Street, which was connected with Sir Christopher Wren, and later with Coleridge and Charles Lamb; the African, St. Michael's Alley, frequented by Porson; the Globe, Fleet Street, used by Goldsmith, Macklin, Akerman the keeper of Newgate, and Woodfall the reporter. Concerning the Devil tavern, as of the Boar's Head and many others, a whole history might be written. I have elsewhere noticed the Apollo Club, which was held at the Devil. The Cock of Fleet Street has been made immortal by Tennyson. Pepys frequented the tavern two hundred years before Tennyson. Hercules' Pillars was an alley opposite St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; it was entirely occupied by taverns. The Mitre in Fleet Street was not the present tavern of the name, which is in a court off Fleet Street: it was No. 39 Fleet Street, and was taken down to enlarge Hoare's Banking House. The Mitre was Dr. Johnson's favourite house for supper. There were also the Fountain, in the Strand; the Coal Hole, where the visitors sang songs every night; and the Rose, Covent Garden, a house of extremely bad reputation:—

> "Not far from thence appears a pendent sign,
> Whose bush declares the product of the vine,
> Whence to the traveller's sight the full-blown Rose
> Its dazzling beauties doth in gold disclose,
> And painted faces flock in tally'd clothes."

Bishopsgate Street Without was famous for its inns. Among them was the White Hart, formerly the Magpie, which stood beside the gateway of Bethlehem Priory, supposed to have been the original hostelry of the Priory, afterwards an inn for travellers and carriers who arrived after the gates had been closed, or desired, for other reasons, to lie outside the city. This was rebuilt in 1480 and was standing in 1810. It was rebuilt in 1829 and stood at the corner of Liverpool Street. Then there was the Bull, where Burbage and his friend performed in the courtyard. Hebron, the Cambridge carrier, used this inn, and on a wall was his effigy in fresco.

One Van Horn frequented the house and drank in his time 35,680 bottles of wine, *i.e.* three bottles a day for thirty years of continuous drinking. There were also the Green Dragon, the Catherine Wheel (the last to be destroyed), and some others.

In 1881 the old inn called the Half Moon, which stood on the west side of Aldersgate Street, was taken down. The house is described by a visitor in 1866 as being filled with carved woodwork of an elaborate kind, and curious panelling. Under a piece of the woodwork was once found a coin dated 1596. These lines of Ben Jonson's refer to the "Half Moon." He went there in search of sack, but finding it closed, repaired to the "Sun" in Long Acre, where he wrote as follows :—

> "Since the 'Half Moon' is so unkind
> To make me go about,
> The 'Sun' my money now shall have,
> The 'Moon' shall go without."

The house, a striking object in the street, with its projecting gables, quaint oriels and bow windows, was known locally as "Shakespeare's House."

The third print in "The Rake's Progress," showing a midnight debauch, depicts a room at the Rose. The persons represented are all portraits; this becomes apparent if one studies the faces of the women; there is, however, a contemporary "key" in doggerel which gives the name of every one. The fellow with a silver or pewter tray and a candle entering at the door is the porter of the house; everybody at the time recognised the man and understood the meaning of the tray.

Evans', Covent Garden, is a historic house. Here lived Sir Kenelm Digby after the Restoration; here lived Admiral Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford. The house was opened as a hotel in 1774; for a long time it was famous for its dinners. Its large room was then used as a singing-room; in 1855 the site of the garden was used for the building of a great hall where singing of glees and other entertainments were carried on. The place was closed about five-and-twenty years ago. Since then the house has been used as a club, but not, I believe, successfully.

The Cider Cellar, like the Coal Hole, was a "Midnight Concert-Room." Porson came here frequently. Offley's, Henrietta Street, was another singing-house, but of a higher class; the performers were all amateurs. The Heaven and Hell taverns, Westminster, were two ale-houses or eating-houses abutting on Westminster Hall. Fuller writes of the latter :—

> "I could wish it had another name, seeing it is ill jesting with edged tools. I am informed that formerly this place was appointed a prison for the King's debtors, who never were freed thence until they had paid their uttermost due demanded of them. This proverb is since applied to moneys paid into the Exchequer, which thence are irrecoverable, upon what plea or pretence whatever."

At the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, was fought the fatal duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth. There had been a somewhat lively discussion, other gentlemen being present. Mr. Chaworth said in conclusion, "As to myself, your lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row." He presently paid his reckoning and went out.

> "Lord Byron now came out, and found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs; it is doubtful whether his lordship called upon Mr. Chaworth or Mr. Chaworth called upon Lord Byron; but both went down to the first landing-place—having dined upon the second floor—and both called a waiter to show an empty room, which the waiter did, having first opened the door, and placed a small tallow-candle, which he had in his hand, on the table; he then retired, when the gentlemen entered and shut the door after them.
>
> In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down very frightened, told his master of the catastrophe, when he ran up to the room, and found the two antagonists standing close together; Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his sword in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulder. Mr. Chaworth desired Mr. Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his sword at the same moment; a surgeon was sent for and came immediately. In the meantime, six of the company entered the room; when Mr. Chaworth said that he could not live many hours, that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow-candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he addressed the observation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him; to which he replied, 'If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door'; that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning he saw his lordship's sword half-drawn, on which he whipped out his own sword and made the first pass; that the sword being through my lord's waistcoat, he thought that he had killed him; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword and stabbed him in the belly."

The London tavern was famous for its turtle and its immense wine-cellars. Freemasons' tavern, Great Queen Street, and the Glacière, Aldersgate, perhaps make up the list of those taverns which are most worthy of members.

The taverns were more than dining-rooms and the home of clubs. They were frequented as private places where business could be transacted in quiet over a bottle. The attorney attended every day at the tavern, where he met his client and took him to a private room, where the case was discussed over a bottle. The architect produced his plans and his estimates in a tavern—over a bottle. Bargains were concluded in a tavern—over a bottle. Booksellers divided their new books into shares, and sold their old books to each other in a tavern—over a bottle. Every new venture, every new company, was first considered and finally concluded in a tavern—over a bottle. So prevalent was this custom that, in the small area included between Threadneedle Street and Lombard Street, and Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street in the east, there were thirty-three taverns and coffee-houses. Some of the taverns were also, of course, inns. Thus, the High Streets outside the gates—Bishopsgate, Aldersgate or Aldgate—were lined with inns. Those who came from the north put up at an inn in Bishopsgate Street Without. Those who came from Kent or the south went to the Tabard or the Queen's Head or the George of Southwark. These taverns had extensive yards round which they were built in open galleries; the yards were filled with the loaded waggons just arrived from the country on their way to distribution, or just about to leave London. In the yard, also, were the post-chaise of the better-class traveller, the high gig of the bagman, the stage-coach and the stage waggon and the carrier's cart. Within there were small private rooms where the guests took their meals and performed their business; the food was good, the wine black and sweet and strong; the bedrooms were cold and draughty, the doors opening on the unprotected galleries, but the bed was heavily curtained and the feather bed deep; there was no comfort in the private house to compare with that of a great London tavern. "The true felicity of human life," said Dr. Johnson, "is in a tavern." To sit every evening among a group of men who seemed never sad, never oppressed, never anxious—the atmosphere of the tavern forbade the entrance of care—attracted all men alike. The shopkeeper spent most of his time and much more of his money than he could afford in the tavern. When he broke—an event which then happened much more commonly than at present—he generally retired into the Fleet or the King's Bench, and there he would have been wretched indeed but for the fact that he found a tavern in the prison.

The morning draught, which Pepys notices in the seventeenth century, continued to be a common practice long after the introduction of tea for breakfast. It was just a part of the drinking habits of the time. We are sometimes told by those who love a good round sweeping assertion, that the shopkeepers in the eighteenth century spent most of their time at the tavern. This is, of course, a ridiculous exaggeration. The wealth and trade of London, which increased enormously during the latter part of the century, was never created or enlarged by drunkards; nor did those citizens who spent all their days in the tavern commonly retire, when age fell upon them, to the comfortable villa on Clapham Common.

We must not forget the barmaid, to whom frequent reference is made. She is described by Tom Brown as "all ribbon, lace, and feathers, and making such a noise with her bell and her tongue together, that had half-a-dozen paper-mills been at work within three yards of her, they'd have signified no more to her clamorous voice than so many lutes to a drum, which alarmed two or three nimble fellows aloft, who shot themselves downstairs with as much celerity as a mountebank's mercury upon a rope from the top of a church-steeple, every one charged with a mouthful of coming, coming, coming." The girl (generally a vintner's daughter) is further described as "bred at the dancing-school, becoming a bar well, stepping a minuet finely, playing sweetly on the virginals, 'John, come kiss me now, now, now,' and as proud as she is handsome."

Upon one who considers the tavern of the time there presently falls a reminiscence of the past when we were all living in the eighteenth century. We are standing in the courtyard of a tavern in Leadenhall; our carriage—for we drove into town this morning from the country—is drawn up in the open court, where are also the waggons, now unloaded, which rumbled in from Edinburgh this morning. Three girls, come up from service all the way from York, which is ten days' journey, are waiting for their new masters to call for them; an old lady, whose smile is meant to be benevolent, is whispering to one of the girls—the prettiest one—that she can offer her a place of much higher wages and much less work; there is a great yohoing and whistling from the stable which one can see—and smell—through the gate on the other side of the court; messengers and porters are bringing parcels for another waggon now receiving its load; at intervals the housemaids running about the galleries above lean over the rails and exchange a little light satire with the grooms below; gentlemen grave of aspect walk into the tavern and call for a bottle and a private room. You can see them through the open window; they exchange papers, they talk in low tones, they make notes, they drink but without merriment. There are twenty or thirty of these rooms; they are all occupied by merchants who are more private here than on 'Change. At four o'clock a company of gentlemen, headed by a rosy-cheeked divine, all of them sleek and some of them even obese, enter the inn with a kind of procession. They are met by the landlord, who bows obsequiously. "Gentlemen," he says, "you are welcome. John, show his Reverence and the Vestry to the Anchor. Gentlemen, you shall be served immediately." It is a parish feast. People from the country arrive, some in post-chaises, some by stage-coach. There is a bride with her bridegroom and her bridesmaid, blushing sweetly. She sees London for the first time; it will be the last time, yet it will remain the dream of her life. Outside there is the bawling of the street criers, the grinding and the rumbling of the carts. Here, in the tavern yard, there is the atmosphere of comfort and of rest. One perceives, after a hundred years, the fragrance of the kitchen; one hears the drawing of corks; one listens to the gobbling of the select Vestry; one hears the laughter of the country visitors. The servants run about; the landlord gives his orders; when the night falls the passengers for the eight o'clock stage arrive, and the great coach, piled high with luggage, rumbles out through the archway into the street.

CHAPTER XIII

SUNDRY NOTES

I have before me certain notes on London in the eighteenth century. They are: (1) those by a foreign traveller in 1760; (2) those contained in Corry's *Satirical View*, 1790; (3) notes written in 1810 by a person who was recalling the streets of London and the manners of thirty or forty years before; and lastly, notes collected from a great many sources—from the literature, the diaries, the travels, the magazines, etc., of the time. I put these notes together in some kind of sequence.

On Sunday mornings the people who went to church had to pass on their way rows or groups of drunken men laid out on the pavement before the public-houses till they should recover consciousness. The working-men went habitually to the public-house every Saturday evening and drank until they became senseless, when they were dragged out and laid down on the pavement in rows until they cooled down and recovered. Even in the most respectable streets the ears of ladies were offended at all times in the day by the bawling of the coarsest and most abominable songs in the public-houses and at the corners of the streets by balladmongers. Girls—but in couples, being ashamed to do so if they were alone—would stand and listen to the most ribald songs sung either in these houses or in the streets. The dress of the lower or lowest class of women is described in plain terms, and one asks how the poor creatures could rise out of the slough and mire so long as they dressed in such a manner? Their chief garment was a linsey-woolsey quilted petticoat; this was never washed: it was impossible for it to be washed: it was not made for washing. They wore leathern stays, called "loose jumps," which were never washed and never changed. The better sort wore camlet petticoats lined with wool and quilted, very warm. These, too, were never washed or changed until they fell to pieces. Of under-linen the poorer sort of women seem to have had none. Those a little better wore the same under-linen day and night. Cleanliness of the body was impossible: it was never attempted; the chief reason, therefore, of the great gulf between the working classes and those who washed themselves and changed their clothes becomes immediately apparent. The first step, indeed, in the elevation of the lower classes was the introduction of cotton petticoats, cotton gowns, and other things which could be washed. Then cleanliness of the body for the first time became possible, and with its sweetness and its comforts came cleanliness of other kinds. Civilisation, in fact, largely depends upon the possibility of wearing cheap garments which can be washed.

The footpath in the streets was four or five feet wide; across the streets were causeways at frequent intervals; the puddles in the roadway and in the broken pavement splashed the mud upon the clothes of the passengers; there were shops of "scourers" wholly occupied in cleaning clothes thus splashed; the 'prentices also were constantly occupied in cleaning and washing the splashed front of the shop.

In the years 1770-1780 there were still many courts and back streets of London into which the flagstones had not penetrated—which were still paved with pebbles, as a few of the courts of the Colleges at Cambridge are to this day. Some, even, were not paved at all. Of one such court we get a glimpse. The houses are small and crazy; the windows are casements; the window-frames and door-posts are black with soot and dirt; the rooms have not been painted or whitewashed for many years; broken panes are pasted over with paper or stuffed with rags; there are no blinds or curtains. The poor people who live in these hovels are perfectly suited to them in their clothes, their dirt, their manners, and their language. The women empty all their pails and pans at their doors; they go in and out in utter shamelessness without a gown on their backs, their leather stays half unlaced, without even a handkerchief over their necks.

A sensible improvement was observed in the manners of the town after the establishment of the Lancastrian schools. A great number of children—boys and girls—were educated in these schools. One rule was rigorously enforced—the children must be sent to school clean.

In quoting from a book professing to take a satirical view, it is necessary to be very careful. The satirist lives by exaggeration; he simulates indignation; he makes his exception stand for the rule; he lumps things together that ought to be taken separately; if he laughs, it is over a caricature; if he weeps, it is over an exaggerated statement; if he is indignant, one may be pretty certain that he is a pretender and a hypocrite, dwelling on pictures of vice for the sake of pleasing his readers as well as himself, while he cries out virtuously upon the wickedness of it, the shamefulness of it, the abomination of it. Out of the exaggerations and the caricatures, and by reading between the lines of the satirist, a sketch, imperfect and incomplete, may be drawn. The imperfections, in some cases, may be filled in from other sources. Yet, when all is done, the restoration of the past can never be complete: the atmosphere has gone out of it, and that no man can bring back.

London at all times contained a very large number of men who had come up from the country in search of fortune. Nearly the whole of the "service"—the carrying, hauling, loading, and unloading—was done by country-bred lads or farm-labourers.

There were many Welsh, Scots, and Irish in the town. The Welsh were characterised by honesty in their dealings, pride of ancestry, and, the satirist adds, "that simple dignity of conduct which is ever the companion of integrity." Was he, himself, a native of the Principality? The Scots made their way by their patience and frugality; among them were many literary adventurers. The Irish were remarkable for their vivacity and their eloquence: you could meet an Irish orator in every tavern. The Germans were distinguished by their bad habit of cavilling at all the institutions of the country which protected them; the French, of course, were vain—the satirist, one perceives, is far from original. Then there were Spaniards and Dutch, and there were Jews. The spirit in which the Jews were regarded is illustrated by the following passage, which is quoted merely for the purpose of comparison with what would be said of them at the present day:—

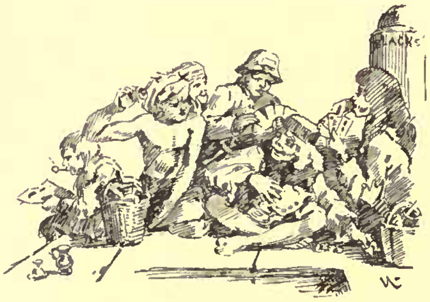
"A very distinct class of the inhabitants of London consists of Jews. It is computed that they amount to twenty thousand; and though a few of them are respectable characters, the majority are notorious sharpers. Their adherence to the Mosaic law prevents them from mixing with the rest of their fellow-citizens; hence they absolutely subsist on the industry of others, and become public nuisances. The Jewish dealers in wearing apparel, gold, and silver purchase these articles at an undervalue without scruple; hence they are the principal receivers of stolen goods, while the itinerant Jew-boys circulate base money in every direction."

In his remarks upon fashionable manners the author follows the lead of all preceding satirists. Never was there a time more abandoned to luxury; never before did the women dress in fashions so immoderate; never were they so unblushing. You shall judge of the monstrous wickedness of women of fashion. Some, for instance, danced reels; some rode on horseback; one, at least, played the cymbals; at one private house some of the girls played a farce—one enacted the clown and one became the pantaloon; they even allowed their arms as high as the elbow to be bare. Did one ever hear of a more shameless time? After reading so much, it is almost tame to learn that some ladies wore wigs, and that some curled their hair over their foreheads.

On the subject of the clergy the author speaks in general terms only; and as he can bring no charge against them except that of pluralism, and therefore non-residence, we may infer—which, indeed, we know from other sources—that the London clergy of the time were respected for their piety and the general tenor of their lives and conversation.

On the lawyers he has more to say, yet all in general terms. He was, therefore, not a member of the bar or of any Inn of Court. The barristers, so eminently dignified and respectable, are "wholly supported by the folly and vices of their countrymen; and the pride and phrenzy which stimulate to legislation, enrich thousands of virtuous men educated to assist in the administration of justice." The number of courts of justice in the town amounted to 61; there were 14 prisons; 4 houses of correction; and the whole number of persons employed in the different departments of the law, including catchpoles, was 7040.

"Clean your shoes!" "Black your shoes!" Among the minor customs of London we must not omit the shoeblack. He rose; he flourished; he decayed and disappeared: he has risen again, yet not to the height of prosperity which he formerly enjoyed. The former condition of the streets, which can now be traversed on foot, even after rain, without covering the boot with mud, but then made every foot thick with black mud and filth, gave to the shoeblack a popularity and even a greatness from which he has now fallen. Why, the same man might call for his services a dozen times in a single day. He wanted for his duties nothing but a three-legged stool and a tin kettle, an earthen pot filled with blacking (a mixture of ivory black, brown sugar, vinegar, and earth), two or three brushes, a rag, a knife, a stick, and an old wig with which to wipe off the dust or mud. In every occupation one finally arrives at the one thing which is best for the purpose intended. Thus, old woollen stockings, which had been darned until they were one great darn, were proved best for making tinder; and an old wig was found by experience to be the one thing necessary for shoeblacking. He who walked the streets wore shoes and not boots: he wore shoes with buckles, and the shoeblack showed his dexterity by laying on the blacking without tarnishing the silver buckle.



SHOEBLACKS

Umbrellas of some kind have always been in use in hot climates. In 1616 Ben Jonson speaks of an umbrella. Drayton speaks of one made of oiled silk. In 1708 it is defined as a kind of fan or screen used by women to keep off the rain. In 1710 Swift writes:—

> "The trick'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
> While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

In 1730 the Duchess of Bedford is represented with a black holding an umbrella over her. Jonas Hanway was the first man who ventured to appear in public with an umbrella. For twenty years and more the mob jeered at any one who carried an umbrella. Chairmen and hackney-coachmen hated the sight of it.

There were fashions in walking as well as in dress. The Ludgate Hill hobble, the Cheapside swing, the City jolt, the City wriggle, are the names of some of these follies.

The print-shops of the time were full of caricatures and squibs; round their windows was always gathered a crowd to stare and laugh if not to buy. Any one who has seen the drawings of Gilray and Rowlandson will understand the nature of these things: they were clever; they were also coarse—much more coarse than would be tolerated now. People looked at them, laughed, and went on their way; their own talk was quite as coarse as anything the caricaturist drew. Our author, of course, finds that the pictures were injurious to virtue; that girls went in little companies to look at them, being ashamed to go alone; that pickpockets got an opportunity; and that susceptible youth flattened its nose against the pane and imbibed corruption eagerly. For us it is sufficient to note that these caricatures, now scarce and difficult to procure, were formerly exposed openly in the windows. Perhaps posterity will remark with surprise that in this age pictures of the nude were allowed to be exhibited in the picture-shops of the Haymarket and Piccadilly. Perhaps the next age will regard the nude from a purely artistic point of view—any comparison between two ages, as to the extent and the prevalence of any kind of vice, can never be faithful or accurate for want of statistics, which are impossible to procure. Therefore I do not desire to represent the eighteenth century as much worse than our own in the matter of what is called morality, meaning one kind of morality. The "great" were allowed to be above the ordinary restraints of morality. A certain noble lord travelled with a harem of eight, which was, however, considered scandalous. Divorces were frequent for those who could pay for this costly luxury. One lady offered to produce in court thirty-two lovers. I have considered the part played by the courtesan in another place. Suffice it to repeat here that she swarmed in the pleasure-gardens, which were the resort of all classes; that she crowded the lobbies of the theatre; and that the streets were full of her at nightfall.

Here is an eighteenth-century library. At the time it was thought rather an extensive collection of books:—

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*
Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.*
The Whole Duty of Man.
Baker's *Chronicles.*
The Complete Letter-Writer.
Robinson Crusoe.
Robin Hood's Garland.
The Seven Champions.
Turner's *Spectator.*
The Tale of a Tub.
Culpepper's *Herbal.*

So far as can be ascertained, during the greater part of the century the average citizen of the middle class had no books—not even such a collection as the above; nor did he want any. Reading—except of the newspaper—was not part of his life, nor part of the household life. There were a few libraries: those of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Sion College, the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, and the King's Library, for instance; but the citizen knew nothing of them. Nor did he concern himself about literature. Poets, he knew, were a ragamuffin tribe: who could respect the muse out at elbows, starving, and mendicant?

Of minor details, we learn that every event from a victory to the hanging of a highwayman was turned into a ballad and bawled about the streets; that the desire to appear opulent led many to ruin; that a prevalent profusion was partly caused by this desire; that there was a general longing for notoriety; that everybody affected to be a critic; that there was a rage to imitate the amusements and pursuits of the nobility; that it was thought genteel to go to Margate or Brighton, to get up private theatricals, to frequent masquerades, and to dress in the City as the beaux and jessamies dressed in Bond Street.

There are a few minor manners and morals. The ladies of the City were by no means fond of staying at home. They had card-parties and they had assemblies. When they went out they were escorted by the 'prentices, who carried clubs and a lantern. The dangers of venturing out after dark are summed up by Johnson with the customary poetic imagination:—

> "Prepare for death if here a night you roam,
> And sign your will before you step from home.
> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
> Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man—
> Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,
> Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest.
> Yet even these heroes mischievously gay,
> Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
> Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
> Their prudent insults to the poor confine:
> Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
> And shun the shining train and golden coach."

Those who wished to enter the Civil Service had to buy a place; the pay was small but the perquisites were large, and the opportunities of taking advantage of these perquisites made the service worth entering. Members of Parliament sold their privilege of franking, sometimes for £300 a year. Noble lords sold nominal places in their households for substantial sums: the holders could not be arrested for debt; so that when this misfortune seemed impending, the cautious and the crafty staved it off by becoming, nominally, a servant of some kind to a noble lord. All working-men wore aprons: the apron, sometimes of leather, sometimes of white linen, was the badge of the craftsman. Many shops had some outward mark which denoted the occupation of their tenants: the baker had a lattice; the alehouse had its chequers; the barbers had a pole; the clothier had a golden sheep. Walking along the street, one would notice many little things: the milk-score chalked on every doorpost; the "flying-barber" on the Sunday morning; the white glove on the knocker to show the arrival of a child; the pickpocket under the pump; the butchers' orchestral band of marrow-bones and cleavers congratulating the wedding couple. Through the open windows one could see the wedding feast; at midnight you might meet the washer-women hasting to begin their work.

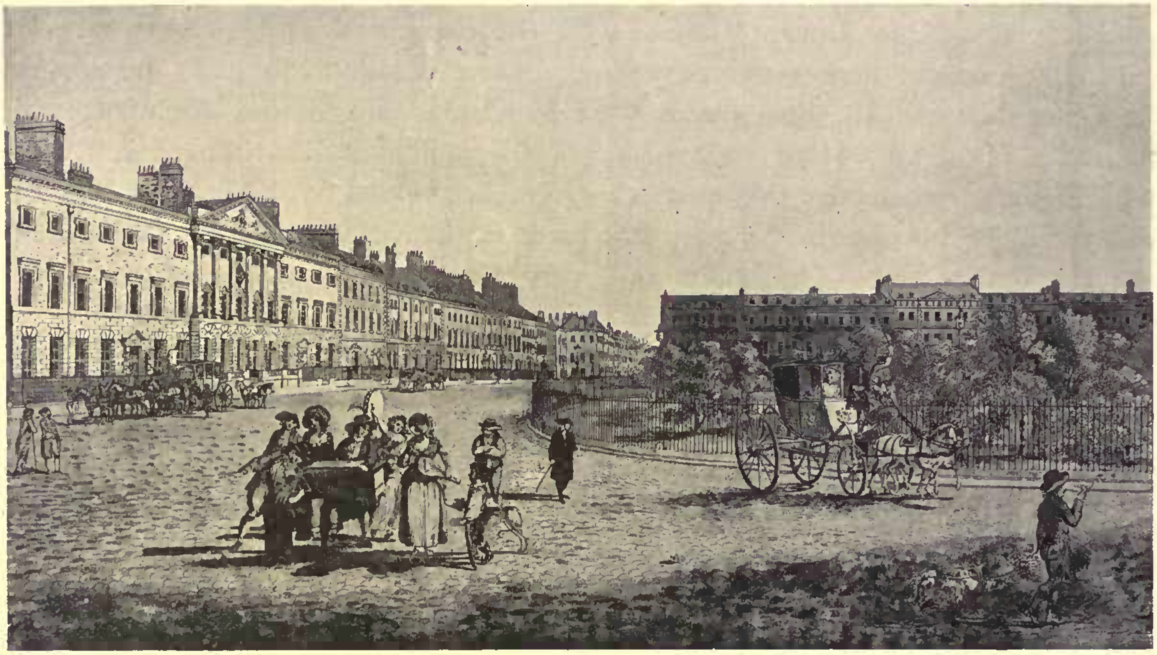
One of the inconveniences of the street was the projection of doorsteps across the footway ; another was the ruinous condition of the pavement in portions even where the pavement consisted of nothing but round stones ; another was the danger from bullocks driven through the streets ; another from the swarms of dogs—not the quiet dog of our time, but the creature taught to defend the house, to fly at strangers, and to fight in the ring. There were also crowds of beggars ; a continual procession of street-cries ; a continual bawling from the shops ;—these things one expects in a city. The lighting, as we have already seen, was inefficient ; but outside the freedom of the City there was no lighting at all.

Covent Garden and the surrounding streets were the centre of the nocturnal amusements and dissipations. Of these I shall speak at greater length in another place. Near Covent Garden were the two theatres ; here were taverns and night-houses ; here were many of the most notorious bagnios ; here were the coffee-houses. In these places were found the wits in the afternoon, and the rakes at night. Here were many of the shilling ordinaries. The actors lived in the streets about this quarter : Quin, Booth, and Wilks in Bow Street ; Colley Cibber in Charles Street ; Pritchard in Craven Buildings ; Garrick in Southampton Street. The courts of Drury Lane, not then so squalid as at present, provided lodgings for the inferior players.

In the theatre, the better sort, with the ladies, occupied the boxes ; no disreputable or drunken persons were admitted ; it was thought ill-mannered for a man to keep on his hat during the performance ; the pit—there were no stalls—was occupied almost entirely by men, especially by young lawyers, young City men, and students who had read the play and were all ready with their criticism. As to the upper boxes nothing is said ; we may imagine that they were frequented by a lower class. The footmen, for many years, had their own gallery, and very often proved noisy critics ; order, if necessary, was preserved among the gods by the butchers of Clare Market, who were steady patrons of the theatre and staunch upholders of the actors.

The London of fashion lived entirely in the area bounded on the north by Great Berkeley Street and Queen Anne Street ; on the south by Pall Mall ; on the west by the Park ; and on the east by Tottenham Court. A few great houses, such as Southampton House, Thanet House, Bedford House, and Montague House, stood in or near Bloomsbury ; the lawyers, with their Inns of Court, formed a barrier between aristocracy and the City. As has been more than once observed, there was no kind of connection or intercourse between City and West End, to the great loss and injury of both ;—the City growing every day richer, more purse-proud, and more vulgar, while the West End grew every day more insolent and more exclusive. The principal squares were those of Bloomsbury, the Queen, Cavendish, St. James's, Hanover, Portman, and Grosvenor.

Let us illustrate domestic manners and customs by references to one year—the year 1771. It appears that breakfast of tea and bread-and-butter had then begun to be fashionable. This was an improvement on the morning draught of wine. About 3,000,000 lbs. of tea were imported, which is not more than 1 lb. a year for every five persons. If we allow 3 oz. of tea per week to each person, there were no more than 300,000 persons in the United Kingdom who drank tea; the whole of the rest—men, women, and children—had beer. At a certain dining-club of which a note is preserved, they began with a "cool tankard," composed of strong mountain-wine, "lowered" by a little lemon-and-water, and spiced. The dinner, which was served at three, was simple, consisting chiefly of soup and salt beef; but the guests complained that the meat was not sufficiently salted. They drank claret with their dinner, but sent for the landlord and complained that the wine possessed none of the silkiness which belongs to good claret. The landlord, however, declared that it was right Chateau Margaux. Dinner over at five, the cloth was taken away, and bottles, glasses, and "dishclouts" were placed upon the table. The drinking began, and continued until nine, every man being expected to drink his two or three bottles.

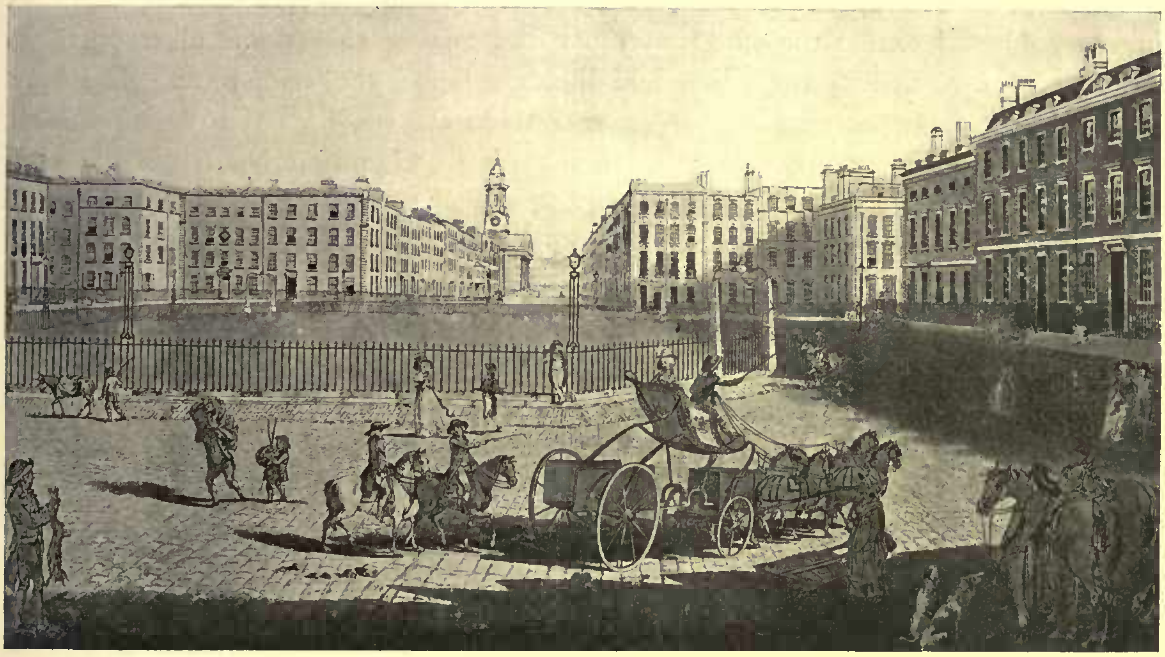


GROSVENOR SQUARE
From an engraving by R. Pollard London, July 28, 1789.

In this year (1771) the Pantheon was opened, and at the first ball there were over 2000 persons—among them several peers and gentlemen of rank; but it was observed by the critical that "Jew brokers, demi-reps, lottery insurers, and quack doctors" formed a large part of the company. Observe that if one desired this day to convey the idea of a mixed company, not one of these persons would be named.

There was a great deal of play; yet not, one would think, so much as followed afterwards. Betting, which is a part of gaming, was universal; yet it seems to have been kept in bounds. We hear of a man taking a purse of a hundred guineas with him to Newmarket: he would lose no more. There was no service of carriers or commissionaires; yet one could always, at the West End at least, find a man to carry a parcel. They were called messengers: they were known by wearing red jackets with brass buttons, and they chiefly stood about in the streets where a good many people went to and fro on horseback and wanted their horses held.

Most of the places under the Mayor or in the Government service were then bought and sold. One is not, therefore, surprised to find an advertisement to the effect that the undersigned undertakes to "manage business in the Government Departments, Treasury, Admiralty, Navy Office, Courts of Equity; to buy or sell estates; to lend money on security; to find and to buy places; and to take no fee until the business is accomplished."



HANOVER SQUARE
From an engraving published by R. Pollard, London, December 1, 1787.

In 1768 a place of coal-meter becoming vacant was sold for £6510. In the same year a corn-meter's place was sold for £3300.

The place of head keeper of Wood Street Compter was in the gift of the Sheriffs, who, when it fell vacant, sold it for £1500. In the year 1766 it was thought a wonderful thing that the two Sheriffs, Trecothick and Kennet, gave the place without any consideration whatever.

Some of the dangers of this system are illustrated in the case of the Honourable

Elizabeth Harriet Greeve. She appeared unexpectedly in fashionable lodgings; she drove about in a chariot with two footmen; she was closely related to most of the aristocracy, and she was especially a friend of the Hon. Charles James Fox. She drove about the town calling at great people's houses: at least, her carriage stopped at their doors, and she descended and spoke to the servants in the hall. It could not be denied that she was a friend of Fox, because he was to be seen calling at her lodgings nearly every day. Her appearance, her manners, her kindliness, her willingness to oblige, and the belief in her great influence, caused many to use her offices for getting them places and appointments. For these offices she naturally charged them substantial sums. One man paid £30 for a post as "settled tidesman"; another £40 for a post in the Admiralty; and so on. Finding, after an unreasonable delay, that the offices were not forthcoming, the people all trooped off together to Bow Street, where they laid the case before the magistrate. The lady was arrested. Her antecedents were investigated: she was proved to be a returned convict from Virginia, so they sent her to Newgate. Meantime her friendship with Fox was explained. He was at the moment reduced to the condition of impecuniosity which was not unusual with him. The Honourable Elizabeth offered him a West Indian heiress, worth £60,000. It was to inquire after this heiress that Fox called so often at the lodgings.

Of course, there was no heiress; the woman was not connected with any noble or influential people at all; she had no power; she had obtained money under false pretences. They kept her in Newgate for a twelvemonth, and then tried her and sent her out to Virginia again for seven years.

Then, though the time was profligate on the whole, there were not wanting persons of profound piety. To these, meditation among the tombs was found conducive to the religious spirit, which was held to be one of extreme sadness. Thus, we read of a garden constructed near Guildford after the following agreeable manner:—

The garden lay on a hillside; it was provided with winding paths, labyrinths, and groves of trees. There were hung about, for the consideration of the visitor, flags with moral sentences and admonitions. Presently the visitor, already saddened by the moral sentences, arrived at the Temple of Death, which was simply furnished with a desk and a chair for meditation. There was also on the wall a minute-clock to mark and strike the flight of time. Besides the clock, the walls were covered with the finest sentiments and words of the deepest wisdom. Past the Temple an iron gate led to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. At either side of the gate stood a coffin as a pillar with a skull as capital, an inscription under each. You looked into the vale—which was deep, rocky, and gloomy—from a large alcove painted with the dying infidel in one compartment and the dying Christian in the other.

The Quakers of the eighteenth century were all in trade of various kinds; many of them made large fortunes. As a body they enjoyed the reputation of being honest in their dealings, but keen hands at a bargain. Many of the shops in Gracechurch Street were owned by Quakers: their daughters kept the shops. The Quakeresses are described as pretty but demure; richly but soberly dressed, without hoops. A writer speaking of the dull and monotonous lives led by the Quakers, who had no music, no art, no poetry, no fighting, no change of dress, no dancing, no amusement of any kind, says that the rich Quaker rarely lasted till the age of fifty: he died of sheer stupidity and monotony and dulness. He took no exercise; he ate too much; he had no excitement to keep him alive.

Licences to sell ale were originally granted by the parish to broken-down tradesmen and others as a means of keeping them off the parish. But the business proved so profitable that it was taken up by other persons, especially by men who had been servants in the houses of gentlemen.

The practice of leaving infants on doorsteps is illustrated by a story in *The Midnight Rambler*, when a baby is found in a basket by the watchman. On the child's breast was pinned a label with these lines:—

"Consider, good people, I pray,
To sin we're by nature inclined.
Though my father's a sinner, you'll say,
To his sin—oh! vouchsafe to be kind.
Convey me to bed and to board,
And carry me out of the weather,
Your help to the friendless afford,
And be to the orphan a father."

The basket and its contents were taken to the churchwarden, who was then tippling at a tavern. By him the child was ordered to be laid in front of the watch-house fire till morning, and then to be consigned to the tender mercies of the workhouse.

The lamps which were lit at sunset were mostly out by eleven o'clock, because the lighters stole most of the oil.

The city waits went about the streets at eleven playing before the houses every night in the winter.

The following passage is translated from a Frenchman's *Journey to London* during the latter half of the century:—

"My friend C—— called upon me one morning with an air of great importance. 'Would you like,' he asked, 'to see a spectacle that no other country in the world can offer?'

'Can you doubt it?'

'Well, then, we must be off at once.'

I followed him, and he brought me to Smithfield, a grand 'place' in which is established the greatest market in London for the sale of cattle and sheep.

'Do you bring me here,' I asked, 'in order that you may learn the price of beef and mutton?'

'Patience,' he replied; 'you will very soon see that something else besides beef and mutton is sold here.' In fact, we had hardly been there ten minutes when there came along a man whose exterior announced him as belonging to that class of people who do not belong to the lowest ranks of society, yet can hardly be called of the middle class. He held in his hand a rope, the other end of which was tied round the neck of a woman who accompanied him. She appeared to be from twenty to twenty-three years of age. She was tolerably good-looking, but had one of those decided faces which belong to the *virago*. Several persons followed him, seemingly with the intention of becoming witnesses to the transaction which was going to take place. They marched straight into the middle of the market-place, and there in the midst of the cattle which surrounded them on all sides the husband, for he was a husband, began to bawl at the top of his voice, 'Fifteen shillings for my wife! Who will buy my wife for fifteen shillings?'

'Good heavens!' said I, 'are we in Constantinople, or on the Guinea Coast?'

'You need not be so astonished,' my friend replied. 'The same kind of traffic goes on in Circassia and in Georgia.'

'And in many other parts,' I said, 'but with certain differences.'

During this time the poor husband grew hoarse with crying 'Fifteen shillings for my wife.'

The troops of cattle and sheep round him disappeared by degrees, but his own merchandise rested on his hands; he looked like one who despaired, not knowing whether to stay or to go away. His wife, on the contrary, was completely tranquil, and one would have believed that she was ignorant of what was going on. At last a purchaser presented himself. He examined the woman just as a few minutes before he had been examining one of the cattle. He then approached the husband and offered him the price demanded. He repeated his cries for a few minutes, in the hope that some one would bid higher, but as no one arrived he took the fifteen shillings and went off with his friends, while the purchaser gave his arm to the woman he had bought, and marched off with her on the other side.

'Pray explain this extraordinary scene,' I said.

'The custom of selling one's wife,' my friend replied, 'is not sanctioned by any law, but it has been established in England from time immemorial, and although it is beginning to fall into disuse, from time to time there are examples of the custom.'

'Well,' I asked, 'what becomes of the woman that is sold? Is she the slave of the man who has bought her?'

'By no means, he has no rights at all over her except what she chooses, but it is understood that the husband loses his. It is not a legal divorce, but a kind of voluntary separation. I believe that the custom may have originated in the desire of a husband to rid himself of the responsibility of debts incurred by his wife.'"

Next, I have before me one of those valuable works, a collection of newspaper scraps consisting chiefly of crimes, trials, and executions, belonging to the years 1774 to 1795.

In the year 1774 one Robert Collins was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for stealing a halfpenny. He was subsequently pardoned. In 1775 one Anne Harris was sentenced to be burned alive for false coining; she was, however, transported.

In 1777 one John Duff was executed in Dublin for robbing the mail. He hung for the usual time, when he was cut down and the body given to his friends, who actually restored him to life by bleeding and chafing him.

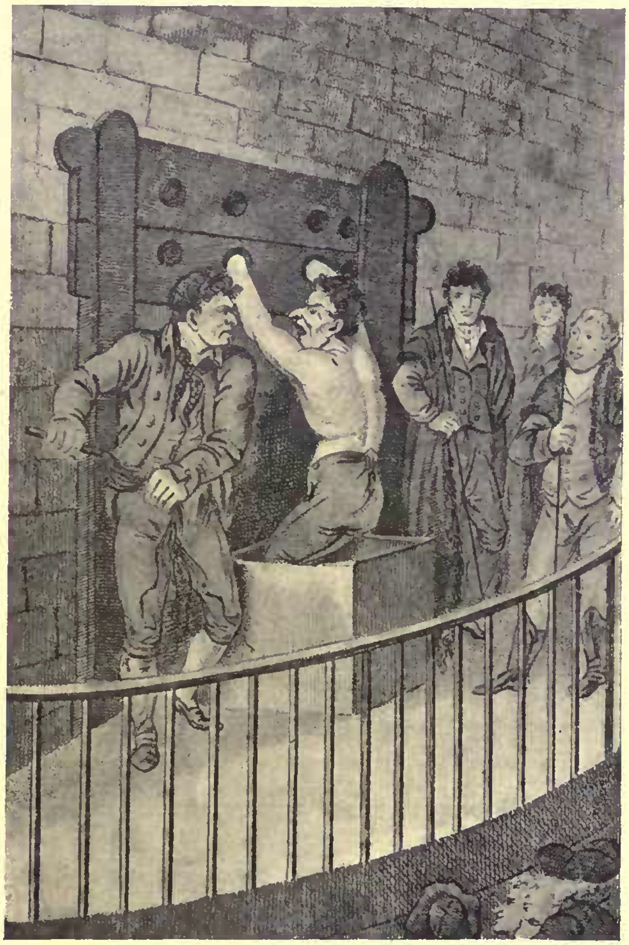
In 1774 it was discovered that out of 84 prisoners in Newgate only 8 were above twenty years of age.

In 1795 the public executioner and wielder of the cat-o'-nine-tails tendered his resignation unless the salary was raised. His business had fallen off, he said, in consequence of the war with France: there were fewer to hang and fewer to flog. The Court considered his case, raised his salary, and sent him to perform the lower branch of his profession, which he did with more than his usual zeal and skill.

He might have added that it was a post of some danger, as, in the case of a public flogging at the cart's tail, the mob often sided with the prisoner and pelted the executioner.

One or two cases of robbery recorded in these pages deserve to be placed on more permanent record:—

"The following robbery, which borders rather on the marvellous, we are told is absolutely true:—A few nights ago a well-dressed sharper, observing a servant-maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street-door part open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table in silver candlesticks. Without the least ceremony he took a chair, and set himself opposite to her, and began with saying: 'Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story, which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant-maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left her own door open; in the interim in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room where her mistress, good woman, was sitting before the fire with two candles on a table in silver candlesticks, as you may now do. Well—he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may be; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do now; puts the other candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do; and then wished her a good night, which I most sincerely do you.'—He was going out of the door, when the maid had finished her conversation and was coming up the steps; he accosted her with saying: 'My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you'; and wishing her a good night, went clear off with the candlesticks."



FLOGGING AT THE OLD BAILEY

From an engraving published by Nuttall, Fisher, and Dixon, Liverpool, September 1, 1809.

"On Saturday eighteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Richard Mitchell, for feloniously stealing out of a letter, sent by the general post from Mr. Whitfield, of Lewis, to Mr. Moxon at Lymington (and which came to the hands of Mitchell, then a sorter of letters at the general post-office, Lombard Street), a bank-note, value £100.—And William

Clifton, for robbing Mr. Thomas Dicker, of Chelsea, on the highway, near his own house. Dec. 1774."

"On Monday last, at noon, a woman, most handsomely drest, and affecting the woman of fashion, went into the shop of a hosier in the Strand, and appeared (being without a hat) as if she had just stepped out of a carriage; and indeed this was the case. She asked to look at some silk stockings; several pairs were shown her; and presently in came a fellow in livery, who, with his hat off, said, 'Sir Thomas is in the carriage, my lady.' She replied, it was very well, she would be with him in a few minutes. She then paid for two pair of stockings, went away, and got into a post-chaise standing in the street, and the footman followed her into the chaise, which then drove off. This latter circumstance somewhat surprising the hosier, he examined the different loose parcels of stockings that he had opened, and discovered that her ladyship had stolen nine pair."

CHAPTER XIV

THE RIVERSIDE

THE Riverside, by which I mean Wapping and Limehouse, was a quarter of London different from any other. It harboured all the men who worked upon the ships—thieves all, to a man—and all the sailors of the mercantile marine. It was full of "fences" and receiving-shops; every other house was a tavern; nearly all the women were sailors' women—anybody's women.

The Riverside all through the century swarmed with these women. They were rough, rude, unclean in person, foul in language, and without any morality. As I have said, the introduction of stuffs and clothes that could be washed made a great difference in their condition. This special improvement took place towards the end of the century. They are described about the year 1780 as wearing long "quartered" shoes, large buckles, stockings for the most part clean; many wore no stays—the old-fashioned "loose jump" or leathern stays had then partly gone out. Their frocks cut low in the neck exposed the bosom, which with some was covered with a neckerchief. Their hair hung over their faces in "rats'-tails"; they were generally drunk; they fought with each other—it was as common for these women to stand up for a fight with fists as for the men their companions; their black eyes proclaimed their valour; their hair was full of vermin. They lived in miserable wooden hovels; but indeed the greater part of their life was passed in the taverns, full of noise and dirt and drunkenness, where the merchant-seamen drank and sang and danced. To all appearance, says one who describes the place, their age was between eighteen and twenty-five. What became of them after five-and-twenty the great churchyard of St. George's Ratcliffe knew full well.

The girl of the Riverside, after a childhood surrounded with every kind of vice and ignorance among other children, all vicious, ignorant, and squalid, fell naturally, without resistance, without repugnance, into the fate common to her sisters Doll and Moll and Poll: she became the sailors' darling. After a few years of squalid revelry the end came to her that came to all: foul disease and an early death.

The children of Wapping ran about barefooted in the streets, which had no pavement and were never cleaned except by the showers; they climbed about the barges and prowled over the mud before the Stairs. They picked up coal from the mud, or stole it from the barges; they took it home in their pinafores to their mothers—no one on the Riverside ever bought coal. They learned at a very tender age to aid the robbery that went on all day long. As regards their physique, if we could see once more these children as they were we should be horrified at the many deformities among them—deformities then as common as they are now rare,—the hump back, the twisted shoulder, the bow legs, the knees turned in, the children with the "cheese-cutters"; all showing that the children were turned out to go and to grow as they pleased. The "cheese-cutter" has now quite disappeared—at least one never sees it. It was a form of bandy leg which consisted of an outward curving of the shin, apparently denoting hereditary weakness in the bone. That the children were in rags was a matter of course. Scald head and sores were common among them. That they were covered with vermin was also to be expected.

Billingsgate at midnight was crowded with people, not only those waiting for the arrival of the fishing-smacks, but those waiting for the departure of the Gravesend boats, which sailed at three in the morning. At the tavern outside the gates the visitor found a company of fish dames, fat and greasy, in conversation ribald, foul, and blasphemous. They were sitting round the fire drinking. The watchmen were taking supper—one of broiled red herring, the other of a high-flavoured Cheshire cheese and onions. There came blundering into the house a sailor just paid off: his pockets were full of money, and he ordered the waiter about with as much consequence as if he had been an admiral; however, he was soon observed by a showy lady with many gold rings, who accosted him in a friendly way and sat down to a bowl with him. In another room sat a company waiting for the sailing of the boats. Then there came in two more Jack Tars, also paid off, with bagpipes before them. They entertained the company with a hornpipe. After them came a fellow in the habit of a sergeant of the Guards, who led in four stout-looking country lads, all stupid with drink. He was a crimp, and had got these poor fellows, by means of drink, to enlist in the service of the East India Company.

The taverns of the Riverside were open all night as well as all day. Those of Wapping were frequented by a set of creatures more horrible than could be found in any other part of London. The men were thieves, of all kinds, but especially footpads who carried bludgeons and sometimes knives, and not only robbed the passengers of their money, but inflicted severe injury to their persons. They were attended by women as bad as themselves, whose part was to snare unfortunate sailors up some dark alley where their confederates were waiting to rob them. Not a face in any company of these people that was not marked by a scar: black eyes and bound-up hands were the rule among them, and the women fought with their fists as roundly as the men.

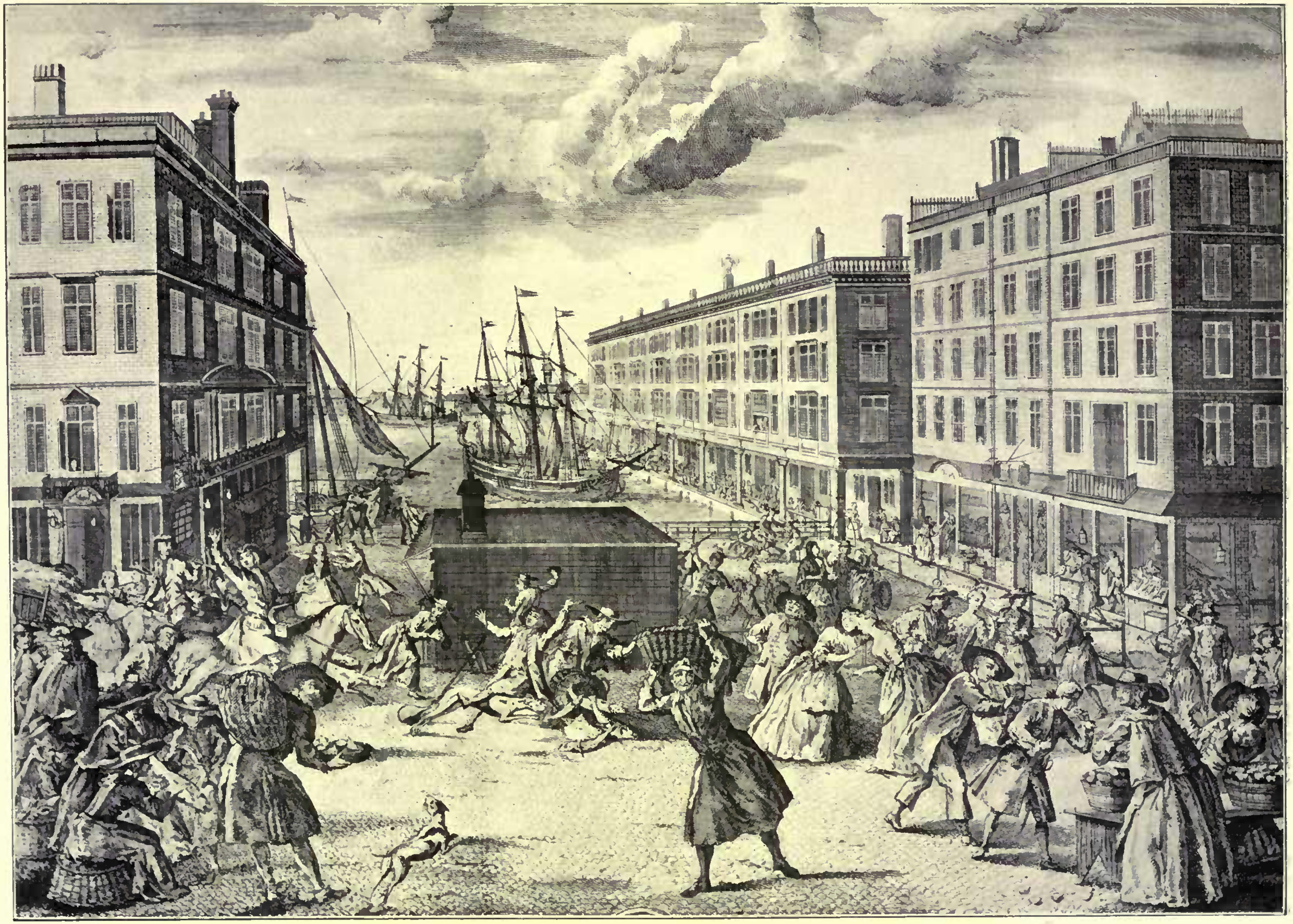
Both above and below Bridge the river presented a far more animated appearance than at present, though the trade of the East has multiplied fivefold. The river above Bridge was crowded with loaded barges making their way up or down with the tide: there were no railways to convey produce or exports, or to distribute about the country the imports. Most of the work now done by railways was then done by rivers and canals, and quite as well done though much more slowly. The river was also covered with boats: although there were three bridges the old custom of getting across, or up and down the City, by means of the boats was still followed. It remained in practice until the introduction of the penny steamboat, which finally drove the watermen off the river.

There was also a sight to be seen every day on the Thames which has now passed wholly away; namely, the fisherman engaged at his work in mid-river. Still the Thames teemed with fish; still the salmon found their way up; still there were colonies of fisher people who lived by their nets: their last haunt was Lambeth. State barges and those of the Lord Mayor and of the City Companies swept up and down in state with their silken curtains, flags and streamers, and gilt and paint. The swans frequented the lower as well as the higher reaches.

Below Bridge the multitude of ships was bewildering: they all took in cargo and unloaded in mid-stream by means of lighters and barges. And besides the number of ships there was the great variety in build and rigging, which gave animation to the scene. These various crafts are portrayed by Cooke (1829), who presents in the first place the newly-introduced steamer with its tall funnel and its paddle-wheels just aft the foremast.

Here we find the sailing barge; the collier; the Dutch galliot; the Scotch smack; the brig-of-war; the oyster-boat; the fishing-smack; the schooner; the sloop-rigged barge; the barque; the hay-boat; the man-o'-war; the coasting schooner; the hatch-boat; the pilot-boat; the West Indiaman; the frigate under sail; the East Indiaman; the City Company's barge; the lugger; and fishing-boats of every kind.

Nor was the river ever without its men-o'-war. At Deptford Dockyard they still built ships: here was a dockyard of considerable importance, if only for the stores which it contained, and for the many offices which it had to bestow—resident commissioner, storekeeper, surveyor, master builder, master shipwright, and others. The squalid old town of Deptford was full of sailors and sailors' taverns. There were taverns for the special delectation of the captains; taverns for the first lieutenants; taverns for the lower—not always the younger—officers. During a war the people were rejoiced by the sight of many a fine prize taken from the French and brought home in safety. During the war of 1744-49 over 2100 ships and small vessels were captured by the King's ships, and nearly 1200 by privateers—a fact which should uplift the national pride but for the corresponding fact that the French took a great many ships from us.



THE HUMOURS OF BILLINGSGATE

From a print in the Crowle Collection.

The City always maintained strenuously the right of keeping the army and the navy outside the walls. No regiment except that still called the "Buffs," which was considered as the descendant of the trained bands, was allowed to march through the City without leave of the Mayor; no pressgang was admitted within the City Liberties, and no sailors were allowed to be pressed. On the other hand, the City never failed to recognise its duty in time of war, and offered large bounties to volunteers for the navy.

In the Pool and on the Riverside the press was very active. It was at such a time that James Cook, then a mate in a Whitby coaster, volunteered into the navy rather than be pressed, which would certainly have happened. So hot was the press at this time that they swept the merchantmen lying in the river of the greater part of their seamen. Sometimes, however, the merchantmen resisted. Thus, in 1770, the officers of H.M. *Lynx* man-o'-war boarded the *Duke of Richmond*, East Indiaman, off Gravesend, to press the men. They were informed that the men had seized the arms-chest and were not going to be pressed. The man-o'-war dropped alongside of the East Indiaman, and seeing the resolute appearance of the sailors, they thought better of it and sheered off, so the East Indiaman escaped.

The offer of bounty money to recruits was naturally open to abuse. The case of John Hodgson shows the kind of abuse which would certainly occur to the common rogue. This young man, whose career came to an end on Tyburn Tree, at the age of 26, confessed that he had enlisted, and deserted, 98 times in six years; that he had received 597 guineas as bounty money; and that he had filled up his time in the intervals of enlistment by robberies. He kept a ledger account of all these transactions, and at the time of his trial and conviction for highway robbery was worth £80, which he conveyed to a female favourite. He was taken up and flogged three times for desertion—on one occasion receiving 350 lashes, which he endured without a groan or a sigh.

If the City would not tolerate the impressment of sailors it allowed the practice of crimping—that, namely, of enlisting recruits for the East India service. The greatest abuses and abominations attended this enlistment. A young country-man was accosted by a plausible fellow who pretended to advise him and to warn him; he followed the man to a tavern and drank with him to his destruction, for when he recovered from the drunken fit which followed, he found that he had enlisted in the service of the East India Company. He was then kept confined in a lock-up house with other poor wretches also caught in the trap. The house was barred and bolted; escape was impossible. When the number was complete they were all marched off on board the vessel that was to carry them to India, whence they never came back again. I suppose that the influence of the Company was so strong in the City that no attempt was made except by the mob to suppress these infamous houses. There was one in Butcher Row at the back of St. Clement's, and another in

Chancery Lane, and another in Wapping; and many others of which I have no record.

The following story shows the suspicion with which these houses were regarded :—

On February 24, 1767, an inhabitant of St. Bride's parish brought before the Vestry information that the gravedigger of the parish had brought a corpse to the burial-ground on the side of Fleet Market at eleven o'clock the previous night. The gravedigger denied the hour but acknowledged the fact. He said that he brought the body to the ground at nine, not eleven, at night; that he had received it from a lock-up house in Butcher Row, and that nothing had been said as to the cause of death. He also confessed that it was not the first time that he had received a body from such a house. On another occasion when the mob wrecked a lock-up house, the dead body of a young man was found lying on the boards of the garret in a putrefying condition. But recruits had to be found for the service of the Company.

A favourite trick with crimps was, after accosting a young fellow who looked a likely subject, and failing with him, to produce a paper and declare that they had a warrant against him for stealing a silver cup, value £21, or something else. They then seized the man and carried him off to a lock-up house where they kept him until they succeeded in enlisting him for the East India Company's service. In one case, in 1767, a gentleman caught a crimp trying on this trick, and compelled both the crimp and the lad to go before the Lord Mayor. This case caused a great deal of indignation. The man received a year's imprisonment in Newgate. One Captain Young, who was a crimp, and a master crimp, was also imprisoned for illegally confining a man in a lock-up house.

The fellows who manned the ships were in the merchant service in time of peace; when a war broke out the pressgang swept the ships in port, and swept the streets of Wapping in the north and of Deptford in the south. The men seem to have served with perfect goodwill when they were on board: the life and work were no worse in the navy than in the merchant service; they were liable to flogging in one service as much as in the other.

It not unfrequently happened that the prisoners on board a ship rose and recaptured the ship; to prevent this, they were all confined together in the after-hold, near the stern. The flooring of this pleasant residence was made of planks loosely laid on casks; a grating separated it from the cockpit, and a sentinel was placed at the grating night and day; no daylight reached the place. The prisoners were allowed on deck by a small number at a time.

A tender sailing down the river full of imprisoned men was suddenly seized by the impressed men, who broke open the hatches and got on deck. They were in number 110; they overpowered the officers and men without bloodshed, and ran the ship ashore at Grays, in Essex, where they landed and dispersed.

The sailor believed fervently in amulets and charms. A common and pretty form of amulet was a lock of his girl's hair tied round his arm or round his neck; another charm was to tattoo his girl's name on his arm, or his girl's name with a heart and joined hands on his right breast.

Until the service between London and the West Indies had become regular and continuous, passengers to or from London had to provide their own food. Thus when a young gentleman was sent home from Jamaica to be educated, the voyage was expected to take 75 days, and the following was the provision made on board for the boy and his servants:—there were 40 geese, 40 turkeys, 400 fowls, 20 hogs, 20 sheep, 50 dozen Bristol water, fruit, cashew nuts, yams, and sweet potatoes.

Not the slightest pretence at enforcing morality on board ships in harbour was made. When Lord Howe put to sea after the victory of 1st June there were thousands of women turned out of his ships at Spithead! When the *Royal George* went down, 400 women from Gosport and Portsmouth went down with her. Captain Cook explains that he made no attempt to maintain a decent appearance of morality when lying off one of the Pacific Islands, for the simple reason that it was useless to attempt such a thing.

CHAPTER XV

DUELLING

THE custom of duelling prevailed during the whole of the eighteenth, and indeed more or less during the first half of the nineteenth, century. There are men living now (1900) who can still remember the last fatal duel of 1845, when Lieutenant Seton was killed by Lieutenant Hawkey. There are not wanting some who lament the abolition of the duel; those who do so argue that the danger of being called out demanded and cultivated carefulness of speech, courtesy of manner, and imposed some checks on conduct. If it achieved or encouraged these fine things, it certainly encouraged also the bully; and it allowed every public place to be filled with adventurers who tried to get into Society, to marry an heiress, to be received as gentlemen, to exist by card-sharping, simply by terrorising the company. Fighting Fitzgerald, for instance, terrorised the committee of Boodle's into electing him, after he had been blackballed, by letting them understand that they would all have to fight him if he were blackballed again. The fighting captain was found at Bath, at Tunbridge Wells, at all places where there were heiresses to carry off and their brothers to terrorise. Considering this fighting captain; considering also the extreme uncertainty of the ordeal by battle; considering the danger of drawing a duel upon your head by any chance word, by any premeditated affront, by any loss of temper, we must feel that we are more easy in society, now that we have no longer to fear the duel. In its place we have the permanent committee of arbitration—the committee of the club: a body which visits offenders against honour by expulsion, a remedy which has proved, as far as we can understand the past, far more efficacious in the interests of good manners than the necessity of duelling and the point of honour.

There were many important and interesting duels in the eighteenth century. Wilkes, for instance, when he published his *North Briton*, ventured more than a prosecution by the Government; he risked his life: some one was sure to make up a quarrel with him and to challenge him. He fought Lord Talbot first and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Maston, afterwards. The latter took up the cause perhaps in all honesty and sincerity, perhaps as a useful move in the game of ambition. He insulted Wilkes in the House and fought him in the Park.

It was not thought unclerical for clergymen to fight duels. One clergyman was killed in a duel with an officer; another is said (Hone's *Table Book*) to have been created a baronet and made a dean after fighting three duels; a third killed his man without, according to the same authority, receiving any ecclesiastical censure.

Lord Falkland called his bosom friend, Mr. Powell, "Pogey." Then they quarrelled and kicked and cuffed each other. In the duel that followed Lord Falkland was killed.

Pitt went out with Mr. Tierney for charging him with obstructing the defences of the country. Fox fought Mr. Adam of the War Office, who took offence at certain strictures passed by Fox on the powder supplied to the army. Canning fought Lord Castlereagh.

> "A duel took place early this morning between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in which the latter received a wound in the left thigh; it is not dangerous, being merely a flesh-wound. The meeting took place at Putney Heath. Lord Yarmouth seconded Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. R. Ellis accompanied Mr. Canning. We understand they fired by signal, at the distance of ten yards. The first missed, and no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning was wounded in the left thigh, on the outer side of the bone; and thus the affair terminated. He was put into a coach and conveyed to Gloucester Lodge, his newly-purchased seat at Brompton, and Lord Castlereagh returned to his house in St. James's Square."

Duels were fought everywhere—in Hyde Park, in Kensington Gardens, in taverns, in the streets; but the fashionable place was the Field of the Forty Footsteps behind Montague House, now the British Museum. In Hyde Park was fought the memorable duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. On this occasion the Duke was wounded mortally, and died as he was carried off the ground.

A great deal of rather cheap indignation has been expended over the practice of duelling. It is true that there were many duels fought; but as a matter of fact there were very few fatal duels. That of the Duke of Hamilton, of Mr. Chaworth, and a few more nearly exhaust the list. Those who stood opposite each other at thirty paces could not, for the most part, use a pistol at all; it is a weapon which requires a great deal of practice in order to be used with effect; they raised their arms and fired; the bullets hissed harmlessly over their heads; or they fired in the air; or at the last moment they were reconciled. Still there was always the danger, and when we consider that such men as Sheridan, Wilkes, Pitt, Fox, and Wellington had to imperil their valuable lives in this way, we may rejoice that the practice has been abandoned.

CHAPTER XVI

TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK

The little book called *Low Life*, written about the middle of the eighteenth century, offers a kind of catalogue of the twenty-four hours, and of what was done in every one of them from midnight to midnight. It is a most unsavoury tractate, because the author takes even too much pleasure in sparing his readers no single detail, and in dwelling upon everything that is most abominable in a city which was, and is, the most wicked city in the world, because it was—and is—the greatest. The author has also adopted the trick, invented by one of those two worthies, his predecessors, Tom Brown and Ned Ward, in which a thing done occasionally and with the greatest possible secrecy, or a thing suspected but not proved, is entered confidently as a thing common and even universal. Thus, under the head of midnight, we learn that a watchman takes fees from housebreakers for liberty to commit burglary within his beat, at the same time promising to give them notice if there is any danger of their being taken or disturbed! Such a statement, with many others equally sweeping, must not be taken seriously. If the practice had been common, the condition of things in London would have been intolerable; in a city of trade it would have been simply ruinous. The watch was far from effective—that is quite evident; there were doubtless corrupt watchmen in the force; but this statement cannot possibly be accepted as commonly true. This is only one example of hundreds equally doubtful and equally confident. Making all deductions, however, the pamphlet contains a mine of wealth nowhere else to be found, on the manners and customs of London citizens on Sunday; for we begin as the clock strikes twelve on Saturday night, and end as the clock strikes twelve on Sunday night. At midnight, then, of Saturday, the markets, late as it is, are still open; they are crowded with the wives of the working people, who thus pick up what is left on the purveyors' hands at a cheap price. Tiltboats, that is, large vessels with an awning, which carried twenty or thirty passengers, put off at this hour from Billingsgate, bound for Gravesend if the tide served. Houses that were left empty were seized upon by beggars and homeless vagabonds, who made up beds of straw upon the boards, and tore up the stairs and floors and sold the wood to be cut up for firing. The tapsters of taverns in the fields brought home people too drunk, or too timid, to return alone. The custom, prevalent fifty years ago, of unscrewing knockers and carrying them off, was practised in 1759 under another form; the brave young fellows of the Hospitals and the Inns of Court went about the streets "on the randan": their object was to find a watchman asleep in his chair and to carry off his staff and lantern; see "The Rake's Progress" in the debauch scene. When the markets were closed at last, the women all gone home, and the shops shut up, the place was invaded by poor people called Finders; they came to carry off whatever in the nature of food was left lying about on the bulks or on the ground. The bulks of shops in the streets were in the summer the sleeping-places of men and boys who had been earning an honest penny by taking drunken men home or carrying links. Here goes a man with a deal box under his arm; he looks about him furtively, he shrinks to the wall if any one passes him; in the box is the dead body of his infant child, which he proposes to bury in the fields so as to escape the parish fees.

At four o'clock in the morning the streets are tolerably quiet. Beggars go about borrowing babies at 4d. a day from the parish nurses; in courts and alleys, where there is only one water-tap for all the people, women get up at four in order to secure, before the others come out, a supply for the whole of the week. Between five and six the church bells begin for the early service; the keepers of the asses bring them out to be milked for patients ordered to drink asses' milk; at six o'clock the beggars come out with wads of straw to sit upon, and get their sores dressed and painted for the day. At seven o'clock the barbers' shops are crammed. At eight o'clock the short stages set out filled with people for Hampstead, Hornsey, Richmond, Epping Forest, and other summer resorts.

From nine to ten the tea-gardens near town are filled with young fellows and their girls taking tea and coffee, telling stories, imitating actors, repeating love songs, and eating rolls and butter. A crowd of people gather to see the Lord Mayor attend service at St. Paul's in his state coach; the churches are filled with fashionable people; many of the ladies carry lap-dogs to church with them. "Fine fans," says the author, "rich brilliants, white hands, envious eyes, and enamelled snuff-boxes, are displayed in most places of divine worship." The "organ-hunters"—those people, namely, who go to church in order to hear the organ—run about from one church to another; after service the old women are accosted by idle apprentices who have been playing in the streets or in the churchyard, and are asked to give them the text. They must take home the text in order to satisfy their masters that they have been to church. Clerks and impecunious persons of all kinds take their "half-pints and dumplings" in the tavern-kitchens of Fleet Street. Dinner-time with the common people is noon.

In the afternoon those citizens who have gardens outside the walls walk out with their wives and children, intending to take tea or punch, and to come home laden with flowers "for beau pots." The merchants, meantime, do as much business on Sunday as on any week-day. In the morning they meet in Cornhill on the south side of the Exchange, or in the porch of St. Mary-le-Bow, or on the Custom-House Quay; or they lock themselves up in their country houses with a bottle—always that bottle—working out schemes for profit. In the evening they crowd the taverns about the Exchange; they drink, and they transact business. In the afternoon office-keepers of the theatres go round the West End streets telling the residents what pieces will be played next day. In the summer evening all the places of resort are crowded; the streets are filled with noisy people, half drunk, whooping, pushing, and fighting. Early in the evening gaming-tables at Charing Cross begin to fill with bullies, fools, and gamesters. People of fashion leave off gambling in order to take supper.

At midnight one-third of London is fast asleep and almost penniless.

Such is the picture, deprived of its grosser features, of London from hour to hour on a Sunday in 1759. It may be regarded as a picture of the times, or as a picture of Sunday as it was spent shortly before the great Evangelical movement of the eighteenth century. It would be easy to conclude from these pages that there was absolutely no religion left in the City. All the world are in the fields—at tea-gardens, hunting ducks, sitting in taverns, getting fuddled; the merchant carries on business as much on the Sunday as on any other day; the public gaming-houses are open in the evening; the tavern bells ring as loudly as the church bells. But it would be foolish to accept this picture as true. The churches, as we have seen, opened their doors to early service, to morning, afternoon, and evening services; the chapels were thronged with quiet worshippers; the masters sent their apprentices to church. But, this writer gives us to understand, Sunday was a general day of amusement. Well, Sunday has always been, except for a brief spell of Puritan rule, a day of amusement. Under the ancient faith the people attended mass in the morning and amused themselves in the afternoon; it was the traditional, time-honoured custom to make of Sunday not only a holy day but also a holiday. We may be quite sure that the account of *Low Life* was accepted by the readers of the time not as a "desecration" of Sunday, but as a legitimate way of spending the day, save that the people should have gone to church in the morning. The Evangelicals brought back the Puritan Sunday, and, if they did not fill the churches they at least emptied the taverns by the simple method of keeping their doors closed.

Taken as a picture of the times, it shows the people rising far earlier than is now the practice even on a summer morning; it shows a stupendous amount of drinking; and it seems to show—but on this subject one must be very cautious of drawing conclusions—a much greater proportion of vagabonds, link-boys, pickpockets, and thieves than we can now boast. It also shows in parts omitted that, as has been already remarked, the woman in scarlet was everywhere, all day long: in the tea-gardens at six in the morning; at evening-tide in the Park; in the afternoon at Bagnigge and Sadler's Wells; in the night-house at ten. All through the eighteenth century she is everywhere; all through the century the writers love to talk about her; and they gratify that desire by assuming the garb, which they wear awkwardly, of the moralist who deplores and the Christian who exhorts.

CHAPTER XVII

MEDICINE

The eighteenth century witnessed a complete revolution not only in surgery and in medicine, but also in the conditions under which the medical profession was conducted. At the beginning of the century physicians were held in great respect; fashionable physicians, such as Radcliffe and Mead, made large incomes; apothecaries, who had hitherto confined themselves to the compounding and making up of drugs, were endeavouring to prescribe on their own account; surgeons, inferior to both apothecary and physician, were members of the Company of Barber Surgeons. They could only operate, except for the less important cases, in the presence of a physician; and in a hospital they could prescribe nothing for their patients without the permission and signature of a physician.

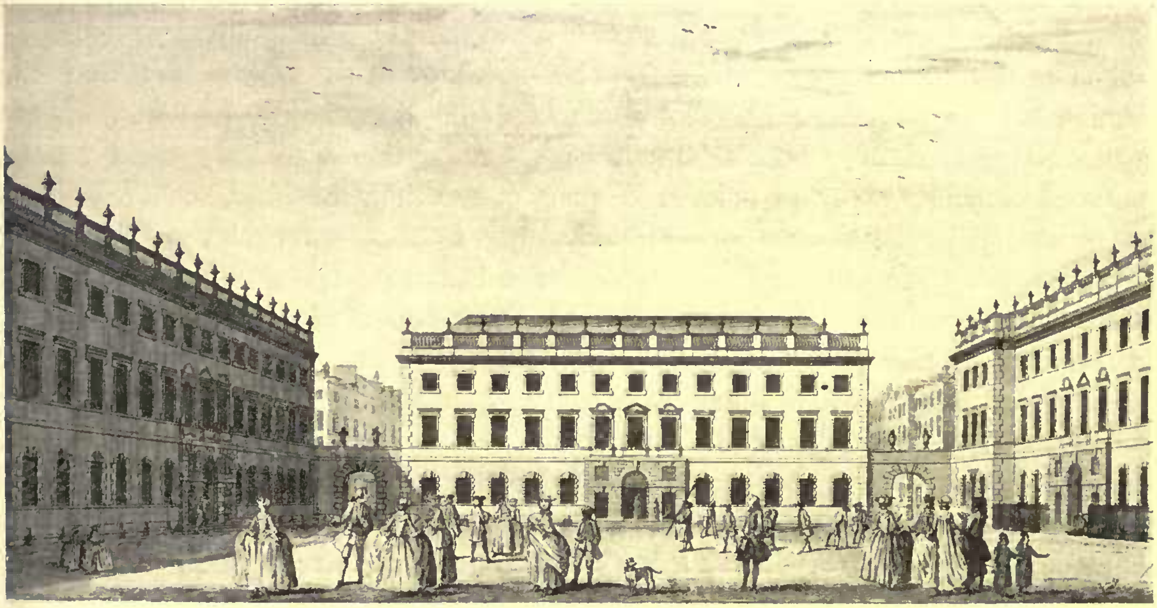
In 1687 the College of Physicians resolved, but not unanimously, to prescribe for the poor without fee; they fitted up and opened a Dispensary in their College, Warwick Lane. The apothecaries raised the greatest opposition: they would not make up the physicians' prescriptions; they refused to call them in for consultation. The physicians fell back upon their Charter and prosecuted an apothecary for attending and prescribing for a sick man. They won their case, but afterwards lost it by a decision of the House of Lords. The quarrel gave rise to Garth's poem of *The Dispensary*. Dryden also had a word to say about the apothecaries:—

> "From files a random recipe they take,
> And many deaths from one prescription make:
> Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives:
> The shopman sells and by destruction lives."

The Physicians' Dispensary was closed in 1724. Both sides won: the apothecaries continued to prescribe; the physicians, however, convinced the world that the prescriptions of those who had no science were dangerous things.

The Guild of Surgeons, apart from that of the Barbers, dates from 1345. They were incorporated with the Barbers in 1540. In the same year the Company obtained the right of practising dissection. The Surgeons broke off in 1745. At first they had great difficulty in keeping their Society together. In 1790 it collapsed, but was founded again in 1800 as the Royal College of Surgeons of London; the title being changed in 1845 to that of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

The only hospitals of London at the beginning of the century were St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew, Bethlehem, and Bridewell—the last was occasionally used as a hospital. There were also the two "Pesthouses" of Finsbury and Westminster. Guy's Hospital was opened in 1725; the Westminster Dispensary (afterwards Hospital) in 1719; the London Hospital, which also began as a dispensary, in 1740; St. George's Hospital opened as an Infirmary in 1733; the Middlesex in 1745; the City of London Lying-In Hospital in 1770; the Lock Hospital, 1746; St. Luke's, 1751; Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, 1752; the Small-Pox Hospital in 1746, and others.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

From a print published by H. Parker, London, March 12, 1752.

The list is creditable to the philanthropy of the country.

At a time when everybody who belonged to a reputable and recognised calling proclaimed his profession or his craft by his dress, it is not surprising that physicians should wear a garb which distinguished them. His profession was known by his ample wig—a physician, according to Fielding, can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee—by his black velvet coat, and by the gold-headed cane which carried in the ball the preventive against infection. Their manner was always one of studied gravity and solemnity, as if they were profoundly impressed, as they ought to be, with the responsibility of their calling;

their walk, their speech, their face, their eyes were composed to the same gravity. A coach was indispensable if a young man professed to be a fashionable physician; a treatise on some special disease or fashion in treatment was equally indispensable if one would get on. Such a treatise was intended not so much to advance medical science as to call attention to the great learning of the writer. Physicians, for the most part, thought it best to keep aloof from the common herd: they seldom frequented coffee-houses, and maintained by their seclusion something of the mystery which had formerly associated medicine with sorcery, or at least astrology. There were exceptions to this rule of separation. Mead, Arbuthnot, Garth, Freind frequented society—at least, literary society; later on, Dr. Buchan actually received his patients at the Chapter Coffee-house, and prescribed for them, it appears, in the presence of the whole company.

The physician was often a scholar—perhaps it is safe to say that the fashionable physician was always a scholar; for the simple reason that the manners required of a successful physician among the aristocracy could not be assumed or achieved by an unlettered quack. We find, therefore, such physicians as those mentioned above not only belonging to the best circles of the town, but also scholars, collectors, antiquaries, numismatists, lovers of painting and statuary, lovers of music, lovers of books. Mead, Radcliffe, Freind, Sloane, Woodward, Hunter, all made great collections of books, anatomical and medical objects, and antiquities. They were accused of thinking too much of their collections and too little of their patients. "Their inattention," says Rouquet, their contemporary, "is sometimes of incalculable value to the patient." Mead, whose practice is said to have brought him in £7000 a year, began to collect when he first began to practise. He lived successively at Stepney, in Crutched Friars, in Austin Friars, in Bloomsbury, and in Great Ormond Street, where the Children's Hospital stands. In his garden behind the house Dr. Mead erected a building for his collections and for his books, the latter numbering 10,000 volumes.

The name of Garth recalls his poem called *The Dispensary*. Garth was also a good scholar: he pronounced a Latin oration in the old College of Warwick Lane before the assembled faculty in 1697, which brought him great reputation; it was Garth, too, who pronounced the Funeral Oration over the body of Dryden in Westminster Abbey. Arbuthnot is better known as a writer than as a physician. Blackmore aimed at being a poet. Sloane is called by Young the "foremost toyman of his time." Radcliffe founded the great library at Oxford. Akenside was a physician. Goldsmith liked to be called the Doctor. Smollett was a physician.

I have mentioned the Gold-headed Cane. There is preserved in the library of the College of Physicians the cane which passed in succession from Radcliffe to Mead; from Mead to Askew; from Askew to Pitcairn; and from Pitcairn to Baillie; then it stopped and was presented to the College. Of all the eighteenth-century physicians it is to Mead that we turn as the most pleasant, as well as the most remarkable figure. He was granted length of days as well as great success; he lived in the best society; he brought dignity to the profession; and, in the words of Johnson, "he lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man."

As regards the tentative and experimental nature of medicine, the strange remedies still in use, the elementary condition of surgery,—I cannot deal with them here. I content myself with showing the formal and ceremonious way in which a physician conducted the simplest operation. I take the simple operation of bleeding, then commonly prescribed for a fever, for a fit, for a drunken stupor, or for a girl's attack of melancholy. First of all, if it was done in the presence of a physician, it must be done by a surgeon. Poor people, however, were content to go to an apothecary, or even to a barber. Sometimes it was performed on the neck; in the case of a woman, however, this was seldom the place chosen, because even the slight puncture of a lancet might make a disfiguring mark. The arm was therefore chosen.

They began by throwing a handkerchief over the patient's head, so that she should see nothing of the blood. Then the physician placed a ball of worsted in the patient's hand. When she pressed it, the veins of the arm swelled. The physician then took the basin. By long practice he knew exactly how far the fountain of blood would spring forth; the surgeon just touched with his lancet a blue vein; the jet of blood leaped out; the physician caught it dexterously, so that not a single drop was spilled. His task was to order the stop of the blood-letting when the proper amount had been taken. In cases of fever they took eight ounces—two and a half for health and five and a half for fever; this was called bleeding *ad defectionem*, because the patient generally fainted from loss of blood; or *ad plenum rivum*—a full bleeding. Taraxacum was then administered, with Rhenish wine, or broth in which borage had been steeped.

The apothecaries in the poorer parts of the town acted as general practitioners as well as druggists, whence arose the custom, out of self-defence, for the qualified general practitioner to make up and dispense his own medicines.

The richer sort called in the physician; the surgeon operated under the direction of the physician; the apothecary made up the prescriptions of the physician. Many apothecaries enjoyed a great local reputation and obtained a large practice. The most formidable rival, however, of the physician was the herbalist, the wise woman who understood the qualities and properties of the common wild herbs, and, with her sage and dandelion, boasted that she administered to sick people with as much success as the College of Physicians with their drugs.

The midwife exercised her functions without calling in the aid of the doctor; the bonesetter practised his or her trade without the help of the surgeon.

It must be confessed that it was a great time for the quack. He had none of the modesty of his successor, who sometimes owns that there are disorders which his medicines will not cure. He of the eighteenth century boldly claimed that he could cure everything. Sometimes his medicines took the form of diet, as when one learned person recommended stewed prunes and cold water as a universal medicine; sometimes it was a specific, as that of Dr. John Hill, who made a concoction of dock, sage, and valerian which cured everything; or it was tar water, recommended by the learned Bishop Berkeley.

The career of the famous Dr. Graham is interesting as a lesson in the power of humbug. Certainly people who would believe in Dr. Graham would believe in anybody. This is very easy to say, but we must remember that the most absurd pretensions when they are set off by a commanding figure, by an imposing manner, by a persuasive voice, lose nine-tenths of their absurdity. James Graham made his first appearance in the year 1780. He took a house on the Adelphi Terrace; adorned it externally with a large gilt sun; inscribed on the front the legend *Templum Aesculapio Sacrum*; furnished the house with splendour, all the walls being hung with mirrors; and gave lectures every night on his new discovery of restoring health and vigour by means of electricity. Crowds of people attended, though they had to pay two guineas each for a simple lecture. At the conclusion a girl was revealed standing in a recess with a curtain in front. She was the Goddess of Health, and she stood before the audience naked, but adorned with all the charms that properly belong to that most lovely of goddesses.

Graham became famous and made money. He removed from the Adelphi to Schomberg House, Pall Mall; here he continued his lectures, the charge for which he presently had to lower, little by little, till the two guineas became half-a-crown. The Temple of Health was next converted into an evening promenade, at one shilling admission. The chief object of attraction was the Celestial Bed, a four-poster standing on glass legs, by means of which children of the most perfect beauty could be begotten. It is even said that he charged £500 a night for the use of this bed. Of course he produced his universal specific, and he obtained large sums for the bottles of his "Elixir of Life." As he certainly fell immediately afterwards into great poverty, we may conclude that he sometimes took less than £500 a night for his bed, and that he offered large discounts for his "Elixir of Life."

People grew tired of both, and left off visiting the Temple. He then took another house—in Panton Street—and lectured on bathing in earth; he delivered the lecture sitting, with his Goddess of Health beside him, both up to the chin in earth. After this he fell into difficulties. His goddess left him; his creditors pursued him; he retired into the country. He seems to have become a student at the University of Edinburgh: one of his former friends gave him an annuity of £50 a year, and in 1794 he died in Edinburgh.

We also read of one Doctor Brodum, by which name is designated a notorious quack of the time. He was originally the valet of a French quack, from whom he learned some medical jargon. On the strength of this, and of two scientific discoveries of the greatest benefit to mankind—the "Nervous Cordial," and the "Botanical Syrup"—he set up for himself and did well. To these two boons and blessings he subsequently added his "Baume de Vie," and his "Tea for Prolonging Life." He further enriched the medical literature of the country by his *Guide to Old Age*. He obtained a degree from Aberdeen—I know not whether the statement is intended as a charge that Aberdeen habitually sold diplomas to quacks—and took a house in London.

Another quack of the first water became famous under the name of Dr. Solomon of Liverpool. He, too, wrote books in praise of his own specifics: his *Guide to Health* laid many in their graves, and his "Anti-Impetigines"—skin eruptions—and "Cordial Balm" proved more useful in keeping down the population than the war itself.

The writer before us does not speak of Dr. Graham. But he pays a deserved tribute to the celebrated Perkins, who introduced to the country the Metallic Tractors. One is surprised that a credulous public ever allowed the Metallic Tractors to die. However, we have seen the day of the electric belt. The tractors were two pieces of metal drawn slowly over the part affected. For rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, and such diseases, the tractors were simply sovereign. The owner of this discovery sold his two bits of metal for five guineas.

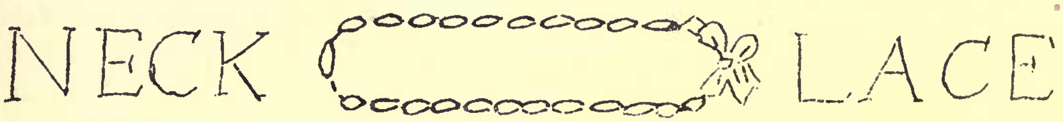
The memory of the tractor survives, but that of Mr. Buzaglo, presumably an Italian, has perished. Yet this man of science cured gout, rheumatism, and lumbago in an hour—actually in an hour! of however long standing. Wasted calves he restored to their pristine fulness of flesh in a few days. Patients could, if they pleased, agree for a perfect cure, by the month, by the year, or for life.

On the general question of credulity in quacks and nostrums, perhaps there was not more faith than would be, and is, found to-day. The man Graham was clever enough to offer the town an exhibition, which was, to say the least, interesting. There are always people who have found the regular qualified doctors unable to restore the vigour of youth, or to drive away disease incurable; such people are always ready to try a new nostrum, or a new method, not so much in faith as in hope—very slight hope, in most cases, that there may be something in it. These are the principal reasons why quacks in all ages meet with success which is generally ephemeral. A few of the eighteenth-century nostrums are still remembered, and, I believe, used at the present day. To try one nostrum after another, when the regular physicians have failed, does not necessarily indicate credulity, so much as despair. At this very day if another Graham were to arise, and, like him, promise to show the way to a hundred years of life and health, he would find as many eager and hopeful followers as ran after him in 1780.

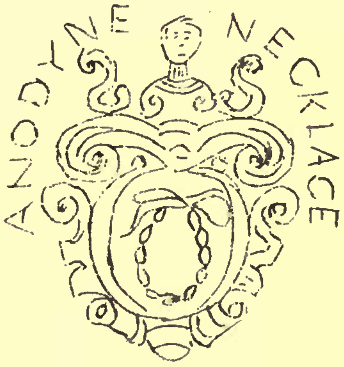
The following is a contemporary character of a quack :—

> "His sagacity is remarkable, for he hath found out an art both to conceal his own ignorance, and impose on that of other folks to his own advantage; his prime care and greatest concern is, to get the names of diseases without book, and a bead-roll of rattling terms of art, which he desires only to remember, not to understand, so that he has more hard words than a juggler, and uses them to the same purpose, viz. to amuse and beguile the mobile, first of their senses, and next of their pence. Thus when people acquaint him with their grief, and their ills, though he know what the disease is no more than a horse, he tells them 'tis a scorbutick humour, caused by a defluxion from the os sacrum afflicting the diaphragm and cricoary thenoidal muscles, proceeding from heats and colds, with which the poor souls are abundantly satisfied, and wonder he should hit upon their distemper so exactly. He undertakes to spy out diseases whilst they are yet lurking in their remotest causes; has an excellent talent in persuading well people they are sick, and by giving them his trash verifies the prediction and is sure to make them so. When he walks the streets (which is with a Spanish gravity), if he lights upon a well-dressed woman, with a child in her arms, he stops on a sudden, and, clapping his hand on his breast to witness his sincerity, cries, "Ah, sweet babe, what pity 'tis it should be lost for want of looking after!" The good dame being frighted, a confederate that follows comes up and asks what the gentleman said. Then he tells the woman that he knows this gentleman by sight, and that he is one of the ablest doctors in the kingdom, especially for women and children, and withal acquaints her with his lodging. Away troops she next morning and purchases not only a dose for her child, but for herself too, for I never yet knew a female but ail'd something when she came in presence of a doctor."

In a collection of old London signs and advertisements issued by Mr. F. Cornman in 1891 and 1894, there are several which illustrate the sale and circulation of quack medicines in the eighteenth century. I take them without any order. Thus, "At the sign of 'The Anodyne Necklace,' over against Devereux Court, without Temple Bar," could be obtained Dr. Sydenham's "Experimental Observations on the Gout," given gratis with a picture of a sufferer, his foot on a stool, his whole leg swathed with flannel, his medicine in a bottle on a table ready for use, and his crutches for walking. At the same place could be obtained the "Great Diuretick Cleanser for Weaknesses," priced at 5s. the bottle, with a picture of a weak man sitting dolefully on a table; "Purging Sugar Plums," advertised to be without mercury "the Prettiest contrived Medicine for Families." Here, too, because it is good *desipere in loco*, could be procured gratis, a book upon Noses, containing remarks "on the long High Roman Nose (as was the fashion in King William's Dayes); on the Bottle Nose; the Snub Nose; the Little Contemptuous Grinning Turned-up Nose; the Short Cocking Nose; the Thin Pinch'd-in Nose; the Red Nose; and on those who have lost their Nose" (perhaps the book was chiefly designed as a consolation for the last unfortunates). Here was published, also to be had gratis, a "Treatise on Ague and Intermitting Fevers," with a picture of a man in night-dress complete,—*i.e.*, gown, cap, and white stockings,—sitting beside a roaring fire. At the same establishment could be found "Seven useful Discourses on Physical Necklaces for Fits and Children's Teeth, Traced up to 1700 years." At the sign of "The Anodyne Necklace" lived the famous Dr. Chamberlain in the year 1729. His sign is given in two forms as represented below.



ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE WEEKLY JOURNAL" 1718
From *Some Illustrations of Olde London* (Cornman, 1894).



ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE COUNTRY JOURNAL" 1729
From *Some Illustrations of Olde London* (Cornman, 1894).

Mrs. Carter, an oculist, lived at the sign of the "Hand and Eye"—the hand represented by a finger dexterously manipulating the eye. Dr. Clark, dentist to Charles II., lived in Fountain Court, Strand, at the sign of the "Sun and Eye," with the motto "*Post Nubila Phœbus.*" This was in 1721, when Charles had been dead thirty-four years. Dr. Clark, therefore, was then advanced in years. A "Speedy Cure for Agues of all Sorts" was to be had of William Denman at "The Golden Ball," near Hyde Park Corner, "and no where else"—one might therefore catch an ague in the Fulham Marshes and get it cured without going farther than Hyde Park Corner. Hungary Water was sold at the "Black Boy and Comb," next door to the Pastry Cook's, Ludgate Hill. A surgeon's sign was the Golden Ball and Acorn; trusses were sold at the "Blackamoor and Truss," Bartholomew Close; the "Specifick Boms," price 1s., could only be bought of Mr. Greeg, bookseller, next to Northumberland House, Strand—he gave, as well, for nothing, an account of this great discovery; the "Grand Angelica," or the "True Scots Pills," left to posterity by Dr. Patrick Anderson, were faithfully prepared by Isabella Inglish at the "Unicorn" over against the Watchhouse near the May Pole, Strand; persons whom Dr. Chamberlain, at the "Golden Anodyne," could not cure, might repair with confidence to J. C. Kelly at the "Golden Gallon," three doors without Temple Bar. This great man would effect a cure in forty-eight hours. Those who were troubled with the itch could buy "of the author," Dr. Rock, his infallible liquor at the sign of the "Hand and Face," Water Lane, Blackfriars; if Dr. Rock's infallibility proved, for once, a breaking reed, there was Pille, at Dr. Bateman's warehouse, Bow Church Yard, who made and sold, in tin boxes, a "Grand Antidote." Tansies were also made by Peter Bartlet at the "Golden Bull," in St. Paul's Churchyard. The "Grand Cathartick, or Great Restorer of Health," was made and sold at the "Black Boy" on London Bridge; the "Original Grand Elixir" (if the Grand Cathartick failed) could be had at the "Squire's Head," Jewin Street, Cripplegate. Dr. Tipping, at the "Cherubim's Head," Half Moon Street, Strand, offered his "Original and only True Pleasant Cordial," each bottle being decorated with a coat-of-arms, presumably Tipping's own; Cox, on the other hand, gave away his coat-of-arms in a decoration to his "Inestimable Angelical Tincture" at the Golden Ball, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street; the "Pectorial Drops of Dr. Bateman were sold at Ewer's warehouse, Bow Churchyard, at the sign of the "Boar's Head"—these were patent; while Mr. Cooper at the Great Toy Shop, Corner of Charles Court, Hungerford Market, kept for sale that "Tripple Pill," which was the stand-by of so many faithful believers. Dropsy and Rheumatism were cured by the same great practitioner, Dr. Rock, who has been mentioned above. He was not above selling other people's preparations, and recommended Pitcairn's "Purging Elixir." "Tar water" could be had anywhere; "hemlock pills," with an infusion of ground ivy, scabious, and speedwell, were greatly respected by many; "egg liquor," which was simply water with an egg beaten up in it, was recommended for the palsy.

The scare of the Resurrection man belongs strictly to the close of the eighteenth century, when the practice of dissection increased at all the medical schools, and the demand for subjects never ceased. Then it became known that men made a living by robbing the graves, and the indignation of the people was only equalled by their horror. First, watchmen were set to guard the burial grounds; this became useless, because, as might have been expected, they were bribed by the Resurrection men. Then the friends of the deceased sat up to watch the grave. This was efficacious so long as they continued to watch. But it is not pleasant to sit in a damp burial ground all through a cold night. The friends soon went home. Then the Resurrection men came again. They could get a body out of a grave, cover all up again, and have the body safe in their cart, in less than forty minutes. A very odd branch of the profession was the getting of teeth. One man followed the English Army abroad—was it Spain?—and from the heads of the dead on the field of battle drew teeth, which he brought to England and sold for £300.

The money made by robbing the graves was really incredible. In October, at the beginning of term, a Resurrection man was paid by a certain hospital a retaining fee of £50, and received, in addition, the sum of nine guineas to twelve guineas for every body that he brought to the hospital.

On the 13th of March 1798 a hackney coach was found standing at a very early hour near the Methodist Burial Ground (Whitfield's Tabernacle) in the Tottenham Court Road, with the dead body of a child in it. An alarm was given, and a general search was made in the ground, when the disagreeable discovery was made that a great number of bodies had been removed by the Resurrection men for dissection. It must be remembered that the Tabernacle then stood almost in the fields, with few houses between it and St. Giles's, while opposite lay a broad stretch of open fields, covered with ponds and ditches, where prize-fights and sports were held on Sundays, but which were deserted during the rest of the week. (*See* Appendix V.)

CHAPTER XVIII

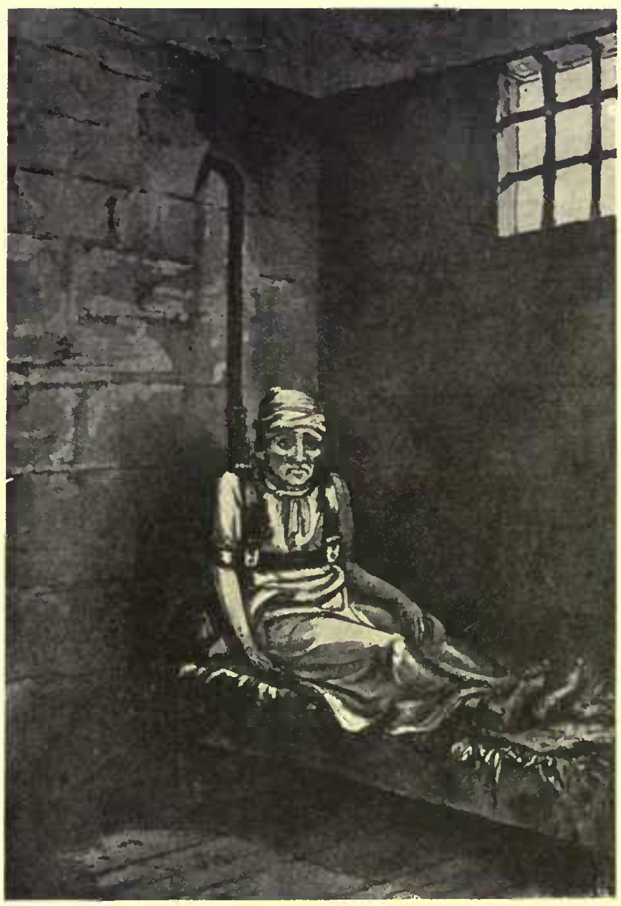
BETHLEHEM ROYAL HOSPITAL

The religious house of St. Mary of Bethlehem has been already considered. Henry VIII. granted the place to the City as a hospital for lunatics, and the Proctor to the Hospital was licensed by Edward VI. to beg within the counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, the City of London, and the Isle of Ely, for this hospital. In the reign of Elizabeth the church and chapel were taken down and houses built in their place. In 1557 the management of this hospital was united with that of Bridewell, under the same management. The Hospital for Lunatics at Charing Cross was also transferred to this place.

The new Bethlehem was built on the south side of what is now called Finsbury Square. This was in the year 1675. It was open to the public as an exhibition, and for two hundred years it was a common practice to go to Bethlehem in order to see the lunatics, as one of the sights of London. Payment was made for admission, and a considerable addition—as much as £400 a year—accrued to the revenues of the place by this entrance fee. The hospital could accommodate 150, and when it was found in 1799 too small and too ill-contrived, the Committee bought a site of nearly twelve acres in St. George's Fields, Lambeth, covering, among other places, the ground on which stood the gardens and houses called the "Dog and Duck," one of the most disreputable places in the suburbs of London. The new building was completed in 1815. It consists of an Ionic portico in the front, and a centre with advanced wings. The front is nearly 600 feet long and is surmounted by a lofty dome. The dome was built after the rest of the building in order to provide a chapel for the hospital, which before had none. The hospital can now hold 450 patients, but the average number is not more than 250. Within, the house is furnished comfortably and even luxuriously. On the male side there are smoking rooms, billiard rooms, music rooms, and sitting rooms. On the female side there are similar conveniences. There are also lecture rooms and a theatre and large gardens. The old practice of restraint with manacles and strait-waistcoats, etc., has long since vanished entirely before modern treatment. Kindness alone is the method of the present day.

Compare the present treatment with that of the eighteenth century. In the year 1815 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the conduct and management of Bethlehem Hospital. We may assume that no change had been made since the new century began. Among other things, they found in one of the side rooms—

> "About ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it. For dress, each had only a sort of blanket-gown, made like a dressing-gown, but with nothing to fasten it round the body. The feet were without shoes or stockings. Some of these patients were lost in imbecility, dirty, and offensive. Associated with them were others capable of coherent conversation, and sensible and accomplished. Many women were locked up in their cells, chained, without clothing, and with only one blanket for a covering. In the men's wing, six patients in the side room were chained close to the wall, five were handcuffed, and one was locked to the wall by the right arm as well as by the right leg. Except the blanket-gown, these men had no clothing; the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel. Chains were universally substituted for the strait-waistcoat. Those who were not cleanly, and all who were disinclined to get up, were allowed to lie in bed—in what state may be imagined.



WILLIAM NORRIS IN THE ASYLUM

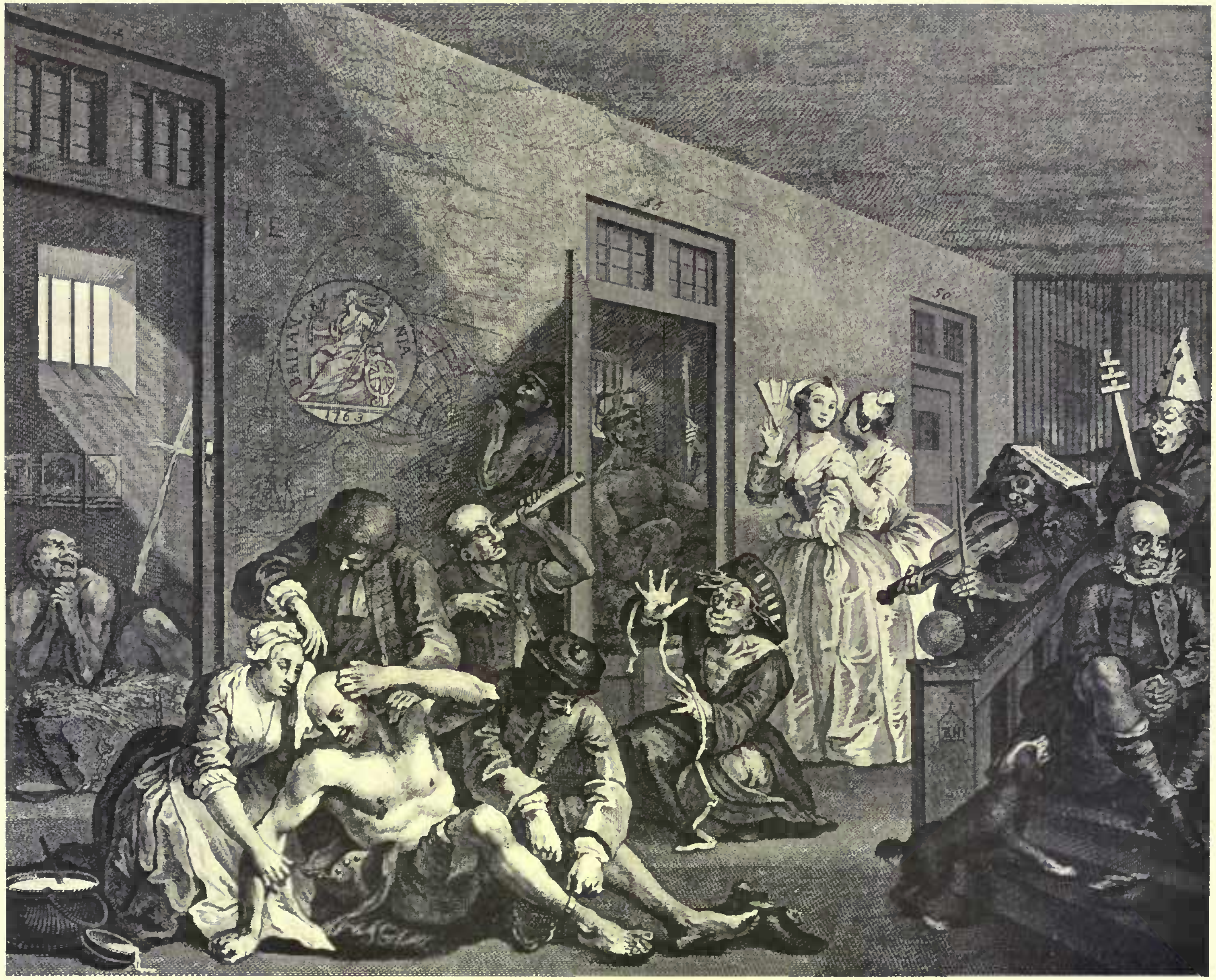
Sketched from the Life in Bethlem 7th June 1814, by G. Arnald, A.R.A.
Reproduced from an etching by G. Cruikshank from the original drawing exhibited to the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Madhouses, 1815.

In one cell they found a patient, whose condition is represented in a plate in Esquirol's work, not much to the honour of English treatment. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment by his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through a wall into the next room, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he pleased. To prevent this sort of outrage poor Norris muffled the chain with straw, but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty; for now a new and refined torture for the patient was invented in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was, that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall; but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not even lie down, except on his back; and in this thraldom he had lived for twelve years. During much of that time he is reported to have been rational in his conversation. But for him in all those twelve years, there had been no variety of any kind—no refreshing change, no relief, no fresh air, no exercise, no sight of fields or gardens, or earth or heaven."

An English lunatic asylum was indeed the most horrible place possible; the most hopeless; the most filthy; the most terrible. Hope, indeed, could be abandoned by those who entered here.

In Hogarth's picture of Bedlam in the "Rake's Progress," there is represented a long gallery barred halfway across, probably the separation of the men from the women; on one side of the gallery runs a row of cells. They are lighted by barred unglazed windows; the doors, thrown open in the drawing, are provided with gratings, by which the inmates can be watched. Two tradesmen are confined in the cells; one of them is an imaginary emperor wearing an Imperial crown of straw and bearing a wooden sceptre; he is stark naked, sitting on straw, and happily unconscious of his condition. In the next cell is one who has gone mad with religion; he gazes upon the Cross with ecstasy. Outside, in the gallery, there are other madmen. One is constructing a system of spherical trigonometry on the wall with chalk—his mind is entirely absorbed in the task; another surveys an imaginary heaven through a paper telescope; another plays upon a violin; another is happily and cheerfully mad; another is the Pope of Rome; and another is a poor gentleman gone off his head for love of Betty Careless. "Charming Betty Careless" was a very famous, or infamous, lady, who flourished about the years 1720-1740. She is buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, and was thought of consequence enough to receive a brief obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1752: "Was buried from the poorhouse of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the famed Betty Careless, who had helped the gay gentlemen of this country to squander £50,000."

Lastly, in the foreground, is the miserable Rake himself. He is now a raving maniac; they are fixing the chains on his legs; one can see that his end


BRITANNIA
1763
55
50

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE

From Hogarth's engraving, "Scene in Bedlam" (*The Rake's Progress*).

is not far off. The wife, whom he has ruined, has left him; but there is with him the woman whom he has also ruined, and who loves him still and will never leave him.

Bedlam, until the year 1770, was one of the shows of London. If it was a horrible place, it was at least a public place. Things that were done there were done openly. In private madhouses there was no publicity; things were done there in privacy; nobody knew what was done; the only safeguard was the interest of the keeper to keep his patients alive. What safeguard was there that he would not admit sane persons? There was none. It is the most difficult thing in the world to prove that a person is not mad. Yet there was the most widespread belief that for purposes of gain, of revenge, or malice, many persons, perfectly sane, were hurried off and confined for life in a private lunatic asylum. There is the case, for instance, of Mrs. Hawley.

On the 15th of September 1762, Mrs. Hawley, with her mother and husband, went out on what she understood to be a party of pleasure at Turnham Green. On the way the coach stopped at a house in Chelsea, where they all got down: this was a private madhouse, kept by one Turlington, the proprietor, who farmed it out to a man named King. Mrs. Hawley found that the party of pleasure stopped here, and that she was to be detained as a lunatic. In some way or other this unhappy lady found means to let her friends know where she was. Mr. Turlington and Dr. Riddle, the medical adviser of the place, to whom the friends applied, refused access to the lady. One of them, however, obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*; the case was tried; it was proved that the keeper of the asylum had not even pretended that she was insane, and had put her under no kind of medical treatment. The lady was therefore released.

Then Mr. Turlington thought it advisable to explain, and defend the conduct of his asylum. He employed, he said, a deputy keeper, one King, whose qualification for the post was an unsuccessful career in the wool trade. King said that he never asked for a written authority from Mr. Turlington before admitting patients; that he had always admitted people brought to him by their friends and relations, without any question or inquiry; that he had admitted many for drunkenness; that Mrs. Hawley herself was brought to the house by a woman calling herself her mother, and placed in the asylum on an alleged charge of drunkenness; that persons in the asylum were not allowed to write letters or to communicate with the outer world; that his patients were at liberty to walk in the garden and from room to room; and as to their diet and apartments, that depended on the amount they paid, which varied from £20 to £60 a year.

Another case. Mrs. Mills made oath to Sir John Fielding. She said that one Gunston came to her and said that her husband was in trouble. As he had been arrested that day she believed it and went with Gunston in a hackney coach. He took her to Bethnal Green. As soon as she got there she suspected what had been done, and told Gunston that she had been decoyed into a madhouse. He replied practically by throwing her down and dragging her up the steps by the feet. As soon as she was in the house he handcuffed her. Then the housekeeper appeared and saluted her with the language common to the time and to her class. She was taken to a room where she was confined till the morning, when a basin of tea was brought to her. The woman who brought it told her that she herself had long been confined there by her husband, and exhorted her to take it easy. A day or two afterwards Mrs. Mills' husband appeared, expressed his sorrow, and carried her away. She then bethought her of the woman who had exhorted her to patience and went to Sir John Fielding. The end of it was that the unhappy woman—Mrs. Ewbank by name—who was quite sane, and had been imprisoned for a year and three-quarters, was taken out, and the persons concerned were prosecuted. This story is incomplete. Why was the man Mills arrested? Why did he send his wife to a madhouse? Why did he take her out and "express his sorrow"? What happened at the prosecution, and why was Mrs. Ewbank confined in the madhouse? We must remember that it was an expensive thing to lock up a person in a private madhouse—sane or not.

In the treatment of insane persons there was even a darker side than that presented by the asylums, public or private. In the private asylums the chief horror was the ease, illustrated above, with which a person, perfectly sane, could be arrested and kept in one of them until death. Among the lower class, however, or to speak more distinctly, among the lower middle class, a dreadful custom prevailed, when one member of the family became a madman, of keeping him in the house out of sight, and, as they hoped, out of mind. The unfortunate wretch was chained up either in a cellar or under the stairs, or in a cold garret in the top of the house. He was there confined and looked after by his own relations. Many cases are reported of these poor creatures being neglected, starved, kept in the dark, and in many cases done to death, by their relations. The only thing that could be said in excuse is the curious fact that people generally believed that insane persons had little feeling for cold, warmth, hunger, pain, thirst, etc. It must also be remembered that the expense of private asylums was far greater than most people could afford, and that public asylums bore so horrible a character for cruelty that they shrank from putting their mad people into them. Another reason for keeping them out of sight and locked up was probably a kind of shame in having a madman in the family, and the hope that he would die quietly without the thing being discovered. In the same way in certain countries where leprosy still exists, it is not unknown that when it declares itself in a family, the patient is put into a room and kept there till he dies, while his relations try to persuade their friends, who know perfectly well what has happened, that the patient has gone to Europe.

Here is a case of hiding away a madman. A certain old woman named Surr, accidentally fell upon a piece of ice and fractured her skull, so that she died. One of the neighbours, moved by her situation, went into the house, and, after rendering the last offices to her remains, walked into the cellar to wash her hands. She there heard a moan as from a human voice, and on examination she found that it proceeded from an object, so neglected and destitute, that it was difficult to say whether it was of the human or the brute species. This discovery she communicated to the neighbours, and a considerable number of persons assembled round the house; but John Surr, the father of the family, had locked the door, and refused to admit any of them. The overseers and constable were then sent for. The old man, probably from an apprehension of the fury of the populace, refusing still to open the door, they were obliged to force their way into the house. On obtaining admission, they proceeded into the cellar, and here they found an unfortunate man squatted under the cellar steps, chained by a leg to the wall, and in so loathsome a state, that it was evident he had not been washed for years. A few sacks and a little straw served him for a bed; his appearance was that of a spectre; and his bones had in several places penetrated through his skin, which was much excoriated. As a first step the parish officers ordered him to be taken to the workhouse; and on viewing a comfortable bed which had been prepared for him, he exclaimed—"What! is this for me? God bless you! you will go to heaven for this," and other expressions of a similar import. Sometimes he conversed freely, but frequently incoherently. There was, moreover, a vacuity in his look, which showed a want of mind. He appeared, however, to be perfectly inoffensive and tractable, and it was evident that he knew and felt the difference between his present and his late situation. When the young man, who seemed to be about thirty years of age, was taken to the workhouse, his father was arrested and taken for examination before the magistrates at the Court House. The reason, we understand, that was assigned by the old man for keeping his unfortunate son in the situation in which he was found, was, that he was deranged in his intellect, and required restraint. It also appeared that the prisoner had always maintained a good character; and though it was impossible to justify his conduct towards his son, the nature of his offence was not judged to be cognisable by the law; it was therefore determined that he should be discharged. The lunatic died a few days after the change in his treatment.

This practice did not apply to the case of idiots; those unfortunates, who were generally harmless, were allowed to go about free. It was one of the less agreeable features of street life in London and elsewhere that one met the idiot and the imbecile in the streets unrestrained and unprotected.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DURATION OF LIFE

THE Weekly Bills of Mortality began in the year 1592, on the 21st of December. They were continued till the 18th of December 1595, and recommenced on the 21st of December 1603. They first included 109 parishes. The other parishes outside the City walls were gradually added, one after the other, until all were included. The Bills are not all extant, some having been lost and some having been carelessly treated.

These lists were considered by Maitland as important, chiefly for giving some materials out of which to make an estimate of the population. He comes to the conclusion that London in 1750 contained 725,903 inhabitants, including Westminster and the suburbs.

Maitland also used the Bills of Mortality to dispel certain vulgar errors, such as (1) a common belief that there were two girls born for one boy; (2) that only one in a thousand lived to seventy years of age; (3) that the Dissenters of all kinds, including Jews, etc., were together equal to the numbers of the Established Church. He showed that there were 5½ per cent more boys than girls; that 4 per cent reached seventy, 2 per cent reached eighty, and 1 in two hundred attained the age of ninety; that all the Dissenters taken together were in number to the Church of England in London as 1 is to 7½.

I have made some inquiry into the average duration of life in London of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by taking the Registers of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for two or three years towards the end of the former century. These Registers give the date of the death, and the name and age of the deceased. In a few cases the age is not mentioned, but these are too few to affect the general result, which in one respect at least is surprising.

From the Register we arrive at the following table. The number of entries taken from the Register was 885:—

Of deaths at 5 years and under there were 516, or 59 per cent.
" 10 " " over 5 " " 18
" 20 " " " 10 " " 26

Of deaths at 30 years and over 20 there were 66
" 40 " " " 30 " " 59
" 50 " " " 40 " " 42
" 60 " " " 50 " " 53
" 70 " " " 60 " " 53
" 80 " " " 70 " " 42
" 90 " " " 80 " " 10

Of over ninety there was not one. In other words, out of 885 persons born—

At the age of 5 there were 369 left.
" 10 " " 351 "
" 20 " " 325 "
" 30 " " 259 "
" 40 " " 200 "
" 50 " " 158 "
" 60 " " 105 "
" 70 " " 52 "
" 80 " " 10 "

Or, if we substitute 1000 for 885, we have these figures, out of every 1000 persons born in London, there would remain at the age of—

Five	417
Ten	360
Twenty	329
Thirty	293
Forty	225
Fifty	178
Sixty	119
Seventy	59
Eighty	11

Let us put these tables in another form. The H^M. Table of the Institute of Actuaries takes 100,000 persons living at the age of ten, and shows how they gradually decrease until they have all disappeared. Let us present our figures in the same way, and place them side by side with this table. Thus :—

Age.	Actuaries' Table.	From the City Parish Register, 1688.	Maitland's figures for 1728–1737 inclusive, for the whole of London.
10	100,000	100,000	100,000
20	96,223	92,542	92,500
30	89,865	73,714	77,700
40	82,284	56,857	57,900
50	72,726	44,857	40,100
60	58,866	29,714	25,500
70	38,124	14,571	13,300
80	13,930	12,000	7,500
90	1,460	280	1,200

I advance figures taken from a parish register of two or three years only, without venturing to conclude absolutely that they represent the exact average for that time of the mortality spread over the whole city. It is not impossible that there may have been special reasons for the mortality of children at that time. But we may go so far as to expect a reasonable approximation to correctness.

And concerning the very great mortality of children—59 per cent in any parish register—47 per cent in Maitland's figures, it is probable that bad air, bad drainage, and bad food must be made to account for the loss of so many. Clearly the weaker were killed off in the early years of infancy because we find so few deaths—only about 3 per cent—occurring between the ages of five and twenty.

Between twenty and thirty there is a high average. This is, for men, the most active time of life. No doubt many of the deaths among the men are due to the accidents or risks of their work. Among the women we may attribute many deaths to child-bearing, which especially belongs to the ages between twenty and thirty.

CHAPTER XX

INDIGENCE

Colquhoun, to whom we shall have to refer on the subject of the Police of London, produced an instructive treatise on the Indigence of London. The number of mendicants in the metropolis and its vicinity he estimated at 6000 adults and 9298 children; he divided them into those who belonged to London and its vicinity, and vagrants belonging to different parishes. In the whole country there were, roughly speaking, 50,000 beggars,[1] 20,000 vagrants, 10,000 men who worked as little as possible, 100,000 prostitutes, 10,000 rogues and vagabonds, 10,000 lottery vagrants—persons engaged in getting insurances during the drawing of the lotteries, or promoting the "Little Go" lotteries—criminals of all kinds, 80,000; and objects of parish relief, 1,040,716. All this in England and Wales alone out of a population of 10,000,000!

In this book, also, he presents the reader with an account of the manners and customs of the lower classes; and since his field of observation was limited to London alone, his rules, which he applies to the whole country, belong—*exceptis excipiendis*—to London alone. Thus, he speaks of the injurious effects of things that debase the people. The children of vagrants, seeing their parents bandied about from parish to parish, naturally imbibe ideas of vagrancy; they become, *in their own estimation*, pariahs and outcasts; and they know what it means to be a pariah. Therefore, the first object to be sought, in reclaiming a class, is the restoration of that much abused quality—respectability. Let the children begin by thinking well of themselves.

The beer shop and the tavern swallow up a great part of the men's earnings; they could earn enough to keep them all the week, by doing three or four days' work; they spend the rest of the time drinking and talking in the public-house. The pawnbroker's shop was their resort on every occasion of want or tightness. They would pawn the coat at night to take out the blanket, and the blanket in the morning to take out the coat. Nor did they understand how great a leakage in their wages was created by these incessant visits to the pawnbroker. There were then 240 pawnbrokers in London, and the number was rapidly increasing.

To the labouring classes of that time a temptation was every year held out, which is now happily removed. They could any day or all day long buy some share or part of a share in a lottery; it was called insuring in a lottery; thus quite small shares were offered and bought; the whole of the population therefore revelled every year in dreams of possible wealth, which they neither saved, nor created, nor deserved.

A very large proportion of the people lived in a state of illicit cohabitation without marriage; their offspring, owing to the vicious lives and habits of the parents, were rickety and feeble, and grew up weak mentally or bodily, or sometimes both. Utterly neglected, having received no education, knowing no religion, having learned no trade, what could be expected in after life of these unfortunates?

As for the parish system of relief, it was noted by Colquhoun that the method of assessing the rates was monstrously unjust. For instance, the two parishes of Bethnal Green and Christ Church, comprehending Spitalfields, contained a population entirely poor. These people were heavily assessed to relieve the indigent among them, while their rich employers, who were not resident in the parish, contributed nothing.

Colquhoun, far in advance of his own time, advocated an equal assessment over the whole country; a complete change in the parish system and in the settlement of paupers in their own parish, and in passing them on from parish to parish; he demanded the establishment of a free system of education; the inculcation of economical habits; teaching the art of frugal cookery, keeping the young men from tobacco, which was always, he thought, accompanied by drinking—it must be remembered that few of the better classes then took tobacco, except in the form of snuff.

Mostly, however, he considers, as we shall also see in examining his book on the police of London, the rag and old iron shop as the principal cause and encouragement of thieving, vagrancy, and indigence.

The eighteenth century was the Paradise of Beggars, especially in London, where, though all the parish officers knew them to be impostors, vagabonds, and rogues, there were immense numbers of professional beggars. "Every alley," writes Francis Grose, "presents some miserable object, covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated, exposed almost naked to the cold wintry blast." Begging was a trade, and a very good trade; there was even a King of the Beggars, who appointed to each superior beggar his beat or district; he in his turn farmed it out to others. They also sent their children out begging, and kept servants for the purpose, who had to bring home every evening a certain sum at least. "What is this?" cried one of them, when a girl brought home her earnings of the day. "Why, Russell Square alone, well begged, would give you double that sum!" In this profession mutilation was the most useful qualification; the man with no arms was accounted luckier than he who had only one, while a man with no legs who crawled along on a porridge pot was a desirable *parti* for a young lady in that way of life.

In 1815 a certain Hale, a silk-weaver, gave evidence before a Royal Commission on the subject of mendicity in London. His testimony anticipated the theory of the Charity Organisation Society by sixty years. Not one case in a hundred of mendicity, he declared, deserved relief; the beggars of London were a worthless, indolent, and depraved company; many working people were not too proud to get money by begging; they had to keep the paupers close in the workhouses to prevent them begging; they kept them at work in order to deter the professional beggars from seeking shelter in the workhouse; if the paupers got out for a few hours, they always begged in order to get more drink; the beggars found out the days when the committee of the parish gave out-door relief, and applied at each one in turn through the week; they lived extremely well on rump steak and oyster sauce, for instance, getting drunk three or four times a week; a house, called the Beggars' Opera, in Whitechapel, was their favourite resort; mendicity would be put down in a week if no one would give a farthing to any street beggar, and if no beggars were allowed in the streets.

He went on to point out the good influence of the Sunday School in a place like Spitalfields, densely populated, yet quiet and orderly; he said that this influence was not upon the children only, but upon the parents, helping them to be sober and frugal.

The desertion of children was common among the lower classes; nothing could prove more plainly the general brutality than this practice. Defoe shows us the children wandering about the streets picking up what they could get. In the year 1732, after Defoe wrote, the Mayor instructs the watch to take all children found sleeping in bulks and about ash-heaps to the constable, to be delivered over to the parish authorities. The dropping of babies on doorsteps was a practice which was carried on systematically. Tramps and vagrants refused to be burdened with infants; they were left on the doorstep. A girl desired to hide the evidence of her fall, it was taken from her by her nurse and left on a doorstep. On one occasion a child was thus left at St. James's Palace. The Queen was told of it, she gave orders that the child was to be taken in, christened, and brought up; but that tramps, beggars, and mothers of illegitimate children were not to expect a second act of generosity in this direction. The child was named Caroline Augusta Matilda.

In 1771 a boy was laid in one of the offices of the "Queen's House" in a basket. A woman with a basket was seen to pass in but not to go out, nor could any one discover who the woman was or how she got out of the Palace.

The boy was taken by the King, who christened him George and ordered him to be properly brought up.

The babies thus picked up were taken to the workhouse and were then placed out to nurse with women called parish nurses at a weekly payment of 1s. to 2s. 6d.—a few being sent out of town into the country. A Parliamentary Committee of inquiry reported in 1765 that, of all the children born in workhouses, or received under the age of twelve months, during the years 1763, 1764, and 1765, only seven out of every hundred were alive at the end of 1765. Of older children the mortality was less. Thus, taking the figures of sixteen parishes, 1767-1778, we find that out of 9727 children under charge of the parish during that time, 2042 died; or a mortality of twenty per cent, which is not perhaps excessive. It is interesting to note that 4600 were returned to their parents.

Complaints were made that the parish apprenticed the boys to the age of 24, and the girls to the age of 21, by which means early marriages were made impossible. Observe that what we discourage by all means in our power—the early marriage—the eighteenth century desired by all means. The reason, of course, was the constant demand for fighting men in that age of continual warfare. And therefore the desire of the State for large families.

The streets were full of deformed people, children, and adults. They were deformed to an extent and in a manner which is never seen now. The bow legs were semicircular, the knock knees made a sharp angle, the shoulders were not even square, the chest was hollow or pigeon-breasted—one never sees a pigeon-breast now,—hunchbacks were common, one leg was frequently shorter than the other, feet were crippled, the shin was round in front like a scimitar. All these deformities were due to the carelessness of the parents; children were constantly being dropped on the floor; the mothers got drunk, presently down fell the baby, as in Hogarth's "Gin Fair."

In a word, it was a very dreadful, pitiful time for the helpless children. Then Captain Coram arose. This excellent person, formerly a merchant captain, was over 70 years of age when he took up the cause of the children and wrote his petition concerning the establishment of a home or refuge for them. The scheme was adopted with enthusiasm; money was raised without difficulty, and the Foundling Hospital was opened on the 25th of March 1741 for the reception of 19 boys and 11 girls. Two of them received the honour of being named Thomas and Eunice Coram; the rest were called after Drake, Blake, and other heroes. If this were the present custom, it would be perhaps inconvenient for the rightful holders of the names of Nelson, Wellesley, Lawrence, Tennyson, Dickens, Gordon, etc., to find other and previously unknown branches with the same names flourishing round them.

All through the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, the chimney-sweeps were little boys who were forced to climb the chimneys in order to bring down the soot. Every one knows the terrible evils of the practice. It is well, perhaps, to show from the report of the Committee on the Employment of Boys in Chimneys what these evils were. It was presented on June 22, 1817, and resulted in a Bill for preventing the further use of climbing boys in the sweeping of chimneys. The following are extracts from the Report:—

> "Your Committee refer generally to the evidence for proofs of the cruelties that are practised, and of the ill-usage, and the peculiar hardships that are the lot of the wretched children who are employed in this trade. It is in evidence that they are stolen from their parents, and inveigled out of workhouses; that in order to conquer the natural repugnance of the infants to ascend the narrow and dangerous chimneys, to clean which their labour is required, blows are used; that pins are forced into their feet by the boy that follows them up the chimney, in order to compel them to ascend it, and that lighted straw has been applied for that purpose; that the children are subject to sores and bruises, and wounds and burns on their thighs, knees, and elbows; and that it will require many months before the extremities of the elbows and knees become sufficiently hard to resist the excoriations to which they are at first subject; and that one of the masters being asked if those boys are employed in sweeping chimneys during the soreness of those parts, he answered, 'It depends upon the sort of master they have got. Some are obliged to put them to work sooner than others; you must keep them a little at it even during the sores, or they will never learn their business.'
>
> Your Committee are informed that the deformity of the spine, legs, arms, etc., of these boys, proceeds generally, if not wholly, from the circumstance of their being obliged to ascend chimneys at an age when their bones are in a soft and growing state; but likewise by their being compelled to carry bags of soot and cloths, the weight of which sometimes exceed twenty or thirty pounds, not including the soot, the burthen of which they also occasionally bear for a great length of distance and time; the knees and ankle joints become deformed, in the first instance, from the position they are obliged to put them in, in order to support themselves, not only while climbing up the chimney, but more particularly so when coming down, when they rest solely on the lower extremities, the arms being used for scraping and sweeping down the soot. Your Committee refer generally to the observation of every one as to the stunted growth, the deformed state of body, the look of wretchedness and disease which characterises this unfortunate class; but it is in evidence before them, that there is a formidable complaint which chimney-sweepers in particular are liable to, from which circumstance, by way of distinction, it is called Chimney-sweeper's Cancer. . . .
>
> But it is not only the early and hard labour, the spare diet, wretched lodging, and harsh treatment which is the lot of these children, but in general they are kept almost entirely destitute of education, and moral or religious instruction; they form a sort of class by themselves, and from their work being done early in the day, they are turned into the streets to pass their time in idleness and depravity; thus they become an easy prey to those whose occupation it is to delude the ignorant and entrap the unwary; and if their constitution is strong enough to resist the diseases and deformities which are the consequences of their trade, and that they should grow so much in stature as no longer to be useful in it, they are cast upon the world without any means of obtaining a livelihood, with no habits of industry, or rather, what too frequently happens, with confirmed habits of idleness and vice."

Here is a true story of extreme destitution. Poor and destitute people it was well known frequently sought shelter in empty houses in winter, when for the sake of warmth they often burned up the stairs, banisters, and upper floors.

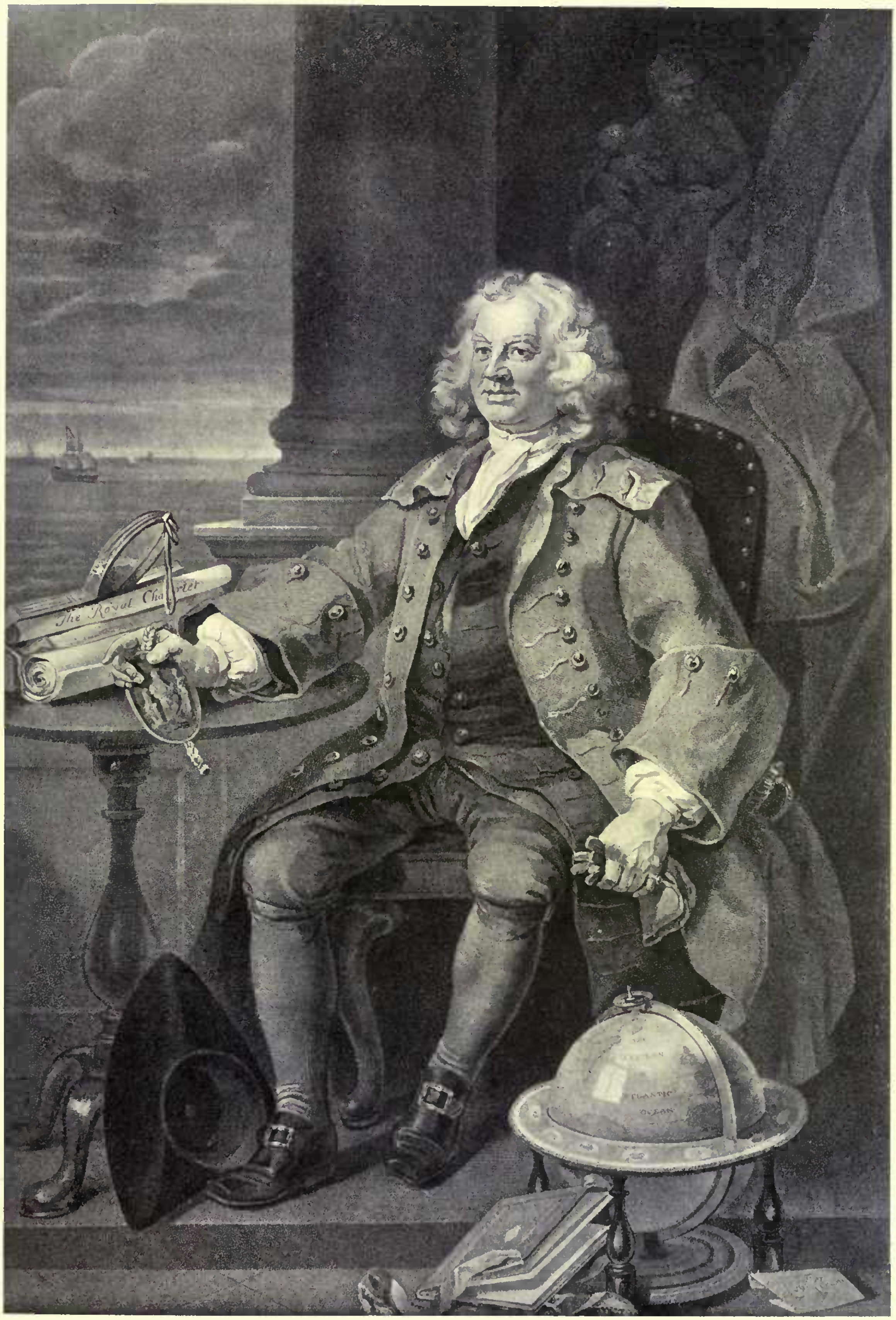
In November 1763 a house-agent, engaged to show some houses for sale in Stonecutter Street, took a gentleman to see them. On entering a room on the first floor they found the dead body of a woman lying naked on the floor. On the second floor they found another dead body, also nearly destitute of clothing; and on the top story they found two women and a girl of eighteen, all three in the last stages of emaciation.

They were carried away and examined. One of the women, Elizabeth Stanhope, deposed that she came to the house, being penniless, for shelter; that she there met the woman found with her, named Pallcat, who shared the garret with her; that Pallcat, a basket-woman of the Fleet, had been brought to the house by the deceased women, who were also basket-women; that some days before the deceased women were taken ill, Pallcat pawned her apron for sixpence to get them some beef and plum-pudding, which they were able to eat; that they saw no more of the poor women.

The girl, in her turn questioned, said she was the daughter of a working jeweller in Bell Alley; her parents died when she was only six; she was brought up by the next-door neighbour until her death four years later; that she then went to Spitalfields and got work by winding quills and silk. She then went to a baby-farm as nurse and servant, till she was taken ill. This caused her to be discharged. She then applied to the churchwarden of the parish where her father had been a householder for relief. He refused without even letting the girl know that she had gained a settlement by servitude. She tried to move his heart by sleeping on his door-step all night, but in vain. She then heard of the empty house, where she began to sleep. She had an ague and was nursed by the woman Pallcat; she went out begging in the day and brought the money home to her friends at night. But she was taken ill again, and was nursed again by Pallcat, until they were found and carried away.

It is a singular story. Observe that not one of the women ever thought of applying to the parish clergy for assistance. Observe also the extreme goodness of the poor woman Pallcat. She pawns her apron to buy something for the sick women; she receives the girl; she nurses her through two sicknesses; one would like to know what became of Elizabeth Pallcat, this good Samaritan who had not even twopence.

I can present you with the life of a workhouse boy of 1766. He was the son of a labourer, who died when the boy was only five years of age. He was put upon the parish, but as his father had been a wandering kind of man, no one knew exactly where he was born; they took him from parish to parish, but at last fixed him. As soon as he could handle a mallet, he was put to work; and as they fed him well and only made him work ten hours a day, he was happy. At the age of fourteen they bound him to a farmer, with whom he had plenty to eat, but was at work early and late. The farmer died and the boy had to turn out and work for himself. So he began to roam about the country, sometimes


The Royal Charter
Atlantic Ocean

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM

From an engraving by W. Nutter, after the portrait by Hogarth in the Foundling Hospital.

getting work and sometimes not. He was clearly a nomad by instinct and by inheritance, as is plainly apparent from the pleasure he took in roving from one village to another. One day he had just knocked down a hare and was carrying it off in triumph, when he was caught with the hare in his hand by a Justice of the Peace. This was a misfortune indeed. He was indicted at Sessions, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported as a vagabond. Until the sailing of the next ship he was sent to Newgate. This place, generally described by those who knew it at this period as horrible to the last degree, with its gaol-fever, its companionship, its orgies, appeared to the young poacher as quite a pleasing residence. "For my part," he says, "I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I saw in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all." However, this kind of life was too good to last; so after five months he was taken from Newgate and put on board a transport with two hundred more. "We had," he says mildly, "but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air, and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows."

He was bound to a planter for seven years, and as he was quite ignorant he was put to work with the negroes. However, he expresses no resentment at this treatment, but merely remarks that he served out his time and worked his way home. Here he avoided the country, for fear of another sentence as a vagabond, and did odd jobs in London. One evening, however, he was knocked down by the pressgang and taken before a justice, who offered him the choice of becoming a soldier or a sailor. He chose the former, and served two campaigns, being present at the battles of Val and Fontenoy. At the latter he received a wound in the breast of which the surgeon cured him.

When the peace came on he enlisted in the East India Company's service and fought the French in six pitched battles. He got sick leave after a while and sailed for home with £40 in his pocket. Unfortunately, however, before setting foot on shore, he was pressed for a sailor. He knew nothing about a sailor's work, and so got beaten continually by the bo's'n as a skulker. However, he still had his £40, the thought of which consoled him. Alas! this consolation vanished when the ship was taken by the French and he lost his savings.

They were all carried off to Brest, where many of the crew died "because they was not used to a prison; for my part it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned." One night the bo's'n woke him up. "Jack," he said, "will you knock out the sentry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, "if I do lend a hand." In a word they did the job, knocking down the two sentries. They then ran down to the harbour, got a boat and put out to sea. They were picked up in three days by an English privateer. She, however, was taken by a French privateer, the *Pompadour*, a few days after; the main account of the transaction is as follows:—"The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman had we had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory."

If the French ship had put into Brest it would have gone hard with our friend. Fortunately she did not, but continued cruising in the Channel, where she met the English ship, the *Viper*, which captured her. The man had now lost a leg and four fingers of his left hand; but as he had suffered on board a privateer, there was no pension for him. "However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England."

Eighteenth-century slang need not delay us long. Colonel George Hanger gives us a specimen which may serve our purpose. He speaks of: "Coming the fawney, lully-prigging, the dobbing cant, the running rumbler, sky-larking, blue pigeon-flying, making a stall for a reader, or a screen, or a rum squeeze at the spell, the runny snarel, how to slang your mawley, to scamp, prig, floor, doo, hobble, frisk, mount, lumber, and fence; how to mount by a Jacob and force a kenn; to be careful of the young dabbs, and the Queen Elizabeth; it will teach you, when any rich man is dorsing a darkey, with you upon the queer roost, how to frisk his groapers for his reader and screens."

He also alludes to the common catch-words, of which there are always one or two in vogue. Those which follow belong to the year 1798. "Patch"; "What a bore"; "That's the Barber"; "Go it"; "The tippy and the twaddle"—he does not explain the meaning or the application of this mysterious phrase. "What a swell"; "Keep moving"; "All my eye Betty Martin"; "Go along, Bob."

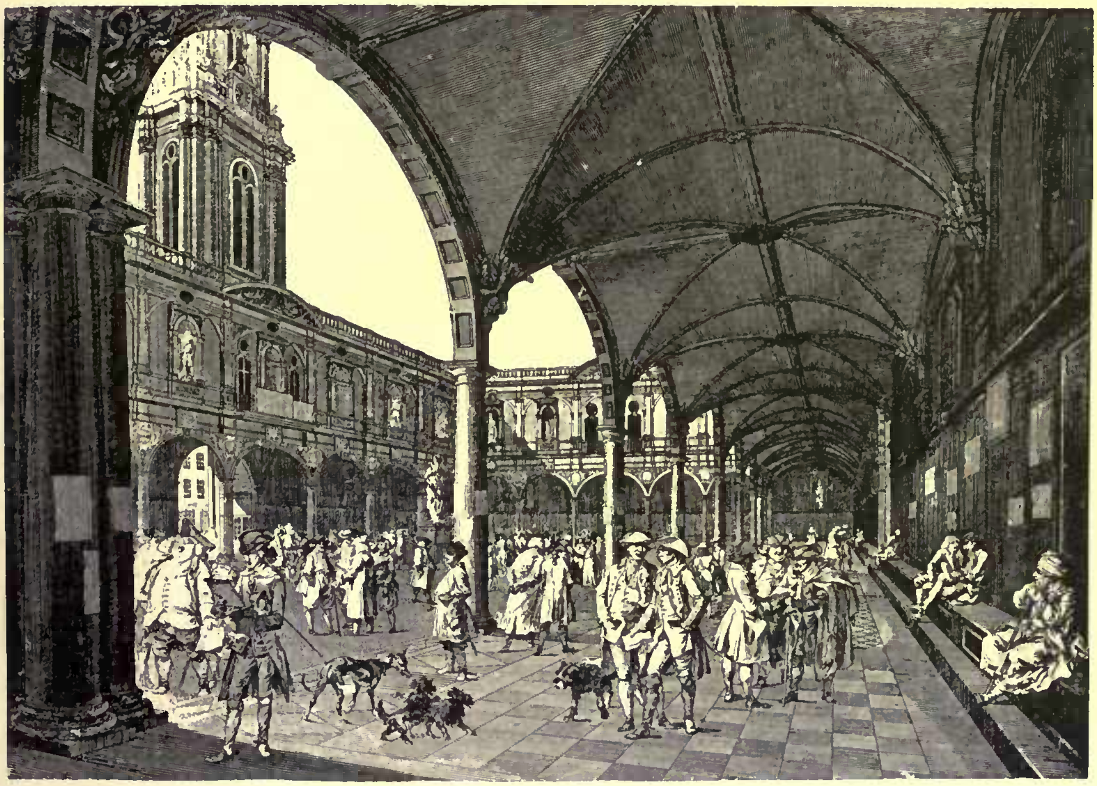
Among the winter inhabitants of London were a large number of gipsies. These people were much more separate than at present. They all knew and spoke habitually the Romany tongue; they followed the trades which required little training and no apprenticeship, being tinkers, braziers, knife-grinders, basket-makers, and players on some kinds of musical instruments. The girls danced; the women told fortunes and sold trumpery. They knew nothing of their origin; they had no kind of religion; none of them could read; many of them camped out in the winter as in the summer; they had no marriage ceremony, nor any funeral rites, burying their dead in the hedge. In morals, among themselves, they were entirely dissolute.

CHAPTER XXI

TRADES AND OFFICES

A FEW notes from the London Directory of the year 1791 may conclude this section.

There were within the city in this year 14,744 merchants, tradesmen, and master craftsmen of all kinds. There were about a thousand persons employed in the civil service; there were 52 banks; there were 34 army agents, and 31 navy agents.



SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE
From a contemporary print.

The principal trading companies were the Bank of England, the Million

Bank, the East India Company, the Russia, Levant, African, Hudson's Bay, and South-Sea Companies.

The fire insurance offices were the Hand in Hand, Union, Royal Exchange, London Assurance, Westminster, Amicable, Sun, Phœnix. The life insurance companies were the Royal Exchange, the Amicable, and the Equitable.

The following were the London bankers. As yet the joint-stock bank was unknown. They were all private houses. They expected a floating balance of a considerable amount, and they did not receive the small accounts of persons of limited incomes.

Ayton, Brassey, Lees & Satterthwaite, 71 Lombard Street.
Barclay & Tritton, 56 Lombard Street.
Batson, Stephenson, Grave & Glover, 69 Lombard Street.
Biddulph, Cocks, Ridge & Cocks, Charing Cross.
Barnet, Hoare, Hill & Barnet, 62 Lombard Street.
Boldero, Adey, Lushington & Boldero, 30 Cornhill.
Castle, Powel, Summer & Co., 66 Lombard Street.
Child (Robert) & Co., 1 Fleet Street.
Coutts (Thomas) & Co., 59 Strand.
Cox & Merle, Little Britain, Aldersgate Street.
Crofts, Devaynes, Dawes & Noble, 39 Pall Mall.
Denne Cornelius, Robert Snow, William Sandby & William Sandby, jun., 217 Temple Bar Without.
Dimsdale (Baron), Thomas Dimsdale, John Dimsdale, Thomas Dimsdale, John Barnard & William Staples, 50 Cornhill.
Dorriens, Mello, Martin & Harrison, 22 Finch Lane.
Downe, Thornton & Free, 1 Bartholomew Lane.
Drummond (Robert and Henry) & Co., Charing Cross.
Esdaile, Sir James, Knt., Esdaile, Hammet & Esdaile, 73 Lombard Street.
Forster, Lubbock, Bosanquet & Co., 11 Mansion House Street.
Fuller, Richard, Sons & Vaughan, 84 Cornhill.
Fuller, William, Son & Co., 24 Lombard Street.
Glynn, Mills & Mitton, 12 Birchin Lane.
Gosling, Robert, Francis & William, 19 Fleet Street.
Hankey, Thomas, Joseph Chaplin Hankey, Stephen Hall, Robert & Richard Hankey, 7 Fenchurch Street.
Harley, Hon. Thomas, Cameron & Son, George Street, Mansion House.
Harrison, Robert, Thomas & Co., 1 Mansion House Street.
Hercy, Birch & Hobbs, 152 New Bond Street.
Herries (Sir Robert, Knt.) & Co., 16 St. James's Street.
Hoare, Henry & Charles, 37 Fleet Street.
Hodsol & Mitchell, near Catherine Street, Strand.
Jones, Joseph, Daniel & Co., 43 Lothbury.
Ladbroke, Rawlinson, Porker & Watson, Bank Buildings.
Langstons, Towgoods & Amory, 29 Clement's Lane.
Lefevre, Curries, Yellowley & Raikes, 29 Cornhill.
Lockhart, James & James, 36 Pall Mall.
Mackworth, Sir Herbert, Bart., Dorset, Johnson & Wilkinson, 68 New Bond Street.
Martin, Stone, Foote & Porter, 68 Lombard Street.

Master, Dawson, Brookes, Kirton & Dixon, 26 Chancery Lane.
Mildred, Masterman & Walker, 2 White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street.
Moffat, Kensingtons & Co., 20 Lombard Street.
Newnham, Everett, Drummond, Tibbits & Tanner, 65 Lombard Street.
Nightingale, John, William & George, 70 Lombard Street.
Peele, Wilkes & Dickenson, 33 Poultry.
Prescotts, Grote, Culverden & Hollingworth, 62 Threadneedle Street.
Pybus, Call, Pybus, Grant & Hale, Old Bond Street.
Ransom, Morland & Hammersley, 57 Pall Mall.
Sanderson (Sir James), Harrison, Brenchly, Bloxam & Co., Southwark.
Sikes, Snaith & Snaith, 5 Mansion House Street.
Smith, Paine & Smiths, George Street, Mansion House.
Smith (Samuel) & Sons, 12 Aldermanbury.
Smith, Wright & Gray, 21 Lombard Street.
Staples, Day, Staples, Cox & Lynn, 83 Cornhill.
Stevenson, William, 85 Queen Street, Cheapside.
Taylor, Lloyd, Bowman & Co., 60 Lombard Street.
Vere, Lucadou, Troughton, Lucadou & Smart, 77 Lombard Street.
Walpole, Clark, Walpole & Clark, 28 Lombard Street.
Welch, Rogers, Olding & Rogers, 3 Freeman's Court, Cornhill.
Whitehead, John & George, 5 Basinghall Street.
Williams, Son, Wilkinson & Drury, 20 Birchin Lane.
Willis, Wood & Co., 76 Lombard Street.
Wright, Selby & Robinson, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

There was a great number of persons connected with the Law in all its branches: the judges, barons, masters, remembrancers, commissioners, examiners, cursitors, filacers, proctors, clerks, ushers, and servants. The number of counsel was 374, there were 56 conveyancers, 50 draftsmen in equity, 64 special pleaders, 5 draftsmen in common law, and 1840 attorneys. In the City there were 640 sworn brokers, and 12 who were Jews. It was one of the singular disabilities of the Jews that there were not allowed to be more than 12 sworn brokers. There were 81 rectors or vicars in the City, there were 117 Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians for the whole country, not for London only, there were 479 surgeons in London alone, and 86 apothecaries.

The learned societies were Gresham College, the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the British Museum, the Society of Arts, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Society of British Artists.

The London papers were as follows:—

LONDON DAILY PAPERS

Titles.	By whom printed and advertisements taken in.
The Diary	W. Woodfall, Salisbury Square.
The Morning Herald	Luxford, 18 Catherine Street, Strand.
The World	Bostock, 335 Strand.
The Oracle	Bell, 132 Strand.
The Times	Walter, Printing House Square, Blackfriars.

LONDON DAILY PAPERS (*continued*)

Titles.	By whom printed and advertisements taken in.
The Star	Mayne, in Temple Bar.
The Argus	Roaf, 5 Catherine Street, Strand.
The Gazetteer	Say, 10 Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street.
Public Advertiser	H. Woodfall, Corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.
Daily Advertiser	Jenour, 33 Fleet Street.
Morning Chronicle	Westly, 201 Strand.
Morning Post	W. Williams, Blake Court, Catherine Street, Strand.
Public Ledger	Crowder, 12 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane.
General Advertiser	Yardley, 182 Fleet Street.

LONDON EVENING PAPERS

Published Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

General Evening Post	Bew, 28 Paternoster Row.
St. James's Chronicle	Baldwin, Corner of Union Street, Blackfriars.
London Chronicle	Wilkie, 71 St. Paul's Churchyard.
London Evening Post	Barker, 6 Old Bailey.
English Chronicle	Vint, Blake Court, Catherine Street, Strand.
Whitehall Evening Post	Davies, Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.
Middlesex Journal	Ayre, 6 Newcastle Street, Strand.

EVENING PAPER, *published Tuesdays and Saturdays.*

London Gazette	Harrison, Warwick Lane, Newgate Street.

EVENING PAPERS, *published Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.*

Lloyd's Evening Post	Hancock, 13 Paternoster Row.
London Packet	Crowder, 12 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane.
The Comet	... 6 Newcastle Street, Strand.
Evening Mail	Walter, Printing House Square, Blackfriars.

EVENING PAPER, *published Tuesdays and Fridays.*

Courier de Londres (in French)	Brooks, 8 Coventry Street, Haymarket.

LONDON WEEKLY PAPERS

The Craftsman	Say, 10 Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street.
Baldwin's Weekly Journal	Baldwin, Corner of Union Street, Blackfriars.
Westminster Journal	Redmayne, 10 Creed Lane, Ludgate Street.
Old British Spy	Redmayne, 10 Creed Lane, Ludgate Street.
Ayre's Craftsman	Ayre, 14 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.
Sunday London Gazette	Ayre, 14 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.
Mitchell's Sunday Gazette	... 13 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.
Sunday Chronicle	Downs, Black Horse Alley, Fleet Street.
Johnson's Sunday Monitor	Johnson, 4 Ludgate Hill.
Sunday (*London*) *Recorder*	Macleosh, 48 Ludgate Hill
Sunday Review	Macrea, 10 Orange Street, Leicester Fields.
Racing Calendar	Weatherby (15 numbers in a year), Oxenden Street.
Public Hue and Cry	Sir Sampson Wright (once a month), Bow Street.

The public offices show a multiplication of work connected with the Law.

LAW AND OTHER PUBLIC OFFICES

(most of which are under Government)

Accountant-General's Office.
Admiralty Office.
Affidavit Office.
Alienation Office.
American Claims Office.
Auditor's Office.
Augmentation Office.
Bank of England.

Bankrupt Office.
Bill of Middlesex Office.
Borough Compter.
Borough Court of Southwark.
Chancery Court.
Chancery Office.
Chirographer's Office.
City Solicitor's Office.
Clerk of the Crown Office.
Clerk of the Docquets (K.B.).
Clerks of the Docquets (C.P.).
Clerk of the Errors Office.
Clerk of the Errors Office (K.B.).
Clerks of the Essoigns Office.
Clerk of the Juries.
Clerk of the Outlawries.
Clerk of the Papers Office (K.B.).
Clerk of the Papers Office (C.P.).
Clerks of the Rules Office.
Common Bail Office.
Common Pleas of Prothonotaries' Office.
Corporation of Cursitors' Office.
Courts of Common Pleas, King's Bench, and Exchequer.
Courts of Record.
Crown Office.
Cursitor's Office.
Custos Brevium Office.
Declaration Office.
Dispensation Office (C.).
Duchy Court of Lancaster.
Enrolment Office.
Error Office.
Examiner's Office.
Exchequer Chamber Office.
Exchequer of Pleas Office.
Excise Office.
Fen Office.
Filacer's Office to the Common Pleas.
Filacer's, Exigenter's, and Clerk of the Outlawries Office.
First-Fruits Office.
Fleet Prison.
Foreign Apposer's Office.
Game Tax Office.
General Accountant Office of New Duties.
General Post-Office.
Guildhall.
Hackney Coach and Chair Office.
Hanaper Office.
Hat Licence Office.
Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office.
Heralds' College Office.
Horse-Dealers' Tax Office.
Inrolments of Fines and Receiver's Office.
Judges' Chambers.
Judgment Office, and Clerk of the Docquets.
King's Bench Office.
King's Bench Prison.
King's Remembrance Office.
King's Silver Office.
Land Tax Office for London.
Lord Chamberlain's Office.
Lord Mayor's Court and Office.
Lottery Office.
Lottery Licence Office.
Mansion House.
Marshalsea, Court and Prison.
Masters in Chancery Office.
Masters' Office (King's Bench Office).
Master of the Rolls Office.
Medicine Licence Office (Stamp Office).
Million Bank.
Mint.
Navy Office.
New Gaol.
Newgate Prison.
New Prison.
Nisi Prius Office.
Ordnance Office.
Patent Office.
Pawnbrokers' Licence Office.
Pay Office of the Army.
Pay Office of the Navy.
Pell Office.
Penny-Post Offices.
Perfumery Licence Office.
Petty Bag Office.
Pipe Office.
Plantation Office.
Post-Horse Licence Office.
Presentation Offices.
Privy Seal Office.
Public Accounts Office.
Queen Anne's Bounty Office.
Receiver-General's Office for Stamps.
Register Office.
Register Office of Deeds in Middlesex.
Register containing Marriages of the Fleet, Mayfair, and Mint.
Report Office.
Return Office.
Rolls Office.
Rotation Offices in the County of Middlesex.
Salt Office.
Seal Office.
Secondaries Office of Pleas.
Secretary of State's Office.
Sessions House.
Sheriffs of London's Office.
Sheriffs of Middlesex's Office.
Sick and Hurt Seamen's Office.
Signers of Writs Office.
Signet Office.
Six Clerks' Office.
South-Sea House.
Stamp Office.
Subpœna Office.
Tax Office.
Tenths Office.
Treasury.
Treasury-Keeper (C.P.), Mr. Stubbs.
Trinity House.
Victualling Office.

War Office.
Warrant of Attorney Office.
Westminster Hall.
Whitechapel Court.
Wine Licence Office.

The following were the principal hospitals and public charities :—

The Royal Hospital at Greenwich.
Commissioners and Officers of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.
Charter-House, founded by Thomas Sutton, Esq., in 1611.
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Henry VIII., 1539.
Christ's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., 1552.
Bridewell and Bethlehem, founded by Edward VI., 1553.
St. Thomas's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., 1553.
Guy's Hospital.
Westminster Infirmary.
St. George's Hospital.
The Foundling Hospital.
Lying-in Charity.
London Hospital.
Middlesex Hospital.
Small-pox Hospital, in Cold Bath Fields, and Hospital for Inoculation, at Pancras.
Hospital for French Protestants.
Lock Hospital.
Corporation for Sick and Maimed Seamen.
The British Lying-in Hospital for Married Women
City of London Lying-in Hospital.
St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics.
Marine Society's Office.
Welsh Charity.
The Asylum, or House of Refuge, for Orphan Girls.
Magdalen Hospital.
London Workhouse.
General Dispensary.
Medical Society of London.
Westminster General Dispensary.
Public Dispensary.
Middlesex Dispensary.
Humane Society.
A List of the Court of Assistants.
Orphan School.
Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.
Society for promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts.
Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor.
Patrons of the Anniversary of the Charity Schools.
The Thirty-one Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS

CHAPTER I

SOCIETY

SOCIETY, early in this eighteenth century, was, in many respects, still in the making. Some of the old barbarities had disappeared—the new order was as yet uncertain. Side by side with a respect for rank which had suffered nothing from the Commonwealth—not in any sense a levelling Republic—there were growing up the claims for consideration of wealth made in trade, and of the professions to assert their claim to belong to society, or to construct a society for themselves.

If we consider the state of society at Bath say, about the year 1720, a time of which we possess very full information; and if we remember that similar conditions prevailed wherever the world that was polite met with the world which endeavoured to be polite, we may understand something of the society of London.

First, the amusements consisted of the bowling green, the gaming table, and the country dance. There was no rule or order. If they wanted to dance all night, they did; if they wanted to gamble all night, they did. The gentlemen appeared in boots if they chose; they wore their swords, and sometimes drew them. The ladies appeared in "aprons"; this was a most flagrant offence against good manners. The nobility refused to speak with the mere gentry,—these refused to speak with people in trade or professions. Ladies who had pedigrees refused to speak with ladies who had none. They lodged in rooms ill-furnished—"two or three chairs and a looking-glass"—dirty, the floors washed with a mixture of soot and stale beer, and the whole suite unpainted. The pump room was under no order; the streets were neither paved nor lit.

Nash, the director of ceremonies, the king of Bath, changed all this. He built the Assembly Room; he engaged a band of music; he placed the pump room under rule; he caused the streets to be paved and lit; he laid out gardens, and he ruled the Assembly. At six o'clock, the company being already assembled, he entered the room; on his arrival the band struck up. He then selected the gentleman of highest rank, and presented him to the lady of highest rank. They performed a minuet; he then handed the lady back to her seat, and presented the gentleman to another lady, the next in precedence. These two danced together.

The director of ceremonies then chose another gentleman, and so it went on for two hours, the rest of the company sitting looking on or walking about. On the benches behind sat a row of waiting-maids who came with their mistresses to be ready in case of a "head" being disarranged or a hoop getting out of place.

At eight o'clock the country dances began,—for these all stood up; but here the director's real troubles began. Of course the dancers were arranged with due regard to rank, those of the highest rank standing at the top. But a country dance is a leveller; needs must that every couple should go down the line dancing with every other couple. Ladies with pedigrees, unfortunately, carried their prejudices into the dance and refused to take the hand of other ladies who had no pedigree. Then the director watched. If he found one lady evading the offer of the hand, or substituting a tap on the back of the hand of the social inferior, he sternly interfered: "Take hands or leave the room!" Sometimes, when a couple of higher rank had danced down to the end, they would back out. "Go and take your place with the rest," Mr. Director ordered, "or leave the room!"

Once the "D—— of R——"—respect for rank so exalted makes the narrator thus disguise the name, but we can penetrate the secret—came in an apron. Nash observed it. He advanced, and with his own hands he tore it off. "Your G——," he said, tossing the apron to the bench of maids, "let your servants—not yourself—come to an assembly in aprons."

At nine they rested for tea; at eleven the director held up his hand; the music stopped; the evening was over.

Here is a dancing master's advertisement. It is more instructive than pages of description:—

"At Duke's Long Room, In Paternoster Row, Grown Gentlemen or Ladies are taught a Minuet, or the Method of Country Dances, with the modern Method of Footing; and that in the genteelest, and most expeditious, and private Manner. And for the greater expedition of such gentlemen as chuse to dance in company, there's a compleat Set of Gentlemen assemble every Monday and Wednesday evening for the said purpose. Gentlemen or Ladies may be waited on at their own Houses by favoring me with a line directed as above. Likewise to be had at my House, as above, a Book of Instructions for the figuring part of Country Dances, with the Figure of the Minuet annex'd thereon, drawn out in Characters, and laid down in such a Manner, that at once casting your Eye on it, you see the Figure directly form'd as it is to be done; so that a person, even that had never learnt, might, by the help of this book, soon make himself Master of the figuring Part. Such as reside in the Country, I doubt not, would find it of immediate Service, as they had not always an Opportunity of having Recourse to a Dancing Master. Price 10s. 6d. N. Duke's Dancing Master."

Apply this history to London. There were still people of rank living in the

City early in the eighteenth century, but these were few. When the City Assembly was started there were none; the separation of the aristocracy from the City was complete for a hundred and fifty years. But there was rank of another kind in the City—Lord Mayor, past Lord Mayors, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Councilmen; when these had taken their places, they were followed by the wealthier merchants and their wives. The same jealousy was shown in the City as elsewhere as to rank; as to pedigree, we fear that as little as possible could be said about it in a century when the boy who swept and washed the floor so often rose to be Chief Magistrate.

There was a side of City life somewhat better than that of the taverns and the coffee-houses. We shall find a notice of it in the *Diary* of Catherine Hutton, the daughter of the well-known Birmingham Hutton. When Catherine Hutton came to London for the first time—it was in 1778,—her first visit was to the Royal Exchange, where she was amazed at the elegance of the shops, the number of the carriages, and the fine dress of the people. It must be remembered that as yet the fashionable shops were all in the City, and that ladies drove to Ludgate Hill and Cheapside to do their shopping and to buy fine things, just as they now drive to Bond Street and Regent Street. The next day being Sunday, she went into the Park and walked up and down the Mall for three hours, waiting to see the King. At last he came out, with the Queen, in three chairs, preceded by the footmen and the yeomen of the Guard. The King looked sour, and his face was red and bloated. He took no notice of the people, who bowed to him as he passed along. The Queen, for her part, affably returned the civilities of the people. Catherine was then taken to Kensington Gardens, at that time the fashionable resort. Five hundred carriages were there, with a multitude of fine people.

We find an account of another Sunday, spent with quiet people. Catherine rose at seven; she dressed for church; she breakfasted; she spent two hours doing nothing; she went to church; she returned; she ate half a cheesecake; she dressed to dine with Mr. Shuttleworth, the clergyman, after the second service, at which there was no sermon. At Mr. Shuttleworth's she met Mr. Purcell, a ruined old man, who lived upon his friends. "His face proclaimed him a drunkard, and his manners at table an epicure." There was another guest who said nothing. The dinner, served at three, consisted of salmon at one end of the table, served with fennel-sauce, melted butter, lemon-pickle, and soy; at the other end a loin of veal roasted, with kidney beans and green peas. In the middle stood a hot pigeon-pie with yolks of eggs in it. After this course appeared a ham and chickens; when these were taken away there followed a currant-tart. After the cloth was removed, gooseberries, currants, and melon were placed on the table, with wine and cider. The young lady was called upon to give a toast. She did so, and when that was done the ladies retired. At five o'clock they sent word to the gentlemen that tea was ready.

This brief account of a dinner is characteristic of the century. Dinner at three —a copious meal; it was a time of great eating as well as great drinking; even these moderate and religious people sit for an hour at least over the bottle, and one of the clergyman's guests is a drunkard as well as an epicure. Catherine could not be expected to know that it is impossible for a drunkard to be an epicure.

During her second visit to London, Catherine Hutton made a voyage to Margate, which was already a great place of summer resort for the citizens. The party went by the hoy, which performed the voyage in nine hours and forty minutes. She says that it was a "glorious excursion," and that for four hours she was "miserably ill and in strong hysterics." "We supped at Mitchener's, and after supper had a bottle of wine made into negus." The party stayed in Margate three nights, and the voyage back took thirty-six hours.

On this visit her brother procured admission to the King's Birthnight Ball at St. James's Palace. It would seem as if an outer circle was formed, in which the spectators stood while the King and Queen walked round the inner circle of the nobility, speaking to every one. The walk round finished, the young Prince of Wales, then about eighteen, opened the ball with a minuet.

In the City there were two assembly or subscription balls. The more aristocratic—the Almack's of London—was called the City Assembly. The subscription was three guineas; there were 200 subscribers and ten balls. To become a member, she says, required as much interest as to become a member of Parliament. Catherine, however, had the honour of being present as the guest of a member.

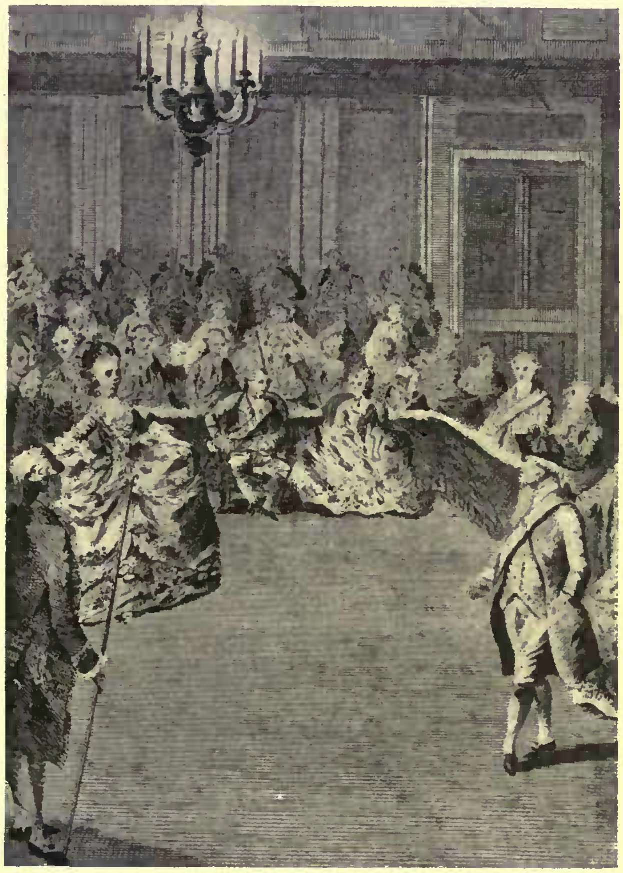
> "At half-past seven the gentleman entered our drawing-room, dressed in a suit of pale blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk plush; his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side, and his ruffles and frills of fine point lace. Much comfort, you may believe, I expected in such a partner; but very little did I find, for the fine clothes danced every dance with another lady. The spectacle made me some amends, however, for it was the finest I ever saw, the Birthnight Ball excepted. The men were chiefly in dress coats, with their hair in bags; those who were not, wore cloth coats trimmed with narrow gold lace, white waistcoats of silver tissue, or ornamented with gold spangles, and the hair in a short thick queue, with curls flying out on each side of the head. Many of the elderly ladies were almost covered with diamonds.
>
> The number of foreign faces were remarkable; and half the names I heard were foreign; among them was the French Ambassador; the subscription to the City Assembly is three guineas. There are two hundred subscribers and ten nights, so each night's expenses are sixty guineas. The subcribers are the first people in the City. The rooms are lighted with wax; the branches for the candles, the urns for tea and coffee, and the baskets for cakes and macaroons are of silver."

The other and rival institution—the London Assembly—was not so select in its company.

> "It is at the London Tavern, in the finest room that my eyes ever beheld. The walls are coloured light blue, and ornamented with carvings and paintings; a large recess at the lower end of the room is entirely of looking-glass. The curtains and sofas are of pale blue silk, with gold fringe. The middle lustre cost 180 guineas. One hundred and twenty couples can dance in four sets, divided by ropes.

The subscription is five guineas for eight nights, and the requisites for appearing are a dress coat or a laced frock."

There was an assembly at Southwark, of which Catherine Hutton knew nothing. Indeed, so far as I know, history preserves but one anecdote concerning this assembly. The doors opened from the street into the dancing-room. On one occasion, when the *élite* of the borough were assembled and the ball was at its best, the doors were pushed open by one of a troop of oxen which were being driven along the High Street. The creature ran in, followed by the others, presenting threatening horns in every direction. With shrieks and cries the dancers fell back, and of course sprawled headlong over the seats and over each other. None of the gentlemen dared to confront the strange visitors. It was the proprietress, renowned for her punch, who came to the rescue and drove them out with her apron and a "Shoo! shoo!" Then the company all got up again and repaired, as well as they could, the wrecked head-dresses and the torn finery. Meanwhile, more punch was brewed, and the spirits of the company revived.



THE BALL AT ST. JAMES'S

From a contemporary print.

Subscription balls or assemblies were held outside the City at the Great Concert Room in Dean Street, Soho, every Wednesday, for a course of six weeks. Ladies' tickets, two guineas; gentlemen's, three; non-subscribers to pay respectively half a guinea and fifteen shillings. Coffee and tea were provided at a sideboard; and the doors opened at nine o'clock.

Thirteen years later Catherine Hutton went once more to the City Assembly.

> "I have been with Mrs. André to the City Assembly, but assemblies are nothing to me. I viewed this as a show, a spectacle, in which I had no interest. There is an interval of thirteen years between this time of my going and the last, and the comparison furnishes me with no very pleasing reflections. The rooms were excessively crowded. The men were all, with the exception of one individual, dressed in silk, lace, or embroidery. The women had fine shapes, large hoops, and danced gracefully; and my shape was as good, and my hoop as large, and my dancing as graceful as the best. The women were more beautiful and well dressed; but as to elegance, it is almost lost in fashion. The heads were in the Turkish fashion, which is becoming, but the shape is hidden in the petticoats, and the dancing is a quick jumping jig. I felt as if I were not one of them."

There were strict rules as to dress and etiquette. A gentleman who did not intend to dance could present himself at an assembly in boots; but dancing in boots was absolutely prohibited. It was common for a gentleman to present a lady with a ticket, escort her alone to the assembly, and dance with her all night. It does not seem that a formal introduction was necessary to entitle a gentleman to address a lady. If a gentleman became involved in a fracas, if his conduct were noisy, if his character were notorious, the rest of the company would join in a note requesting him to withdraw. If he persisted, he was called to account by one of the gentlemen present. Insults, and even actual violence, were not infrequent. For instance, it is recorded how, at an assembly, one of the company, jealous of Peregrine Pickle's elegance and Emilia's beauty, endeavoured to move them out of their place in a country-dance. On being remonstrated with, he refused to comply with the rules of good breeding. Peregrine, enraged, snatched off his wig, and threw it in his face. The aggressor then showed the white feather, and declined the satisfaction supposed to be afforded by being run through. Peregrine, therefore, watched his opportunity, and administered a cudgelling.

Private balls were called "drums"; and a drum on a large scale was familiarly termed a "squeezer." A drum is defined by a contemporary writer as "a riotous assembly of fashionable people of both sexes at a private house; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares."

It will be understood, therefore, that the City had its social side, and that of the better kind. There was a musical side; there was also a card-playing side; and there was the side of the City feasting. The companies, by this time extinct as trade unions, and with no more connection (except the Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, the Stationers, and one or two of the smaller companies) with the trades they represented, spent a great deal of their incomes, which were in some few cases very large, in great dinners, to which the Livery were invited. These dinners were chiefly for the men. The ladies had their card-parties with suppers. Private dinner-parties in the City seem to have been simply the casual invitation of one or two guests to a family dinner. For instance, when the pudding was ready the bookseller would invite any author in his shop to step in and share it. In the early part of the century, water-parties on the river, a trip to Hampstead, a walk in Moorfields made up the whole of the excursions beyond the walls. Indeed, the roads were so infested by highwaymen and footpads that it was not safe to drive to any distance.

To make this glimpse of City life more complete, we find the men gathering together night after night at coffee-house and tavern ; to this point I shall return again presently. The ladies, left alone, form their own society with cards and gossip and scandal. One must not forget the religious side, which kept open the City churches in the week and filled the City chapels. I have looked in vain for the literary side! Alas! in the City it existed not.

Society improved in one respect at least during the eighteenth century. If the gulf between the gentry and the rest of the world was widened ; if barristers and physicians were considered as disqualified by their profession from having the *entrée* to good society ; if the merchant's calling, which filled the land with wealth, was despised,—noblemen consented to come down, and no longer affected to be on a social level above and beyond that of the landed gentry around them. This increase of consideration for the landowner was doubtless due to the enormous increase in the value of land ; so much more land was put under cultivation, drained, planted, turned into fields, that a man who, under Charles II., was a yeoman, with two or three hundred pounds a year, became a country squire with as many thousands, able to keep up as great state as the Earl, his neighbour.

The last twenty years of the century do not present either the City or the West End in a favourable light. The people of fashion, as we have seen, had separated themselves almost entirely from trade. The country contained an aristocracy of the very worst kind: they were landlords, in many cases absentees ; they lived apart, devouring the fruits of the earth ; they were not of ancient lineage ; in many cases there was nothing at all in their records which ennobled them, not any achievement either by land or by sea ; in the courts of justice, as in the Houses of Parliament, the older families were extinct or represented only in the female line ; the later Tudor nobles for the most part did nothing. Yet these people formed themselves into a caste which kept aloof from the industries, trade, enterprise, art, science, literature of their time. As for the citizens of London, the "caste" hated and despised them ; they were always hurling contempt upon them ; they were the *plebs;*

they were known, if they ventured into the Park, by their walk. In a very fashionable novel of the time a City lady with her daughters is represented as calling upon a lady of rank. The City visitors are treated with the utmost rudeness; when they go, the people of rank run to the windows and laugh at them as they get into their carriage.

Perhaps the manners of the City left a good deal to desire. Living by themselves, especially when they ceased to live in the City and began to retire to the suburbs, the citizens lost their ancient dignity and the stately manner which made a Gresham welcome at the Court. There was doubtless a vulgarity among the richer sort which had not been noticed, say, under Charles the Second. Add to this, that the City offices for nearly a hundred years ceased to be desired or held by the more important citizens; too often they were held by tradesmen who were illiterate and common. One may say this without fear of giving offence, because during the last quarter of a century so great and beneficial a change has come over the City, and its great offices are now generally held by those who fear not to stand before kings.

CHAPTER II

THE PARKS

Life in London would have been dull without the Parks. These were St. James's Park, Hyde (generally spelt Hide) Park, and Green Park. The two gardens of fashionable resort in the preceding century, the Spring Gardens and the Mulberry Gardens, were now built upon; the former were covered with houses and streets; upon the latter was erected the "Queen's House," now Buckingham Palace.

The time for walking in the Park was, in the morning, between twelve and two—that is, before dinner; in the evening, from seven o'clock until midnight in the summer—that is to say, after dinner.

The chief pleasure of walking in the Park was the general freedom of conversation. The people all belonged, or pretended to belong, to the leisured class which has no work to do; there was no taint of trade or the City among those who lounged about the Park at noon. Servants in livery were not allowed in St. James's Park; they remained outside, just as they now wait outside the shops in Regent Street. Children were not allowed in the Park. When we read of ladies exchanging jokes and "chaff" with gentlemen whom they casually met for the first time, without introduction, we may remember that society was smaller and very much narrower than at present; that it was quite easy, should a chance acquaintance be followed up, to find out who and of what position that person was. There were adventurers, to be sure, and it was not always safe to trust to outward appearances. Ladies of cracked reputation, ladies of no reputation at all, ladies horribly in debt and anxious to transfer those debts to a husband, walked in the Park and endeavoured to captivate a likely man. Gentlemen—they were nearly always gentlemen by birth and breeding—sought in the Park to find that *rara avis* so much desired by the impecunious and the adventurous, the heiress.

Meantime, those who really belonged to society seem to have been perfectly regardless of the manners and morals and intentions and desires of the company they met. Sometimes the ladies wore masks, which gave them greater freedom. The Park, in fact, set the fashion to the spas—Epsom, Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Hampstead—in allowing the whole company to divert themselves together, as if they were all friends and acquaintances. In the Park not only the ladies, but also the men, displayed the most extravagant and costly dresses, with the most artificial manners: the note of the day, either in the cock of the hat, or the carriage of the cane, or the shape of the wig, indicated to each other one of the *élite*. In the same way to-day the gilded youth walk down Piccadilly mindful of the angle at which they carry their umbrellas, or the masonic sign, legible only to each other, of the unbuttoned or the buttoned coat. The modern man of fashion, however, has not by any means the scope for genius which was afforded to his predecessor in the last century. He, the Beau, who was followed by the Dandy, the Macaroni, and the Jessamy, was able to assume an extravagance of language, with new and affected phrases, an artificial intonation, a slow, special, and impudently superior utterance. It would seem strange, were it not that modern instances show it to be possible, that a beau should not have appeared to all the world the most contemptible and ridiculous object in the world. Beau Brummell, one of the last of his tribe, was never laughed at. It seems wonderful. On the contrary, his affectations and his impudence were universally admired. Why? Because impudence is always admired. It is a rare quality; it commands attention; and it can only effectively be met by the quick retort or repartee, the power for which is so rare.

The beau of the last century possessed unusual facilities and opportunities; he could be a beau in so many different ways. There was his dress, in which he could be really splendid; his periwig, in which extravagances of the first water were possible; his snuff-box—it was decorated with a lovely picture of Beauty at the Bath,—the handling of which is now a lost art; the cravat, on which the highest intellect could be employed; the clouded cane, which he alone would carry properly.

Ladies walking were attended by their footman, who followed them closely, carrying his long stick of office. It was a survival of the time when the footman was an armed retainer, who protected his mistress should she venture abroad. On Sunday, the Park was crowded by City people: the young men turned out in the afternoon in the hired tilbury or on the hired hack, showing off their skill in driving or riding, and taking off their hats to ladies whom they pretended to know. This invasion of the Parks by the City gave great offence to people of fashion, who lost no opportunity of proclaiming their contempt for trade.

"The City gentry," says a writer in 1744, "are as distinguishable as a judge from his clerk or a lady from her waiting-woman. . . . Every illiterate coxcomb who has made a fortune by sharping or shopkeeping will endeavour to mimic the great ones; yet with all aids whatsoever they appear at best but as very mean copies of fine originals; the Ludgate Hill hobble, the Cheapside swing, and the general City jolt and wriggle in the gait, being easily perceived through all the artifices the smarts put upon them."

The novels of the period show this contempt to have been a very real thing, and the separation of City and West End to have been wider and deeper than we can well understand. Even the most exclusive "set" of modern times may close its doors to the *nouveau riche*, but it no longer pretends to despise the City. The fashionable ladies used to laugh at the airs and pretences of the draper's assistant pretending to be a gentleman, but they could not endure the company of the citizen with his wife and daughters, who crowded into the Park on summer Sunday evenings at five o'clock. The fashionable ladies fled: they walked or drove home, and dressed for dinner at six.

"Why," asks a gentleman admitted to a lady's carriage, "do you talk with such absolute freedom on your own and your friend's affairs before your footmen?"

"What does it matter?" she replies; "these creatures understand nothing of our amours, or our manners, or our language. One can say anything before them. They are only servants."

Later on, forced into the company of these lackeys, this person discovered that the most secret affairs of their masters and their ladies were openly discussed, with all the details that were provided by the keyhole or by the imagination. In a word, the Parks belonged to the aristocracy all the week, and were taken over on Sunday evenings in summer by the citizens. As for the lower classes, they never heard of the Parks. And since they could neither have prize-fights, nor hunt the duck, nor bait the bull, nor draw the badger in Hyde Park and St. James's, they would not have gone there had they known anything about them.

CHAPTER III

MASQUERADES

It was a great time for masquerades. They were held at Ranelagh, at the Pantheon, at Vauxhall, at Marylebone Gardens, and at Court. The Master of the Revels to George II. was a Swiss named Heidegger. This remarkable man was the son of a country clergyman of Zurich: he left his country in consequence of some amour; he became a servant to gentlemen; in this capacity he visited the chief cities of Europe, and acquired a taste for refinement, with a knowledge of good living. He came to England either as a servant or as a humble dependant on some nobleman. How he got out of the ranks of servitude to be received by people of fashion one knows not; but he did. He became acknowledged as a critic in the opera and the theatre; he improved the decorations of the stage; and by the patronage of the King, George II., he became manager of the Opera House; at the same time he vastly improved the masquerades; he managed the King's Theatre; and he was appointed Master of the Revels. He became so much the fashion that all assemblies given by the nobility were submitted to his correction and advice. He made an income of five thousand pounds, which he literally devoured—for nearly all went in extravagant eating and drinking. He died at the age of ninety in the year 1749.

"His foibles," said a contemporary, "if they deserve so harsh a name, were completely covered by his charity, which was boundless."

"You know objects of distress better than I do," he would observe; "be so kind as to distribute this money for me." After a successful masquerade, he had been known to give away several hundred pounds at a time. So says the worthy John Nichols. His masquerades were censured by the satirists, although the fault was with the great world which supported them. Pope trimmed him in the *Dunciad;* Fielding whipped him in *The Masquerade: A Poem;* and Hogarth made an incomparable etching, replete with sarcastic wit, which was sensibly levelled at the exalted patrons as well as the foreign projector of those scenes of dissipation. This scarce print—bearing certain references that must not be named to delicate ears—was, to use the satirist's own words, "invented for the use of ladies and gentlemen, by the ingenious Mr. H–d–g–r."

The successor of Heidegger as the purveyor of pleasure for folk of fashion was Teresa Cornelys. She was a German by birth, and began as a public singer. She came to London in the year 1756, some years after the death of Heidegger, whose place had never been filled up.

Mrs. Cornelys bought a house in Soho Square which had been built by the Earl of Carlisle, and was called Carlisle House. It was situated on the east side of the square at the corner of Sutton Street, the site being now occupied by a Roman Catholic chapel. This house possessed a garden at the back, part of which was built over by Mrs. Cornelys for additional rooms. She gave masquerades, balls, and concerts at Carlisle House to her subscribers, who paid so much a year and were free of all the entertainments. Mention is made of them in the journals and memoirs of the period; they appear to have been quite as splendid as those of Heidegger. Sometimes as many as 500 persons were present at her masquerades; all the windows of the square were blocked with people who came to see the fine dresses, and would not allow a carriage to pass till they had looked at the ladies inside. Unfortunately, things began to be whispered—things scandalous—as to goings-on at Carlisle House. The Grand Jury made reference to these scandals; probably they did Mrs. Cornelys no good. When the Pantheon was opened in January 1771, it drew away many people who had hitherto patronised Mrs. Cornelys, and in July of that year the creditors of that lady were requested to send in their accounts to Mr. Hickey, attorney in St. Alban's Street, for she had become bankrupt. Then she got possession of the house again for a while, but fell into difficulties and was imprisoned in the Fleet. Thence she escaped in the Riots of 1780, and, in a humble way, sold asses' milk at Knightsbridge, neglected and forgotten by all her former patrons. She was again arrested and again taken to the Fleet, where she died in 1797. As for the house, it was taken down in 1788.

Masquerades were kept up at the Pantheon and the Gardens. But after the long war began, the City became too impoverished to spend money on these amusements. In the year 1807, Ranelagh was closed. The Pantheon was closed for masquerade and opened for opera. It was destroyed by fire in 1792; a second Pantheon was built which was devoted to entertainments, concerts, and lectures. This lasted until 1812, when it made room for a third Pantheon. This was taken down and rebuilt in 1834. It is now a warehouse for wine.

CHAPTER IV

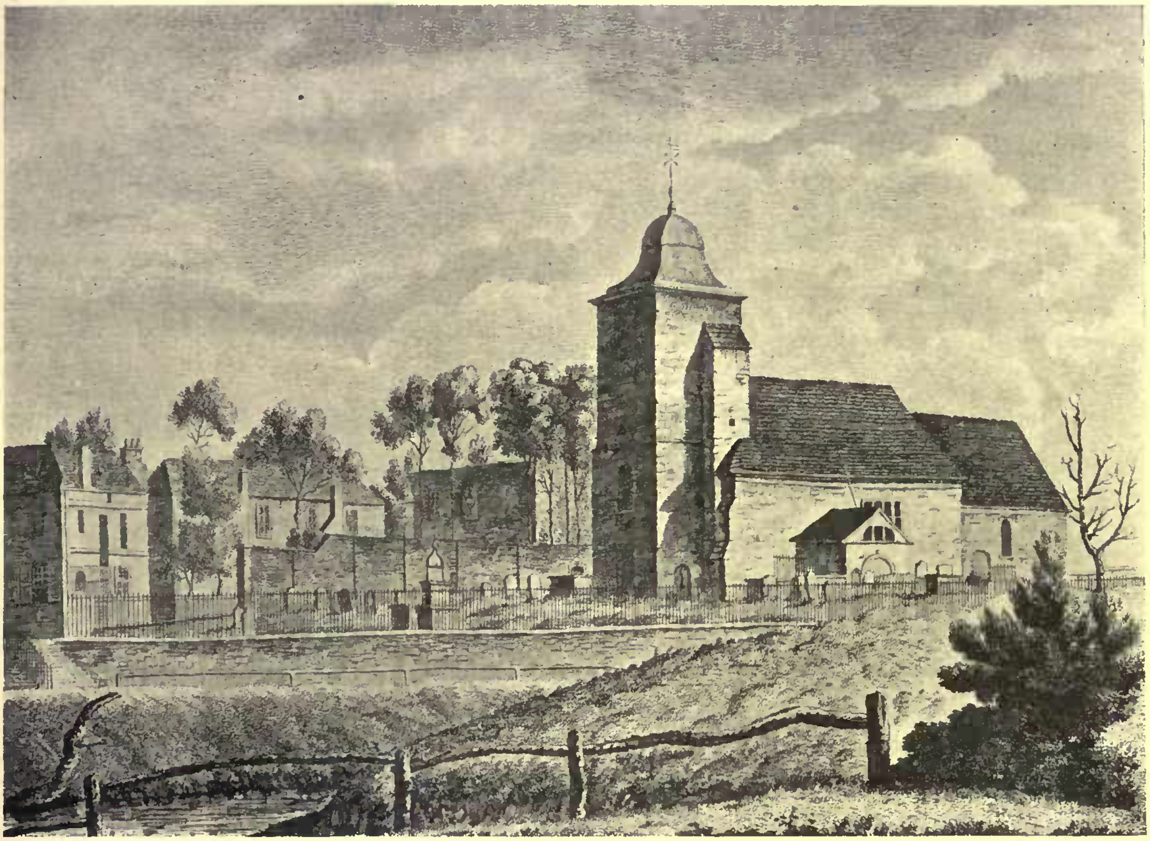
THE WELLS, SPAS, AND PLEASURE-GARDENS

JUST as, in the earlier centuries, the citizens of London found an excuse for a day of pleasure and change in pilgrimaging to the sacred shrines and miraculous images of Willesden and Hornsey, so in the eighteenth century, after a hundred and fifty years during which not only the shrines had been forgotten, but the pleasant custom of taking a day out had also fallen out of use, they substituted a spa for a shrine, a well for a miraculous image, and, pretending to seek cures of all the diseases that exist, they flocked by multitudes to the newly found waters. These spas speedily lost their original reputation: after a short period, during which they were the haunts of pallid sufferers, they lost their medical reputation, and became haunts of pleasure and amusement; places where they held assemblies and routs, and listened to music; places that ended in becoming tea-gardens, sometimes of the lowest possible kind.

The following is a brief record of the better known of these pleasure-gardens. The reader who desires to know more about them, particularly more about their appearance in literature, is referred to a book on the subject produced by Mr. Warwick Wroth in 1896, and to the *Views of the Pleasure Gardens*, published by Mr. H. A. Rogers, also in 1896.

One of the earliest, and certainly the most famous, of these spas was that—or those, for there were more than one—at Hampstead, the waters of which are still believed by many to possess health-giving properties. A short stage ran from London to Hampstead and back every day; there was accommodation near the wells for the horses of those who rode; and on every Monday from March till November there was music with dancing all day long; there was also every day good entertainment to be found in eating and drinking. The spa was, in fact, owing to the throng of visitors and lodgers, the making of Hampstead, before this time little more than the abode of a few washerwomen. The purity of the air, the elevation of the spot—400 feet above the river,—and the beauty of the wild Heath, were other attractions. People flocked out there; it was far more convenient to have lodgings there than to go there and back every day. Excellent taverns, dinners and suppers, the Great Room, bowling-greens, shops, speedily made their appearance; for a time Hampstead became the favourite and fashionable place of resort, amusement, and health-seeking.

The spring which was claimed to possess such wonderful chalybeate properties was one of a great many. The Hampstead Ponds and the Highgate Ponds are fed from springs which rise in the East Heath and Ken Wood; other springs on Telegraph Hill are the source of the Tyburn; another spring, now in Fitz John's Avenue, preserved its reputation longer even than the spring in Well Walk.



OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCH

This spring appears as a token of the seventeenth century, representing a well and a bucket on one side, and on the other the words "Dorothy Rippin at the Well in Hampstead." This, however, was before Hampstead became fashionable. Its palmy days were the first thirty years of the eighteenth century. The Great Room where the concerts and dancing took place continued to stand until a recent year, when it was pulled down to make room for the new buildings called Gainsborough Gardens. The spring, now on the other side of the road, was formerly on the same side as the Great Room. The place deteriorated in character, a thing which happens to all London resorts. The usual invasion of the ladies who spoil all and ruin all—

places as well as men—began. The Great Room was turned into an Episcopal chapel, and the dances and concerts ceased. Another unfortunate circumstance damaged the reputation of Hampstead. Opposite the Great Room was a chapel called Sion Chapel, where, as at Mayfair Chapel, couples could get married for five shillings if they could produce a licence. The licence may have been doubtful, but the feast that followed left no doubt.

The Hampstead Assemblies were continued long after the curative property of the wells had ceased to attract. These were held in the "Long Room," which stood on the other side of Well Walk opposite to the Great Room.

Kilburn Wells was a successor of Hampstead. Here, too, were a Great Room for dancing and music, and other rooms for breakfast, dinner, and supper. It was carried on for about thirty years, becoming a tea-garden and then a tavern.

Nearer London, on the south side of Old St. Pancras Church, was the spa called Pancras Wells. The water was advertised as sovereign against many diseases: "it cleanses the body and sweetens the blood, and is a general and sovereign help to Nature." Still nearer London were the New Tunbridge Wells, the London Spa, the New Wells, Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and St. Chad's Well, Battle-bridge.

New Tunbridge Wells, or Islington Spa, was discovered in 1683, and it was pretended that the water possessed the same properties as that of Tunbridge Wells in Kent. It was also pretended that the virtues of the well had been known before the Reformation, and that the monks of Clerkenwell gave sick people these waters and attributed their recovery to their own prayers; but the memory of the well passed out of men's minds until it was rediscovered by one Sadler at the time mentioned above. In the summer of 1700 the place was greatly in favour with the public; on two days in the week there was dancing. In 1733 the Princesses Amelia and Caroline drank the waters here regularly. The place has an interesting history and a literature by no means contemptible. Its attractions consisted of very pleasant gardens and walks, music, dancing; and an attempt was made to keep the place respectable. Early in the nineteenth century the gardens were gradually built over until only the well remained, which, in 1842, was opened to the public for sixpence a visit. The well has now ceased to flow.

The garden named Bagnigge Wells was open as a spa and a pleasure-garden for a long term of years, viz. from 1759 to 1848, when the last entertainment was given. The garden lay at the bottom of the Fleet valley in a kind of marsh; it was provided with rustic bridges over the narrow stream; with arbours, grottoes, dancing-rooms, dining- and tea-drinking rooms.

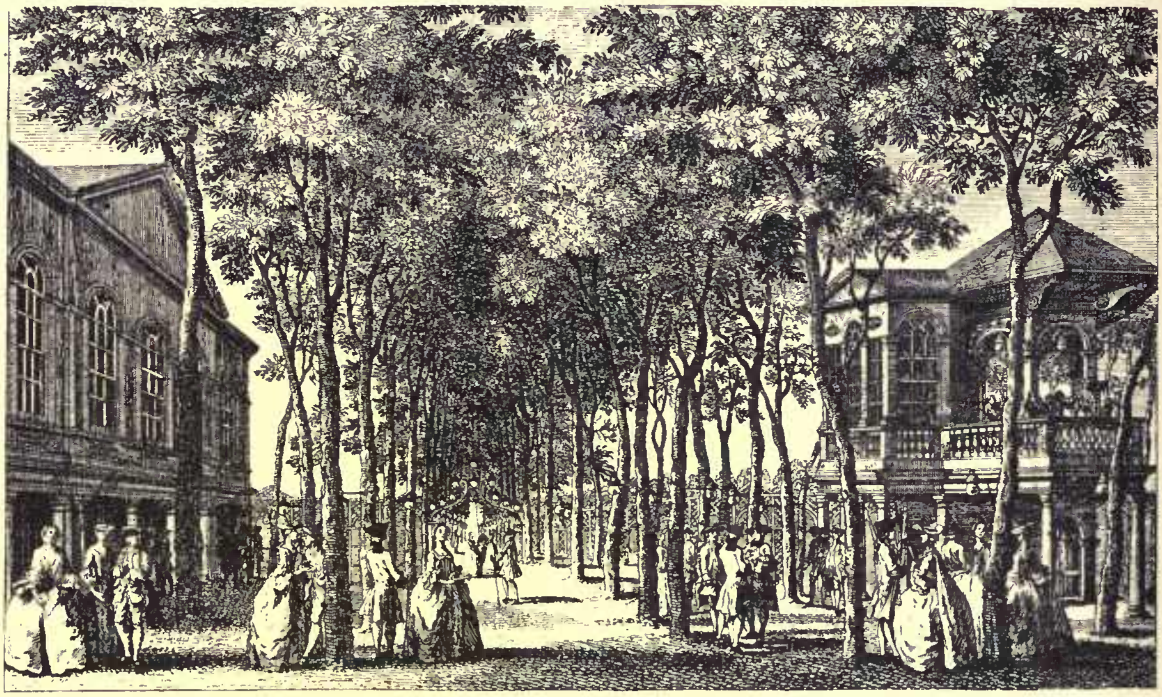
The following account of Bagnigge Wells on a Sunday morning—for the place was by no means one of evening resort only—will serve for most of these gardens. It is taken from a volume of tracts, in a chapter called "A Sunday Ramble":—

"A few years ago this place had nothing to boast of, being only a little alehouse, seldom visited by persons of any credit; but since the present proprietor has had possession, the gardens have been continually enlarging and improving, to the perfection in which you now see them. So that they have at present very little to envy, in my opinion, even the justly celebrated ones of Vauxhall; and are much superior to most of the numerous tea-gardens you will visit in the afternoon. This great room, which is now converted into two, was some time since much admired for its elegance, and greatly frequented on account of a fine organ placed there for the entertainment of the company. The organ, however, is not now suffered to be used on Sunday; none being permitted at the public places in this county since the opening of the Pantheon in the Spaw-Fields as a preaching place; and the room is divided (though the former elegance remains) because of the vast number of people that used to walk there, to the great hindrance of the waiters, who were by that means prevented from giving proper attendance.

When my friend had informed me of these particulars, I proceeded to take a view of the place, which I found to consist of several beautiful walks, ornamented with a great variety of curious shrubs and flowers, all in the utmost perfection. About the centre of the garden is a small round fish-pond, in the midst of which is a curious fountain, representing a Cupid bestriding a swan, which spouts three streams of water through its beak to a great height. Round this place, and indeed almost over the whole garden, are genteel seats for the company; which, my friend said, we should undoubtedly find quite full in the afternoon, notwithstanding their prodigious number. At a little distance from the pond is a small, neat cottage, built in the rural style; and not far from that, over a bridge leading across a piece of water that passes through part of the garden, is a pretty piece of grotto work, large enough to contain near twenty people. Besides which, there is a house, and several seats placed by the waterside, for such of the company as choose to smoke, or drink cyder, ale, etc.; which are not permitted in the other parts of the garden."

In the south of London there were also some, but not so many as in the north. For instance, there were Bermondsey Spa and Lambeth Wells. All these spas became, first, places of public resort and amusement, then tea-gardens, then taverns, and then disreputable places. Apart, however, from the spas and wells were the places which pretended to be nothing but gardens of pleasure. Of these there was an amazing number; in fact, every suburban tavern of the eighteenth century had its garden, its ornamental water, its rustic bridge, its statues, its fountains, its dancing-room, its orchestra. Foremost among them were Cuper's Gardens, the gardens of Vauxhall, of Ranelagh, of Marylebone, and the notorious Temples of Flora and Apollo across the water, and the White Conduit House. These gardens were crammed with people every fine evening in summer. They were all within easy access of London: a short walk led the citizen who resided in Cheapside to the White Conduit House; a boat took him easily to Vauxhall or to Ranelagh; a travelling coach took him in half an hour to Marylebone Gardens. Here he could pass a pleasant evening with his wife and daughters: there were music and singing; there was dancing; there were performances on the tight-rope; there were fireworks; there was supper with port wine or punch. In these gardens all classes met freely: provided people behaved quietly it mattered nothing what their reputation might be; the worthy citizen and his daughters enjoyed their evening none the less because in the next alcove two or three rather noisy young gentlemen were entertaining two or three very joyous young ladies. Nor did it diminish their happiness to know that a notorious highway robber was parading the walks. In some respects it was a tolerant age.

The White Conduit House derived its name from an old stone conduit house bearing the initials of John Sutton's name, and erected over a head of water which supplied the foundation of the Charter House with water. The gardens are described (Nelson's *Islington*) as laid out in a "neat manner." There was a circular basin of water in the middle, with boxes around it in which the company took refreshments. There were also bowling-greens, Dutch-pin grounds, and a cricket-field. There was an organ of fine tone in one of the rooms. This was a great place of resort for citizens of all classes on Sunday afternoon, and they sat in the arbours and drank tea. All this was nothing unusual, and I mention the White Conduit House here only as an occasion for quoting a poem published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (May 1760), which I found, however, in Nelson's *Islington* (p. 94):—



"A VIEW OF MARYBONE GARDENS, SHOWING THE GRAND WALK AND THE ORCHESTRA, WITH THE MUSICK A-PLAYING"

From a contemporary print.

> "Wish'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens every face,
> And paints the rose upon the house-maid's cheek,

Harriott, or Moll more ruddy.—Now the heart
Of 'Prentice, resident in ample street,
Or alley, kennel-wash'd; Cheapside, Cornhill,
Or Cranbourne, thee for calcuments renown'd,
With joy distends—his meal meridian o'er,
With switch in hand, he to the *White Conduit House*
Hies merry-hearted.—Human beings here,
In couples multitudinous, assemble,
Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod
Fair *Islingtonian* plains.—Male after male,
Dog after dog succeeding—husbands, wives,
Fathers, and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,
And pretty little boys and girls—around,
Across the garden's shrubby maze
They walk, they sit, they stand.—What crowds press on
Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch
First vacant bench, or chair, in long room plac'd!
Here prig with prig holds conference polite,
And indiscriminate and gaudy beau
And sloven mix.—Here, he who all the week
Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat
Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,
And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is
Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat
And silken stocking strut.—The red armed belle
Here shows her tasty gown, proud to be thought
The butterfly of fashion; and, forsooth,
Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread
The same unhallow'd floor.—'Tis hurry all,
And rattling cups and saucers.—Waiter here
And waiter there, and waiter here and there
At once is call'd, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe,
Joe on the right, and Joe upon the left,
For every vocal pipe re-echoes Joe!
Alas! poor Joe! like Francis in the play,
He stands confounded, anxious how to please
The many-headed throng. But should I paint
The language, humours, customs of the place,
Together with all curtseys, lowly bows,
And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page
Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then
For my prophetic Muse to sing, 'So long
As fashion rides upon the wing of Time,
While tea and cream, and butter'd rolls, can please,
While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,
So long, *White Conduit House*, shall be thy fame.'"

(Nelson's *Islington*, pp. 94-96.)

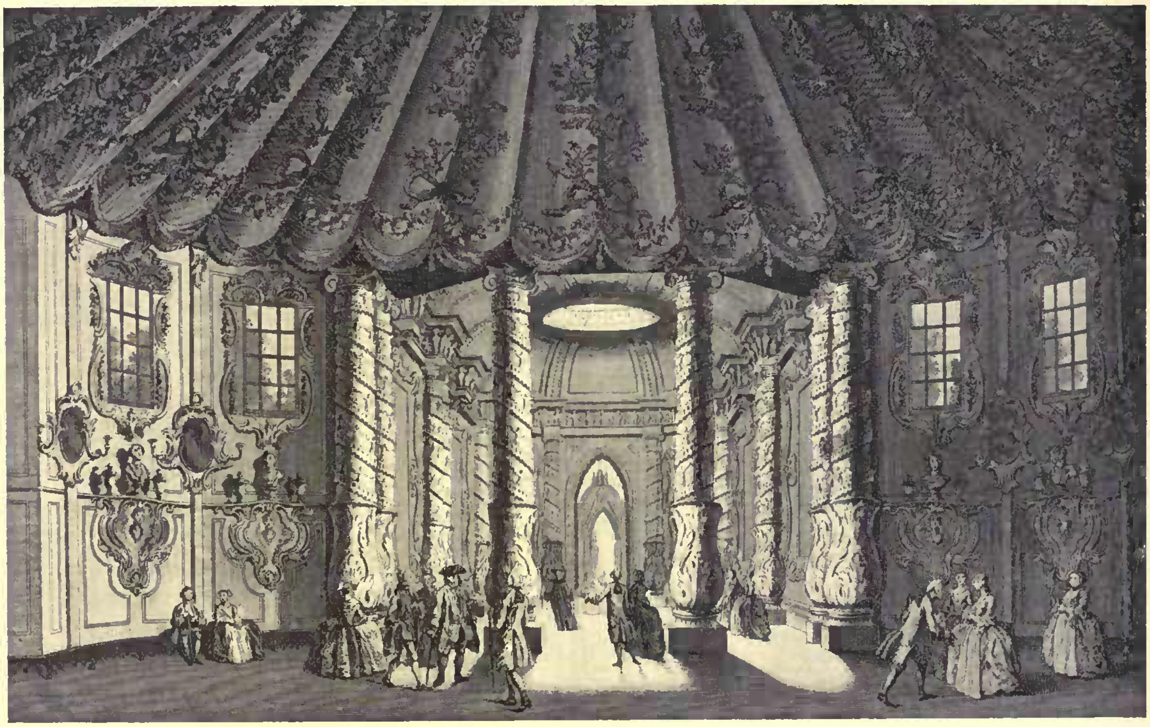
The Spaniards' Tavern was on the road between Hampstead and Highgate. It is still, on summer evenings, a great place of resort for London people for tea-drinking and sitting out in arbours. The place, which is little changed, should be visited in order to understand how a suburban tea-garden of the eighteenth century appeared.

Vauxhall Gardens was the longest lived, and, when it closed, the oldest place of amusement in London. Evelyn records a visit to them as the New Spring Gardens at Lambeth. They were opened to the public in the year 1661, and the grounds were laid out in that year, but the first rooms were built in 1667 by Sir

Samuel Morland. Pepys mentions the place several times in his *Diary;* he came to hear the nightingales and the birds:—

> "And here fiddlers, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking."

Addison went by boat with Sir Roger de Coverley "from the Temple Stairs to Spring Gardens." In the year 1733 the Gardens were taken by one Jonathan Tyer on a twenty years' lease at £250 a year. The arbours all had names; among them were the King's Head, the Dragon, the Royal Arbour, the Oak, the Royal George, the Ship, and others. At the opening night, 7th June 1732, there was a company of 400, including Frederick, Prince of Wales. The Gardens figure largely in literature, both in fiction and in essays.



VAUXHALL GARDENS—MUSIC ROOM

From a contemporary print.

Vauxhall remained in the hands of Tyer and his family for ninety years, when it was sold to Messrs. Bish, Gye, and Hughes for £20,000. It was finally closed in 1859.

The Gardens consisted of a quadrangular grove thickly planted with trees; four principal walks ran through them, crossed by others; there were clearances, so to speak, where were raised colonnades, alcoves, theatres, temples, an orchestra, and a place for dancing; fireworks were displayed in the Gardens, and they were illuminated by myriads of lamps hanging in festoons among the trees. Vauxhall was one of the few places of resort where the West End people and the citizens assembled together. Canning wrote of the Gardens—

"Then oft returning from the green retreats
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats,
Where each spruce nymph from City counter free,
Sips the frothed syllabub or fragrant tea;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain."

Ranelagh Gardens began eighty years later and closed fifty-six years earlier than Vauxhall. The company at Ranelagh was more aristocratic than that of its rival; at least, it contained fewer citizens of London; but it was much less lively. There was a garden, a canal, a bridge, "Chinese" buildings, and a "rotundo." The last, which was the principal attraction of the place, was a fine circular hall round which the company promenaded; seats were ranged round the walls; mirrors were hung up everywhere; there was a profusion of light; with a crowded company well dressed and well behaved, and a good orchestra, the scene was no doubt pleasant and bright. The admission was half a crown, including tea or coffee; the roads to London and Westminster were patrolled to keep off robbers, and they were also lighted; the entertainments began at seven.

The amusements of Ranelagh are thus described by a visitor who dropped into verse:—

"To Ranelagh once in my life,
  By good-natured force I was driven;
The nations had ceased their long strife,
  And Peace beamed her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were there to be found
  That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we traced the gay ring all around,
  Ay, and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats—
  A carpet that once had been green,
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
  With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
  Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,
  Then walked round and swept it again."

Marylebone Gardens were first thrown open at the Restoration, when all the world went mad after amusements. There is less mention of this place in the literature of the time than of Vauxhall, but it certainly existed for more than a hundred years, viz. from 1660 to 1778. The history of these Gardens is even more interesting than that of Vauxhall. It is fully narrated by Mr. Wroth whose book has been already mentioned.

Sadlers' Wells was another Restoration Garden. It was far more than

Vauxhall the resort of the commoner sort. Ned Ward describes the company as consisting of—

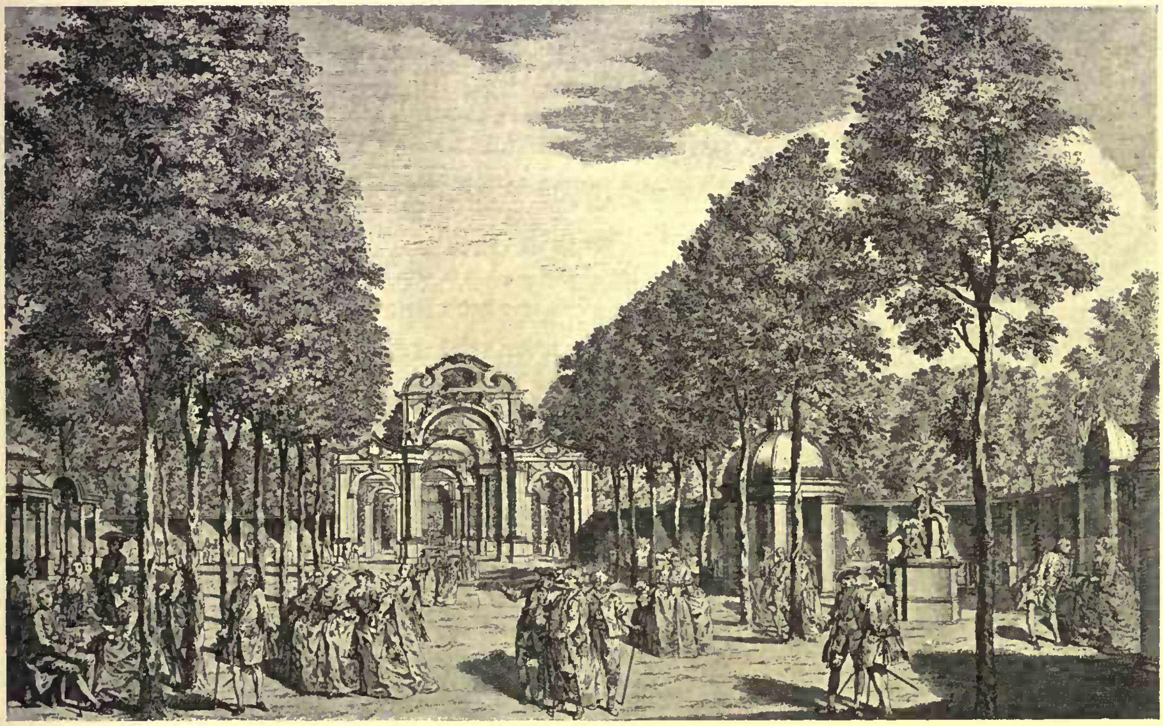
> "Butchers and bailiffs and such sort of fellows,
> All mixed with a vermin trained up for the gallows;
> As bullocks and files, housebreakers and padders,
> With prize-fighters, sweetners, and such sort of traders,
> Informers, thief-takers, deer-stealers, and bullies."

Without pretending to know what were files, padders, sweetners, and bullocks, we clearly understand that we are here in very queer company. There was tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and music at Sadlers' Wells.

In a tract already quoted, entitled *A Sunday Ramble*, the amusements and follies of London on the Day of Rest are described with a graphic pen. The writer ingeniously contrives to get through the whole of his subject in the course of a single day—rambles from the City as far as Hampstead and Highgate on the north to "a place called Brompton" on the west, St. George's Fields on the south, and Bermondsey on the east. The year was 1794, and, if the pictures are not exaggerated, we understand that, while the churches and chapels were filled with worshippers, every place of entertainment within four miles of London, that is, within reach of an easy ride or a walk, was filled with people making holiday and seeking pleasure in noisy company, drink, and profligacy.

In order to get through the whole in one long day the Ramblers leave their inn—the Marlborough Head in Bishopsgate—at four o'clock in the morning. They were not the only early risers: at the gates of the inn there were already assembled a small crowd of young people, gaily dressed, who were waiting for the chaises, phaetons, or horses which were to take them to Windsor, Hampton Court, or Richmond, where they were going to spend the day. They were journeymen for the most part, or even apprentices who were taking their girls—milliners and mantua-makers—for the Sunday out. The next incident worthy of remark was a fight at the stall of a saloop man. The combatants were too drunk to harm each other much; they both fell down; two women rifled their pockets and ran away; the Ramblers, who are nothing if not moral, make a quotation from Dryden which has nothing to do with the pugnacious dealer in saloop, and proceed on their walk. They presently turned into the fields, which began just beyond Shoreditch; and met with a company of servants, men and girls, who had brought out a quantity of their master's wine and were drinking it in the open fields. The Ramblers joined them, by invitation, drank their stolen wine without the least scruple, and left them to get home before the housekeeper came downstairs. They then strolled across the fields until they reached the Tottenham Court Road, at that time an open road with fields on either side, except at the lower end. Whitefield's Tabernacle was the last building on the north. It was six o'clock, and the chapel was filled with people assembled together to take the Lord's Supper. The Ramblers approved in general of their pious and reverent behaviour, but observed ogling and giggling among some of the younger people.

After the visit to the chapel they had the opportunity of witnessing a prize fight for twenty guineas. It was, however, only a sham fight, and after a few rounds, in which neither was hurt, one of the combatants threw up the sponge. Confederates, meantime, had been busy among the crowd making and taking their bets on the fight. The place where these Sunday fights were held was called "the Green Stage."



VAUXHALL GARDENS
From a contemporary print.

They next found themselves at Bagnigge Wells. The price of admission was threepence; and they discovered, early as it was, a large company who came, mostly, for a morning draught of the medicinal water, already assembled.

They left the Gardens, and after a gill of red port at the Thatched House and a look at the newspapers, they returned to the City for breakfast, which they took at the Bank Coffee-house near the Royal Exchange. The streets were full of the *friseurs*, the barbers who curled the hair and restored the wigs of the citizens for church.

The coffee-house was filled with City men discussing prices and shares and the politics of the day. For breakfast some took coffee, some chocolate; nothing is said about anything to eat. There was then no set breakfast, such as we now take, except at the West End, or where the City madam copied the West End lady in taking her bread and butter with a cup of tea. The early dinner was, in fact, the French *déjeuner*, and the supper was the late dinner. Between the two principal meals people sometimes took a "bever," which became the modern breakfast or the modern tea. The Ramblers paid for their breakfast, and received an "agreeable smile from the captivating eyes of a very beautiful barmaid." As they go out one of them quotes the lines of Rowe—

"The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
And everlasting joy is in her arms."

After this refreshment, and in order to bring back their minds (disturbed by the beautiful barmaid) to paths of piety, they went to church, choosing St. Mary le Strand, because, though it was a mile and a half from the Royal Exchange, they would hear a Bishop preach a charity sermon.

People were coming out when they arrived: they were the musical people who went there to hear the organist perform before the service, and could not stay to have their ears shocked by the inharmonious voice of the minister. Coming out early also saved them from contributions to the charity. The Ramblers next walked into the City, another mile or so, to a certain tavern where the landlord provided a snack of cold meat every Sunday morning free for his customers. This was very generous of him, and of course one could not expect the same freedom with the drink. Our friends took a pint of Lisbon and surveyed the company.

They then resolved to walk on to Highgate, there to dine at the ordinary. The fields through which they passed were thronged with beggars. On arriving at Highgate they proceeded at once to dinner. The ordinary was served at two o'clock. A company of twenty sat down, most of them being reputable tradesmen and their families. After dinner they took a bottle of wine. At three they walked from Highgate to Primrose Hill, where they found a crowd of City tradesmen with their wives and children. From Primrose Hill they walked over to Hampstead and took two bottles at the Spaniards, where there was conversation improving and otherwise. When the two bottles were out they left the Spaniards and directed their steps to Islington, leaving the Hornsey Tea-gardens unvisited. On the way they called at the White Conduit House, which, with its gardens, and alcoves, and fish-pond, was very much like Bagnigge Wells. They next visited the Pantheon, a large Nonconformist chapel, and would have visited Sadlers' Wells, but found the place closed. They therefore returned to the White Conduit House, where there were assembled some hundreds of people, for the most part journeymen, dressmakers, and servants. Here they sat down to tea, inviting a young lady of prepossessing manner to join them, which she did very willingly. The Ramblers moralise movingly on the subject of this unfortunate and on other ladies of like character, who formed part of the company. There was a tea-house at Canonbury House, but the time was getting on, and there were still a good many places to be seen. They passed it over, therefore, and went on to Kensington Gardens. Great care was taken to keep out of the gardens any but well-dressed and well-behaved people. Servants stood at the various entrances to stop people meanly dressed. At this time, according to the Ramblers, "a number of beautiful alcoves were dispersed over the garden, generally so contrived as to command an agreeable prospect through the most delightful vistas." Great complaints were made of the habit of writing verses, not of the most modest nature, on the walls of these alcoves.

Feeling languid after so long a day, they next repaired to the Florida Gardens, lately called Cromwell's Gardens, a place of resort for the West End. Here they took coffee, and, as before, surveyed the company, which was indeed mixed. It was nine o'clock when they arrived at the Green Park, which was crowded with company. In the Mall they observed a long procession of carriages taking fine people to Lady H's. Sunday rout. From St. James's Park they walked to Covent Garden, where they visited an infamous place of resort described at needless length. At ten o'clock they called a coach and drove to the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields. Here they took a bottle and again discoursed about the company. The proprietor had been refused a licence; therefore he engaged a free vintner, a member of the Vintners' Company, one that is, who had the privilege of selling wine without a licence. The Temple of Flora, near the Dog and Duck, was another house of the same kind. The Apollo Garden, formerly a noted house, was deserted and falling into decay; but the Thatched House of Lambeth carried on the moral traditions of that place. The Flora Tea-garden received a visit, after which they drove to Bermondsey and visited the Spa Gardens, a kind of Vauxhall.

The following is the account of the Bermondsey Spa:—

"We found the entrance presents a vista between trees, hung with lamps,—blue, red, green, and white; nor is the walk in which they are hung inferior (length excepted) to the grand walk in Vauxhall Gardens. Nearly at the upper end of the walk is a large room, hung round with paintings, many of them in an elegant, and the rest in a singular taste. At the upper end of the room is a painting of a butcher's shop, so finely executed by the landlord, that a stranger to the place would cheapen[1] a fillet of veal, or a buttock of beef, a shoulder of mutton, or a leg of pork, without hesitation, if there were not other pictures in the room to take off his attention. But these paintings are not seen on a Sunday.

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[1] Bargain for.

The accommodations at this place on a Sunday are very good, and the charges reasonable, and the Captain, who is very intimate with Mr. Keyse, declares that there is no place in the vicinity of London can afford a more agreeable evening's entertainment.

This elegant place of entertainment is situated in the lower road between the Borough of Southwark and Deptford. The proprietor calls it *one*, but it is nearer *two* miles from London Bridge, and the same distance from that of Black-Friars. The proprietor is Mr. Thomas Keyse, who has been at great expense, and exerted himself in a very extraordinary manner, for the entertainment of the public; and his labours have been amply repaid.

It is not easy to paint the elegance of this place, situated in a spot where elegance, among people who talk of *taste*, would be little expected. But Mr. Keyse's good humour, his unaffected easiness of behaviour, and his *genuine* taste for the polite arts, have secured him universal approbation.

The gardens, with an adjacent field, consist of not less than four acres.

On the north-east side of the gardens is a very fine lawn, consisting of about three acres, and in a field, parted from this lawn by a sunk fence, is a building with turrets, resembling a fortress or castle; the turrets are in the ancient stile of building. At each side of this fortress, at unequal distances, are two buildings, from which, on public nights, bomb shells, etc., are thrown at the fortress; the fire is returned, and the whole exhibits a very picturesque, and therefore a horrid prospect of a siege.

After walking a round or two in the gardens we retired into the parlour, where we were very agreeably entertained by the proprietor, who, contrary to his own rule, favoured us with a sight of his curious museum, for, it being Sunday, he never shews to any one these articles; but the Captain, never having seen them, I wished him to be gratified with such an agreeable sight.

Mr. Keyse presented us with a little pamphlet, written by the late celebrated John Oakman, of lyric memory, descriptive of his situation, which, a few years ago, was but a waste piece of ground. 'Here is now,' said he, 'an agreeable place, where before was but a mere wilderness piece of ground, and, in my opinion, it was a better plan to lay it out in this manner than any other wise, as the remoteness of any place of public entertainment from this secured to me in my retreat a comfortable piece of livelihood.'

We perfectly coincided in opinion with our worthy host, and, after paying for our liquor, got into our carriage, but not before we had tasted a comfortable glass of cherry brandy, which Mr. Keyse is remarkable for preparing."

It comes out very clearly in this account that the Sunday company on the north of London was made up chiefly of journeymen and shopmen with their sweethearts; that there was a sprinkling of respectable tradesmen at such places as Highgate and Hampstead; that the West End places were filled with men of high standing and with women of the worst kind; that everywhere there was drinking, singing, and low merriment; that places and things were tolerated because they could not be put down—witness the evasion of the law when the licence was refused; and that there was no attempt whatever made to rescue any of these places for respectable and quiet people.

Yet we should do London great injustice if we rashly charged the whole people with tolerating or encouraging debauchery and vice. All this time the merchants, the tradesmen, the professional men thronged the churches and the chapels, lived godly lives, were careful of their reputation, and avoided these Gardens.

A great many other gardens are noticed in the literature of the century. Thus, there were Jack Straw's Castle and the Spaniards at Hampstead; the Horns at Highgate; Black Nan's Hole and Hockley in the Hole, Clerkenwell—both of them places of very evil repute; St. Chad's Well, Gray's Inn Road; Merlin's Cave at the New River Head; Jew's Harp Tavern; the Yorkshire Stingo, opposite Lisson Grove; Cromwell Gardens and the Hoop and Toy at Brompton; Jenny's Whim at Chelsea; the Dog and Duck, Lambeth Wells; and Apollo's Gardens at Lambeth; Cuper's Gardens, where is now the South-Western Terminus; Finch's Grotto, Southwark; the Jamaica Tavern, Rotherhithe, and others.

CHAPTER V

THE THEATRE

The history of the stage belongs to the social history of the people rather than the history of London. In the City itself, indeed, there has never been a theatre, unless we allow the inn yard where Tarleton acted to be a theatre. The eighteenth century, as it witnessed that vast increase of London which filled up the area between Ludgate Hill and Westminster or Hyde Park, also saw the erection of many new theatres. The Haymarket Opera-House, known successively as the Queen's Theatre, the King's Theatre, and Her Majesty's, was built by Vanbrugh and opened on the 9th of April 1705. This house was burned down on the 17th of June 1789. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket was built as a summer theatre and opened on the 29th of December 1720. Covent Garden Theatre was opened in 1733 by John Rich. Some of the old theatres disappeared, as the Dorset, which after a period of decline and decay was taken down about the year 1721. Goodman's Fields Theatre was opened in 1729 and closed in 1746; the old Southwark Theatre, Blackfriars Theatre, the Curtain Theatre were all closed before the beginning of the century. It is needless to say that the play was the one amusement of London which never grew stale and never went out of fashion. The actor's profession was held, officially, so to speak, in contempt. That is to say, while Garrick was the admiration and the delight of the town, while in private life he was courted and respected, while his private friends included all the scholars and poets of the day, his profession was esteemed that of a vagabond; it was gravely held by many divines to be inconsistent with the Christian calling. It would seem, further, that in the case of an actress virtue was not considered necessary to private respect. Mrs. Oldfield lived all her life "under protection"—she had, it is true, only two lovers—yet she went to Court. Once the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, asked her if it was true that she was married to General Churchill, who at that time "protected" her. "It is said so," the actress replied, "but we have not owned it yet." She never, apparently, thought of marrying. Leigh Hunt suggests the following as the opinion of society on the subject:—

"Here is a woman bred up to the stage, and passing her life upon it. It is therefore impossible she should marry a gentleman of family; and yet, as her behaviour would otherwise deserve it, and the examples of actresses are of no authority for any one but themselves, some licence may be allowed to a woman who diverts us so agreeably, who attracts the society of the wits, and is so capital a dresser. We will treat her profession with contempt, but herself with consideration."

Certain reforms are due to the eighteenth century. The mounting of a piece became more careful, the dresses much better, the stage management more effective, a larger number of supers was employed. In declamation the old conventional method was changed by Garrick into a style at once easy, natural, and capable of representing the play of passion and emotion. The transition is described by Cumberland in his memoirs:—

> "I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatore's; it was so extremely wanting in contrast that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it. When she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long, old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming in the ear without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone and variety both of action and expression; in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour. But when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—Heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation."

The performances were not received with the quiet attention to which we are now accustomed. The pit and the galleries were noisy. Pope is severe in his judgment of the pit:—

> "The many-headed Monster of the Pit,
> A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
> Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
> Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
> Call for the Farce, the Bear, and the Black-joke."

The pit, however, became the chosen home of the critics. Johnson went to the pit; Churchill went to the pit; all the wits went to the pit. Here between the acts the orange-women with their baskets walked up and down bawling and offering oranges, apples, or stout. During the performance there was often a loud expression of opinion from pit or gallery, as when Quin once made so long a pause before giving the expected answer, "I'll meet you there," one of the pit cried out, "Why don't you tell the gentleman you'll meet him?" Oranges and apples also became missiles to be directed against an unpopular actor.

In reading of the eighteenth-century stage, one cannot but feel that the favourite actresses were not only very fine actresses, sprightly, vivacious, and clever, but also that they were singularly beautiful if not personally winning. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Jordan—one would like to have known them all. Dr. Johnson used to go behind the scenes to the green room to talk to Garrick's actresses; as a philosopher he doubtless loved to study feminine vivacity, cleverness, and beauty. One likes to think that Mrs. Oldfield, when she died, lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with noblemen for her pall-bearers. She was, as every one knows, the Narcissa of Pope:—

> "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
> One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
> And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

It was out of respect to her memory, and because she always loved beautiful and dainty dress—the beautiful and dainty creature! that they dressed her after death in "a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift with tucker, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped up in a winding-sheet."

The pretensions of the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Revels to authority over the theatre belong partly to the end of the seventeenth century. The licensing or refusing new plays was always undertaken by the Lord Chamberlain. The Master of the Revels suppressed such portions as he chose. Thus, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, in which the king is killed, was suppressed in the reign of Charles II., as the death of the king was too impious for a public entertainment; and Gay's *Polly*, the sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, was refused. Not only did the Lord Chamberlain sanction or refuse plays, but he also closed the theatre at his pleasure: on the death of the King he closed it for six weeks; he closed Drury Lane altogether when Steele was one of the patentees; he assumed—in which he was defeated—the right of imprisoning actors. The Master of the Revels for his part claimed a fee of 40s. for every new play produced; it was paid until Colley Cibber examined into the claim.

Yet in spite of the Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Revels, playhouses sprang up everywhere without licence. As in everything else, so in things theatrical, there was no executive force to maintain the law. There were theatres in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Goodman's Fields, the Haymarket, and the Opera House. There were twice as many theatres in London as in Paris. These houses laughed at the Lord Chamberlain; they refused to obey his orders; they did not submit their plays to his consideration. When, however, Fielding put Walpole himself on the stage, silencing patriots with bribes, the Government interfered and brought in a Licensing Bill. The title illustrates the view then taken of actors. It is "An Act to explain and amend so much of an Act made in the twelfth year of Queen Anne, entitled 'An Act for reducing the laws relating to rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants, into an Act of Parliament; and for the same effectual punishing such rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants, and sending them whither they ought to be sent,' as relates to common players of interludes." This was the title. The unfortunate part of the Bill was that in future every play, including the prologue and the epilogue, must receive the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, and that without his permission no theatre could open its doors. The Act was opposed by Lord Chesterfield in the House of Lords and by Mr. Pulteney in the House of Commons. The speech of the former has been preserved in part.

"Wit," he said, "is a sort of property. It is the property of those that have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. Thank God we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind. We have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. I must own I cannot easily agree to the laying of a tax upon wit; but by this Bill it is to be heavily taxed—it is to be excised; for if this Bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge and jury."

The Act of 1737 for licensing plays, playhouses, and players by the Lord Chamberlain, did no more, in reality, than define the powers of those offices. The Lord Chamberlain had always possessed the power of regulating, allowing, and stopping plays. It is true that his authority had been openly derided. As stated already, so long as the fee was paid he cared very little. Yet at times the Lord Chamberlain acted in a very arbitrary manner. Thus Nat Lee's tragedy of *Lucius Junius Brutus* was taken off the boards after three nights; Gay's *Polly* was forbidden. When Steele was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, the theatre was closed by the Lord Chamberlain. But the Act of 1737 defined his powers. It was determined that without a licence there should be no theatre in London. The Act was evaded constantly. Thus, a play would be given under the name of a rehearsal, tickets to which were purchased at some house near the theatre. Or it would be a school of actors giving a performance; or it would be a concert. Foote invited his friends to take a cup of tea with him. While tea was preparing the company would perhaps look on and observe his pupils taking a lesson.

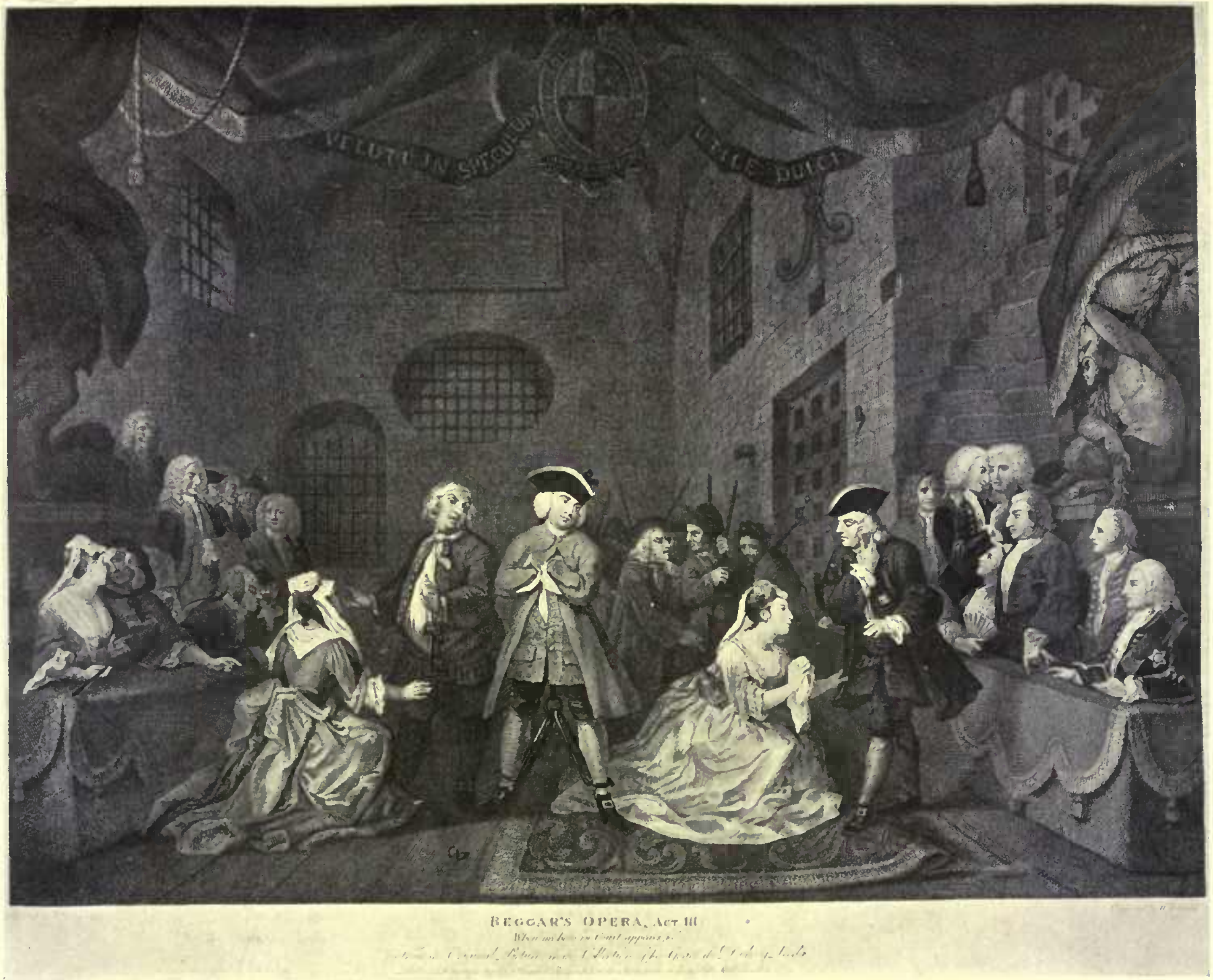
It was the intention of the Government to have no other theatres than Drury Lane and Covent Garden. For twenty years the Haymarket could get no licence, and was only opened by such devices as the above. The theatre in Goodman's Fields for some time escaped the Act by its remoteness from the West End and the Lord Chamberlain. Five years after the Act was passed Garrick played *Richard III.* there. His great and immediate success ruined the theatre, for crowds of people flocked to hear him, and everybody began to talk about the little house in Goodman's Fields. The Lord Chamberlain heard of it; the theatre was closed. Garrick was carried off to Drury Lane. The Licensing Act lasted until 1843, when it was modified.

A bill of the play used to be printed and affixed to the posts near the stairs by which the audience took boat across the river. The names of the actors were not given—a fact which did not prevent their acquiring popularity. It is thought that the announcement of a tragedy was in red ink; sometimes a trumpet and drum announced the play, but not in the City of London. When the *dramatis personæ* and the names of the players were added there was no difference made between the best and the worst actor in the size of the letters containing his name. Garrick is said to have been the first who printed his own name in capital letters of extra size on his playbills.

The most singular change, however, is in the advertisement of a play, now a most enormous charge upon a theatre. Formerly the papers actually paid the theatre for the privilege of advertising the play of the day. They advertised as a special feature of the paper that the advertisements and accounts of the plays were sent expressly by the manager. For this privilege the paper paid the manager £200 a year.

The theatre in the last century generally began at six. The prices continued for a long time what they had been in Pepys' time: viz. boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; first gallery, 1s. 6d.; and upper gallery, 1s. After the O. P. riot the price became: boxes, 7s.; pit, 3s.; gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s.; and half-price at nine o'clock. As yet there were no stalls, which were introduced in 1829. It was customary to send servants early to secure and keep a place. In 1744, for the performance of Garrick's *Hamlet*, the servants took places at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Between the years 1697 and 1737 an abominable practice prevailed of giving the footmen free access to the upper gallery. At the beginning this practice grew out of the desire to keep these noisy and insolent lackeys from quarrelling in the lobbies. They soon, however, claimed the privilege as a right, and they were so noisy and so insolent, interfering so much with the performance by their clamour, that every one


VELUTI IN SPECULUM
UTILE DULCI
BEGGAR'S OPERA, Act III
When my hero in Court appears

THE STAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From an engraving of Hogarth's picture, "The Beggar's Opera," by William Blake.

was pleased when Fleetwood, manager of Drury Lane in 1737, announced his intention of refusing them admittance.

> "They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs,
> Tom Dove and all the brotherhood of bears;
> They've grown a nuisance beyond all disasters,
> We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
> We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men that they
> Would please to give us leave to hear the play."

The lackeys made a fight for it: they mustered in a company of 300; armed with clubs, they broke into the theatre, took possession of the stage, and wounded five-and-twenty people who dared to oppose them. The Riot Act was read, and thirty of them were arrested. Next day they found the theatre guarded by a company of fifty soldiers, and the riot was not resumed.

In 1762 Garrick resolved on clearing the stage of everybody except the actors. We always think of the old custom of admitting persons to the stage who were not actors as giving them an opportunity to walk about the stage, disturb the actors, and get in the way generally. Now in Hogarth's picture of "The Beggar's Opera" the stage contains six men and one lady on one side, and seven men and two ladies on the other side. But they are not interfering in any way with the actors. There is a pew or pen on either side of the stage in which they sit quite out of the way.

In this picture there are no lights of any kind on the stage, which must have been lit from the front. In "The Laughing Audience" we see part of the orchestra, part of the spiked partition-wall separating audience from orchestra, but we do not see the footlights. At the back, however, we see that candles were placed one above the other up the pillars on either side, and that the boxes were lit with occasional candles and candelabra. The effect produced, whether intentionally or not, is that of a somewhat dark theatre.

The imitation or comparison picture, called "The Weeping Audience," shows the footlights. They consist of six candles in the middle and four at either end. It is said by Malone that the body of the house was lit by large open lanterns, like ship's lanterns. The candle-snuffer, an officer of some importance, plays a part in literature. Goldsmith's *Strolling Player* begins his professional career as a candle-snuffer.

Garrick in the year 1765 introduced the footlights in place of the circular chandeliers which had formerly been suspended over the stage.

Costume during the last century had to be splendid; of its fitness there was not much question, but it must be splendid; of course a certain amount of fitness had to be considered: Autolycus would not appear in robes of velvet and silk; but the principal characters were dressed as splendidly as possible. They got their dresses as gifts from nobles who had worn them at Court. Thus Charles II. gave his coronation robes to Betterton; the Duke of York and the Earl of Oxford gave theirs to players. James II.'s queen gave her coronation robes to Mrs. Barry. The Princess of Wales gave her birthday dress to Mrs. Bellamy, and another dress to Peg Woffington. An American actress, named Mrs. Mowatt, obtained the coronation dress of Queen Adelaide. Munden wore a coat that had belonged to George II. The hero of tragedy wore a headdress of feathers; the heroine a long train borne by a page.

As regards the author, the custom was to assign to him the third night, or in cases of a run beyond the third night, the sixth and the ninth, and so on. It was not usual for a piece to run more than three or four nights. Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man* ran for ten nights, and brought him in £400 with £100 for the publishing rights of the play.

CHAPTER VI

HOLIDAYS

There were few public holidays for the Londoner of the last century. For the craftsman there was the Sunday and nothing more, unless it was Christmas Day or Easter Monday. The Holy Days had quite dropped out of observance with these exceptions. Good Friday was restored to public observance—of course the Church had always observed the day—by the efforts of Bishop Porteous in 1772. Ash Wednesday, Ascension Day, and the Rogation days, had long since been neglected by men of business. As for the annual holiday now granted to every clerk, it was not thought of until well into the nineteenth century. A week was at first considered a sufficient holiday.

The merchant and the shopkeeper had very few days of closing. The public offices, however, were liberal with their holidays. They were as follows, taking the third quarter of the century. We need not notice certain slight differences in the various offices.

Shrove Tuesday
Ash Wednesday
Good Friday
Easter Monday
,, Tuesday
Easter Wednesday
Ascension Day
Whit Monday
Whit Tuesday
Whit Wednesday

The above were movable days. The following were fixed days. It will be observed that most of them are connected with the Church Calendar :—

January	1.	Circumcision
,,	6.	Epiphany
,,	25.	St. Paul's Day
,,	30.	King Charles the Martyr
February	2.	Purification
,,	24.	St. Matthias' Day
March	1.	St. David's Day
,,	25.	Duke of York's Birthday
April	23.	St. George's Day
,,	25.	St. Mark's Day
,,	26.	Duke of Cumberland's Birthday
May	1.	St. Philip and James' Day
,,	16.	Queen Charlotte's Birthday
,,	29.	Restoration
June	4.	The King's Birthday
,,	11.	St. Barnabas' Day
,,	24.	St. John Baptist's Day
,,	29.	St. Peter and Paul's Day
July	15.	St. Swithin's Day
,,	25.	St. James' Day
August	1.	Lammas Day
,,	12.	Prince of Wales' Birthday

August	24.	St. Bartholomew's Day
September	2.	Fire of London
,,	14.	Holy Rood
,,	21.	St. Matthew's Day
,,	22.	Coronation
,,	29.	St. Michael's Day
October	18.	St. Luke's Day
,,	26.	King proclaimed
,,	28.	SS. Simon and Jude
November	1.	All Saints
November	4.	King William's Birthday
,,	5.	Gunpowder Plot
,,	9.	Lord Mayor's Day
,,	17.	Queen Elizabeth's Accession
December	21.	St. Thomas's Day
,,	25.	Christmas Day
,,	26.	St. Stephen's Day
,,	27.	St. John's Day
,,	28.	Innocents' Day.

In all, fifty-one holidays in the year.

Yet if the shops were shut for two days in the year only, except the Sundays, there were not wanting days when the City kept holiday. The craftsmen were independent enough to take two or three days after Christmas, the day after Easter, a day in the summer for a bean-feast, which was a survival of the old Company Feast; many of them took St. Monday. The principal civic festivals, however, then—if the workshops were open there were few workmen in them and little work done—were the First of May, the Lord Mayor's Day, and Queen Elizabeth's Day. For at least a hundred years after 1660, the 29th of May, the day of Restoration, was held as a holiday even more sacred than May Day itself or St. John's Day. The streets were decorated with boughs. "Each street a park," as Herrick says. Houses vied with each other in getting the largest boughs, which were ranged side by side, converting the street into an avenue. These boughs, whenever possible, were of oak, and the oak apples, when there were any, were gilded; when there were none, gilded balls represented them; flags were hung out between the branches; above the streets were drawn lines on which hung garlands of flowers, and ribbons and coloured paper. Among their garlands hung strings of wild-birds' eggs, collected by the boys for the day. All day long through the streets the boys marched blowing horns, while for the elders there was feasting, and for the girls there was dancing on Oak Apple Day.

The day of Queen Elizabeth's accession, 17th November, was for a long time celebrated in the City by the ringing of the church bells and by other demonstrations.

In the years 1674-1681 the holiday was converted by Lord Shaftesbury and the Green Ribbon Club into a political or religious demonstration against the Catholics. In 1682 Charles succeeded in getting these demonstrations, which were riotous and noisy, suppressed. Then the day resumed its former quiet.

Early in the eighteenth century, after the Sacheverell business, the day again became an occasion for political processions of an anti-Jacobite character.

After the accession of George I. there were no more political processions; the bells rang on the day, but it was gradually forgotten, and the observance ceased by slow degrees. It would be interesting to find out which of the churches continued to ring the bells and for how long. Probably there were some which carried on the custom until quite recently.

The day, so long as it was observed, always assumed a political character and involved a demonstration against the Pope and all Catholics. We must not forget the violent and deeply rooted hatred with which the Roman Catholic religion was regarded by all classes in London. The Smithfield fires sank deep into the hearts of the nation. Then the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was regarded by every Englishman as expressly ordered by the Pope; the Gunpowder Plot also in his imagination emanated from the same source; the Fire of London was the work of a Papist; the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was also the work of a Papist. It became the custom to make bonfires in the streets and to burn the Pope in effigy after a procession in which the murdered body of Godfrey was borne by a Roman Catholic priest; another sham priest distributed pardons; then came a band of music, and lastly the Pope himself sitting on his throne; before him were boys with censers; behind him stood the Devil. The expulsion of James after his designs on behalf of the Catholic faith fanned these fires of suspicion and hatred, and to the Pope was joined a companion in the shape of the Pretender.

"God bless Queen Anne, the nation's great defender,
Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender."

It would seem that when these fears died away and when George I. was firmly seated on the English throne—George the Protestant—George the father of Protestants—and the Pope had apparently desisted from trying to blow up the King and to set fire to the City, these demonstrations ceased gradually, and as Elizabeth was no longer remembered by the common people, the day was no longer observed. The anti-Roman demonstrations, however, were in part transferred to November the fifth.

The glories of May Day did not survive the short reign of the Puritans. The Londoners had no more Maypoles, nor did they go into the fields to gather flowers and crown their heads with garlands; nor did they, as in Herrick's time, decorate their houses with green boughs.

They had, however, some semblance of a festival: the chimney-sweepers made holiday, when one man became a Jack-in-the-Green, a girl became Maid Marian, a fiddler led the way, and the boys and girls went dancing after. Or the milkmaids turned out with a trophy of borrowed silver dishes round which they danced; or the carters decorated their horses with ribbons.

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

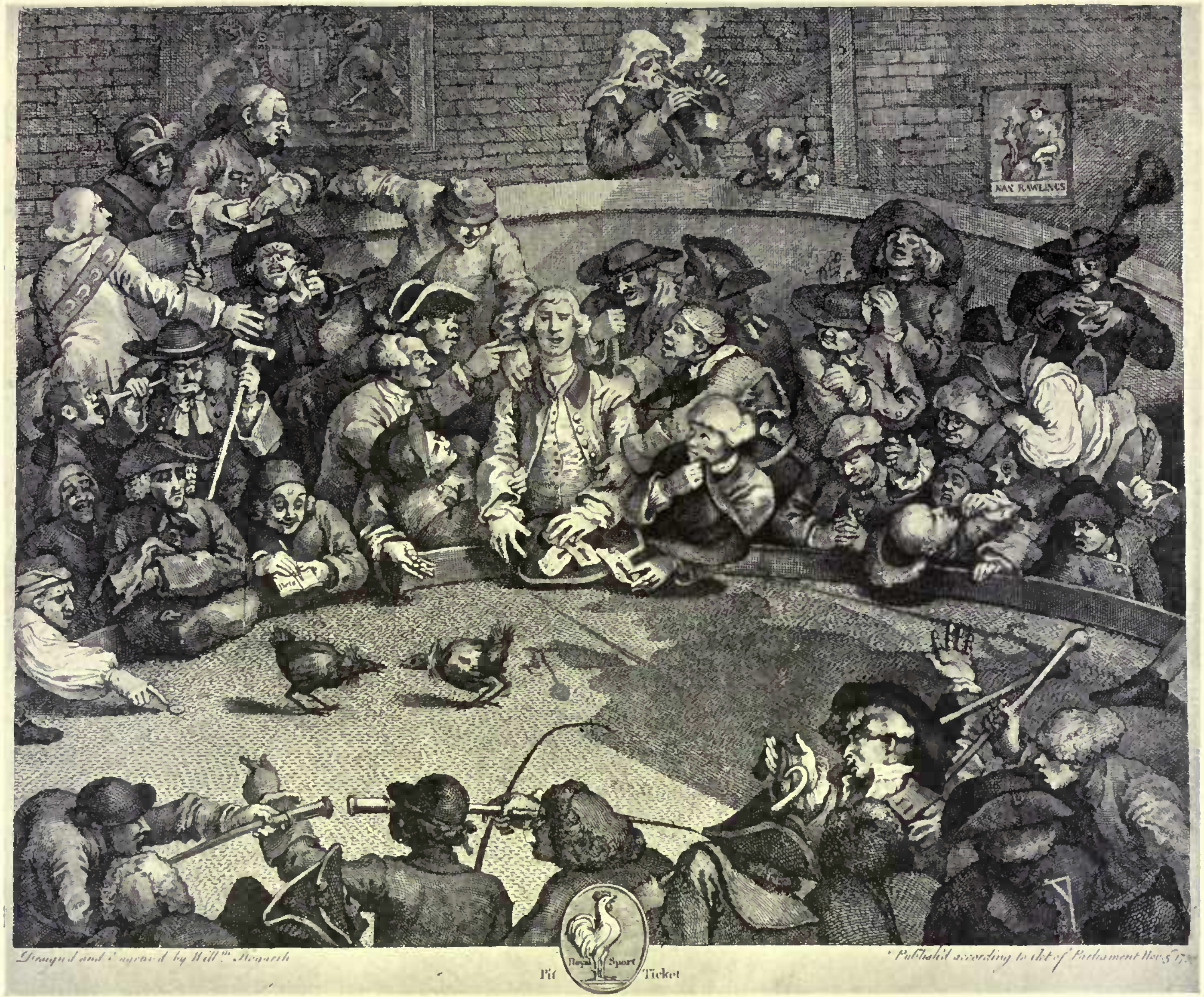
In the eighteenth century, as in the nineteenth, the greatest holiday of the year, when all the people stay in the City instead of going out of it, as they do on the Bank Holidays, was Lord Mayor's Day. The procession was still kept up with some attempt at a pageant. But the art of pageantry had quite died out, with the love of allegory and the personation of the Virtues and the Vices. The Lord Mayor's Show became a very poor thing indeed during the eighteenth century. The last attempt at a pageant was made in 1702, when they showed St. Martin dividing his cloak among the beggars—probably the saint wore a full-bottomed wig; there were also chariots, and a great ship, and an arbour of delight. Alas! the people have now forgotten St. Martin altogether. If we were to put him up, with his cloak and his beggar, no one would understand who was meant.

It seems a pity that so ancient a custom should be allowed to fall into disuse or contempt. Surely it would be possible, when plays are mounted with so much attention to archæological detail, to devise a pageant which the people could understand and appreciate; which should be neither mean nor gaudy nor vulgar; which should convey its lesson. Mean or gaudy or vulgar, it would never fail to draw into the streets the millions who now line the way from the City to Westminster, and occupy every window, and crowd every roof. Mean or gaudy or vulgar, it never failed to draw crowds into the streets every Lord Mayor's Day all through the eighteenth century.

In the year 1731 a certain visitor to London describes the way in which Christmas-tide was spent. Looking out of his window on the morning of Christmas Day, he saw the meek and resigned appearance of a crowd outside the church doors; they were the poor of the parish assembled to receive the charitable doles and alms of the season. As soon as the distribution was over, their meekness disappeared and they took to fighting over their shares. After the fighting they all trooped off to the public-house, whence they were carried, or led, an hour or two afterwards.

The next day was Boxing Day, when everybody came for his box: from the assistants to the tradesmen, the clerk—even the parish clerk was not too proud—the bellman, the watch, the constable, the beadle, the dustman,—they all came in one long stream.

The day after, this visitor was taken to a dance in a great room off Piccadilly; it was the kind of dance called "a threepenny hop"; the young men were chiefly prentices and shop assistants; the ladies were—what you please. There were two fiddles. In the midst of their happiness they were disturbed by the constables; the dance was illegal; they were all taken to Bow Street and fined. On the fourth day he was taken to a dinner given by a merchant in the City; the profusion of the food amazed him; it seems as if food had been provided for the whole parish; however, he was extremely pleased with the hospitality of the host and with the innocent mirth and good humour that reigned at the table. The frivolities closed with Twelfth Day, when the magnificence of the pastry-cooks' shops surprised and delighted him.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SPORT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From Hogarth's engraving, "The Cock Pit."

CHAPTER VII

AMUSEMENTS, COCK-FIGHTING, ETC.

We are accustomed to consider Sunday concerts as things of the present day; that, however, is not the case. In the year 1701 there was performed, on the first Sunday in every month, at 11 A.M., at Stationers' Hall, a concert of anthems, together with the delivery of orations, and the recitation of poems in praise of religion and virtue. The anthems were composed by Dr. Blow; the orations were delivered by Dr. Collier; and the poems were recited by Tate, the Poet Laureate. One could wish, indeed, that the Laureate's occasional verses for these interesting concerts had been preserved, for the encouragement of virtue and religion in future generations.

A not uncommon spectacle in the streets of London was the arrival, or the return, of one of the great masters of defence. He rode through the City preceded by trumpets and drums, with colours flying, with a drum and sword in his hand. He was something of a mountebank, but he was also, and always, a fine master of fence. These gladiators fought in real earnest, hacking and hewing with backsword, sword and dagger, single falchion, case of falchions, and quarter-staff.

The "Royal Sport" of cock-fighting was followed by all classes. The two cockpits of Whitehall received the noble lords and gentlemen the patrons of the sport; the improvised cockpits of the "Green Stage," off the Tottenham Court Road, served for the humbler patrons. It was a sport which could be practised all the year round; of which no one was ever tired; which furnished the greatest excitement going; at which bets to any amount might be made; and which developed a breed of fighting birds, the maintenance and improvement of which was in itself a science.

In the eighteenth century cock-fighting was certainly the favourite sport.

There were two ways of cock-fighting: the first was the ordinary matching of one cock against another; the other was the Welsh main, in which eight pairs of cocks fought until half were killed; the rest again fought each other till half were killed; and so on until only two were left, and these fought till one was killed. The following are instructions for the preparation of cocks for fighting:—

> "First, with a pair of fine cock-shears, cut all his mane off close unto his neck, from the head to the setting on of the shoulders; secondly, clip off all the feathers from the tail close to his rump, the redder it appears, the better is the cock in condition. Thirdly, take his wings and spread them forth by the length of the first rising feather, and clip the rest slope-wise with sharp points, that in his rising he may therewith endanger an eye of his adversary. Fourthly, scrape, smooth, and sharpen his spurs with a penknife. Fifthly and lastly, see that there be no feathers on the crown of his head for his adversary to lay hold of; then with your spittle, moistening his head all over, turn him into the pit to move his fortune."

It is obvious, considering the wide popularity of a sport in which all classes were interested, the delight of prince and peer, pauper and sweep, that there must have been many cockpits in London. We know of a few, but certainly there must have been many more. Thus, there was the cockpit on the site of the present official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. It was a part of the palace of Whitehall. It is not known when it ceased to be used for purposes of sport. It was used as a theatre by Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., its round shape and raised seats forming a stage and theatre ready made when scenery was wanted for the masque only and not for the play. Stow (1598) says "on the right hand be divers fair Tennis Courts, Bowling Allies, and a Cock Pit, all built by King Henry the Eighth (out of certain old tenements), and there is one other arched Gate, with a way over it, thwarting the Street, from the King's Gardens to the said Park." It is not the Cockpit that Hogarth represents. In 1634-35 a French company played before the Court in the Cockpit. Some part of the site was built over either already or shortly afterwards, for we find that the Earl of Pembroke had lodgings at the Cockpit (*i.e.* in the buildings beside the Cockpit) in 1649, and witnessed the execution of the king from his window. But the place continued to be called the Cockpit. I think that the tennis court and bowling alley were first built over, and that the Cockpit gave its name to the whole, simply because it remained when these were gone. Oliver Cromwell occupied the place before he resided in the Palace opposite. In the Cockpit he once entertained the house after dinner with music. General Monk lived here. Pepys records the performance of plays in the Cockpit during Monk's residence. Princess Anne lived here for a time. After the destruction by fire of Whitehall Palace a part of the Cockpit was built over and became the place of meeting for the Privy Council. This historic room, which has been the scene of so many memorable meetings, looks out upon the site of that part of the Cockpit not built over.

The Cockpit of Whitehall is often confounded with the Cockpit of Westminster. This place is shown in Strype's Map of Westminster (1720) at the north-western end of Dartmouth Street. Long the favourite resort of the sport, it was taken down in 1816. Its popularity had been transferred to a newer and probably more commodious Cockpit called the "Royal," in Tufton Street. I have no information as to the erection of the building. Grantley Berkeley (1865) speaks of the place as "ancient" when he was a boy.

Another famous Cockpit was that behind Gray's Inn. It may be found in Strype's map (1754). On the north of Gray's Inn Gardens runs "the King's Way," a continuation of Theobald's Row,—now Theobald's Road. Beyond a small field or garden north of this King's Way, and on the east of James' Street, the site still marked by a small court, stood the Gray's Inn Cockpit indicated by a circle.

A fourth Cockpit was that in Drury Lane. It was a notorious resort of disorderly people; the apprentices of London, virtuous by custom immemorial, every Shrove Tuesday wrecked the place. The Cockpit was converted into the Phœnix Theatre, the site shown by the name Cockpit Alley, afterwards Pitt Place.

The many places in the City (see *London and its Environs*, 1761) called after cocks, such as Cock Alley, ten in number; Cock Court, nine in number; Cock Hill, Cock Lane, of which there were four; Cock Yard, eight; Cockpit Alley, Cockpit Buildings, Cockpit Court, Cockpit Street, Cockpit Yard, Cock's Rents, and Cockspur Street,—all indicate the former existence of cockpits long since forgotten.

There are many pictures of cock-fighting, but that which every one recognises as the typical picture is Hogarth's. The scene has been laid at Newmarket, at Westminster, and at Gray's Inn Lane; but, as the Royal Arms are on the wall, it is probably the Westminster Cockpit.

The faces, after Hogarth's manner, are all portraits and all types. There is the blind devotee of sport, Lord Albemarle Bertie, who can see nothing, yet sits among the sportsmen and makes his bets; a ruffianly crew surrounds him, pulling at his shoulder, bawling in his ear, stealing his money, while he sits unconscious, apparently bawling the odds. The levelling tendencies of the sport are shown by the presence in the crowd of the Peer with his star, who is being unceremoniously pressed down by a carpenter with his leathern jacket and apron; by the beau taking snuff and dropping some of it into the eyes of the fat citizen below him, by the sweep who comes with his broom and his sack and imitates the manner of fashion with his snuff-box; by the hunchback Jockey and the Apothecary, who agree to a bet by touching whips; by the man on whose back is chalked a gallows,—he is therefore the hangman; by the shadow on the ground representing the Welsher hoisted in a basket until he can pay his debts; by the gamester who takes no interest in this match because he has got a pair of fresh cocks in a bag and is waiting for his turn; and by the hook by which an unseen hand is trying to get hold of the purse of a drunken man. Hogarth always compresses a hundred stories into one picture. This picture alone can be read and re-read dozens of times, and every time with increased profit and instruction.

The business of breeding, rearing, and training cocks for fighting employed a great many persons, and was full of recondite secrets and methods. Some of these, as described in a book before me, are disgusting, some of them are brutal. The ordinary manner of conducting a cock-fight was to pair off the cocks according to weight. Those which "fell in," that is to say, those which could be matched, fought for the main; those which could not be matched fought in "byes." The fight in Hogarth's picture takes place on a raised circular stage apparently about three feet high. It is a building of brick, with two, or perhaps three, seats raised one behind the other, while a low wall, such as we find behind the dress circle of a theatre, round the seats, affords a passage outside. There is no indication that the place was actually sunk below the level of the ground; perhaps the original cockpit was simply a hole in which the birds were placed while the spectators looked down from above. I have seen in a village the site of an ancient cockpit which had certainly been excavated. Cock-fighting still lingers in holes and corners. It is whispered that it is still possible to witness a cock-fight by payment of five pounds or so; of course it is now illegal.

Cock-fighting is an extremely ancient form of sport. The Romans fought quails and partridges as well as cocks. In the reign of Henry II. FitzStephen says that boys brought gamecocks to school on Shrove Tuesday and spent the morning in fighting them.

Baiting was a pursuit almost as eagerly followed as cock-fighting. Anything might be baited: a bear, a bull, a badger, in the general way. In 1717 they baited a leopard twelve feet long. In the same year they provided for one evening's amusement:—the baiting of a tiger by six bull and bear dogs, for £100; a bull and a bear driven mad by being covered all over with lighted fireworks; and, to conclude, six young men to play at blunts, that is, at fighting with sticks, he to get the prize who broke most heads. There was a bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark; another on the south of Soho Square; another in Tothill Fields: but the most important was that of Hockley-in-the-Hole. Here one Christopher Preston, the proprietor, fell in among his own bears and was killed and devoured.

The following is a hand-bill of a bull-baiting in 1710:—

> "This is to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate market, against one from Hony-lane market, at a bull, for a guinea to be spent; five let-goes out off hand, which goes fairest and farthest in wins all; likewise a green bull to be baited, which was never baited before; and a bull to be turned loose with fireworks all over him; also a mad ass to be baited, with variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and a dog to be drawn up with fireworks. Beginning exactly at three of the clock."

A "green" bull is, as the bill explains, one that has never been baited.

Wrestling also went on at the bear-gardens. The prizes were generally gloves, worth 2s. 6d. a pair.

In another place I have spoken of the pleasure-gardens. These were numerous and varied in attractions, from the beautiful gardens of Marylebone to the squalid Temple of Flora at Lambeth. And in another place I consider the fairs, which in the eighteenth century were mere orgies of drink and debauchery. There were other places of amusement, now forgotten. Who remembers Lambeth Wells? Here, three days in the week, called public days, the music played all day long from seven in the morning till dark; there was the Water Theatre, full of strange devices; Punch's Theatre, where they had fantoccini; there were "posture masters" and rope-dancers always exhibiting their tricks and skill; there were exhibitions of this and that always going on. At the Spring Gardens were concerts and masquerades. In Dowgate there was a fine concert-hall for the City; the young people were invited to dance for a gold ring; they made up foot-races for bets; they played cricket matches; they even grinned through a halter for a new hat. There was also the Spouting Club, at which young men vied with each other in recitations.

On the 23rd of June 1775 the first regatta was held upon the Thames. Every boat, barge, wherry, and lighter was on the river, crowded with people. Flags were flying; guns were fired; bands were playing; the houses from which the regatta could be witnessed were filled with people; the bells of St. Martin's were rung in the morning; those of St. Margaret's in the afternoon. The chief point of attraction was Westminster Bridge, which was crowded with people, while the avenues at both ends were covered with gambling-tables. The boats on the river were supplied with drink in great abundance, but very bad and in short measure. Every passage to the water-side was guarded by men who took toll, from a penny to half a crown. Scaffolds were erected on the banks, where seats sold for large sums. In a word, the town had gone off its head for a new thing.

When the regatta was over, the *élite* of the company were rowed up to Chelsea, where Ranelagh received them to a supper, dancing, and music. Among the visitors were their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.

When we remember how popular the game of tennis was at one time; how it was always the sport of kings; it seems somewhat remarkable that there have been so few courts in London. At the same time it has never been a popular game or a cheap game: tennis at the present day is a more expensive game than any other, excepting polo. In London, the court in which Charles II. played stood just outside the Palace at the south-west corner of St. James's Street. This court was pulled down in 1866. Another tennis-court stood at the corner of Windmill Street and Coventry Street; a third stood in Clare Market, called Gibbon's; and there are places in Holborn, Blackfriars, and Southwark whose names indicate the former existence of courts upon those sites.

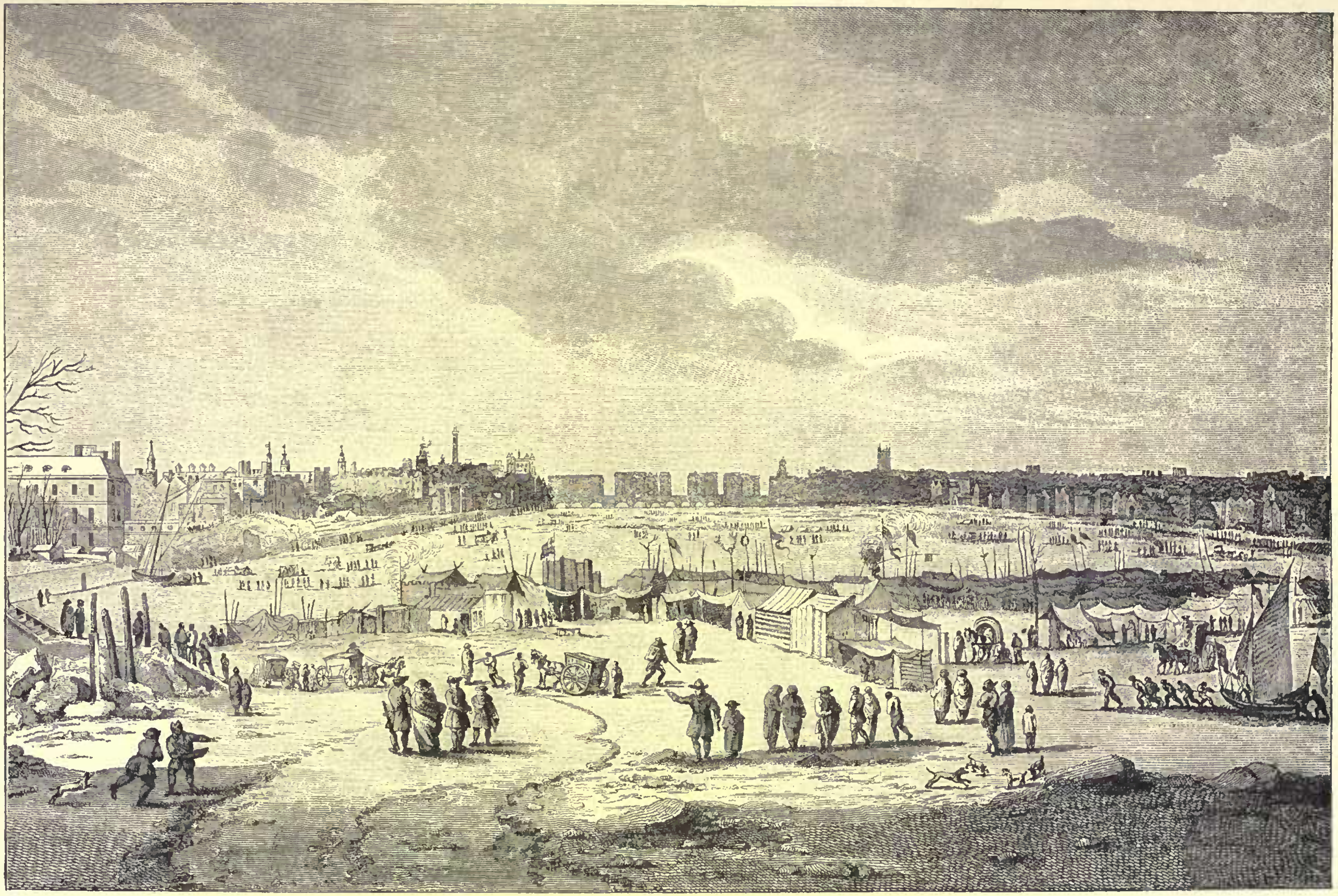
In this long history through which we have slowly made our way, I have steadily ignored one event, recurring once in a hundred years or so—that of the hard frost. On that occasion the Thames is completely frozen over above and below Bridge. Booths are put up on the river; drinking-places, eating-houses are set up; and it is the boast of the people that they can get drunk on the river as well as on land. Presently they bring along a printing-press and print a ballad or a broadside, which is bought as a great curiosity because it is printed on the ice. Every such hard frost produces exactly the same results. Therefore I have resolved on mentioning only one—the hard frost of 1788-89.

It began on the 25th of November and lasted for seven weeks, terminating early in the New Year. There was a great deal of distress while it lasted: many thousands of men were out of work, ships that could not be loaded or unloaded, the river was impossible for lighters, the fellowship porters were standing idle, the Thames watermen waiting—there were 40,000 persons who got their living somehow by the river: all these persons were thrown out of work. One hopes that a great many of them found temporary employment on the ice. For the face of the river became a great fair, finer than Bartholomew's: there were shows of all kinds, theatres, puppets, music, eating, drinking, dancing—an orgy which the Lord Mayor would find it difficult to stop. In fact, the Lord Mayor does not seem to have interfered with the River Fair, which was carried on night and day with the utmost cheerfulness, and was only terminated by a rapid rise in the temperature and the cracking of the ice.

A kind of madness sometimes seized the young fellows. Thus they had a "frolic" the nature of which may be gathered from the *Connoisseur*:—

> "I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window; and at another made a bonfire of their clothes, and ran naked into the streets. . . . It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the Temple stairs, and prudently laid in, by way of provision, a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy; but when they imagined they were just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea-Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent Frolicks of these men of humour are carried on, in a literary way, by advertisements in the news-papers, with which they often amuse the town, and alarm us with bottle conjurors, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolick to call together all the wet nurses that wanted a place; at another time to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's Coffee-house, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks."

I find little mention in the literature of the eighteenth century of the customs and sports which were still maintained in the country. No man is ridden on a rail—a custom we generally believe to be American in its origin, but which was carried on in the north of England; no woman has to "ride the stang" or to "ride Skimmington"; the maids of London did not "lift" their masters, nor did the girls run races for smocks. On the other hand, they continued, as we have seen, the bull-baiting, the cock-fighting, and the cock-throwing of which their predecessors were so fond. On May Day the milkmaids continued their dance and the chimney-sweepers their pageant; they trooped forth to see horse-racing



FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES

N.W. view of the Fair on the River Thames during the great Frost 1683-4, taken from near the Temple stairs. From the Crace Collection.

at Epsom; they had their fairs; they kept St. Valentine's Day, Twelfth Day, Shrove Tuesday, Michaelmas Day, and Lord Mayor's Day, and they beat the bounds as in Rogation week.

The time was not without its athletes. Foremost among these was Powell.

In 1787 this celebrated pedestrian, being then 53 years of age, walked from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again—112 miles—in 23 hours 53½ minutes. That is to say, an average of a mile in 12¾ minutes. It is not stated where he rested, nor for how long.

In 1790 he, being then 56 years of age, accomplished a walk from York to London for the second time. He set out from the Monument in London to walk to York and back again in five days and eighteen hours, in the same time which he performed this journey in the year 1773: the wager was 10 guineas to 13.

On Monday night he reached Stamford, where he slept; on Tuesday night at twelve he reached Doncaster, and arrived in York twenty-five minutes after one on Wednesday noon; set out on his return a quarter before four in the afternoon, reached Ferrybridge that evening, passed through Doncaster at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, and arrived at Grantham in the evening, where he slept; at five o'clock on Friday morning he pursued his journey, and arrived at Biggleswade that evening, where he also slept; set out at half-past four o'clock on Saturday morning, and arrived at the Monument at ten minutes past four in the afternoon (being one hour and fifty minutes within the time) amidst the acclamations of a vast concourse of people.

On the 12th of July 1809 Captain Barclay finished his task of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours.

On the 27th of December 1815 Eaton finished his walk of 1100 miles in 1100 hours upon Blackheath.

Let me, as an addition to this chapter, quote from *The Brief and Merry History of Great Britain*—

"The common People have a great many Diversions, which may serve to let them know themselves. Some have the Appearances of Fierceness, as that of murdering Cocks by throwing huge Sticks at them, at some distance. Another great diversion is to see two Fellows fight with Back-Swords on a Publick Stage, surrounded by an infinite Crowd of Beaus, Butchers, Bailiffs, and Foot-Soldiers blaspheming, cursing, and reviling the Combatants if they are sparing of their Blood, and fight what they call a Sham-Battle; but if they hack and hue one another pretty heartily, insomuch that the Stage runs with their Gore, nothing can be more satisfactory to the Spectators, who are then generally sure to reward them very bountifully.

"Cock-fighting is diverting enough, the Anger and Eagerness of these little Creatures, and the triumphant Crowing of a Cock when he struts haughtily on the

Body of his Enemy, has something in it singular and pleasant. What renders these Shews less agreeable, is the great numbers of Wagerers, who appear as angry as the Cocks themselves, and make such a noise, that one would believe every Minute they were going to fight also.

"Combats are very common among the meaner Sort of the People. The Assailants begin with running against each other, Heads foremost, like Rams, and afterwards come to Boxing. Upon the beginning of any Quarrel in the Streets, the Porters and Dogs immediately run barking from all Corners, and the Handicrafts quit their Garrets, and these together make a fair circle for the Boxers. By the antient Custom of these Combats, a Man is not to strike his Adversary on the Ground, but must give him time to rise, and the Standers-by take care to see these Laws strictly observed. They never part till one of them calls for Quarter, which they seldom do till they are quite disabled. These Exercises are in great Esteem amongst the *English*, and not only diverting to the Men, but to the Women likewise. In the Evenings of their Sabbaths and Festivals, 'tis common to see the Streets filled with these sorts of Rencounters; all kinds of Servants being then at liberty, and generally well loaded with Liquors, have frequent Quarrels and Bickerings about Precedency. One may see Mothers encourage their Sons, and married Women their Husbands to engage, the latter holding their Husbands' canes and Children the meanwhile. And sometimes People of Quality lay aside their Wigs, Swords, and Neckcloths to box, when they are insulted by mean Persons, against whom they must not draw their Swords, the Rabble esteeming that to be the most rascally thing a Gentleman can be guilty of; for which reason a Lieutenant-General hath e'er now been seen with a swoln Face and a black Eye. A young Lord has made his name terrible to all the Coachmen, Carters, and Porters in *London* by his *Manual* Operations on their Bodies, when their Behaviour has been rude and insolent; he having often, as the Phrase is, *beaten them to Mummy* for it.

"A few Years since, some young Rakes of Quality had found out a very odd sort of Diversion, their Number consisted of twelve Persons, and were call'd the *Kicking-Club;* they met at a Wine-house or Tavern near the Court, from whence about Midnight they used to sally, dividing themselves into three Parties, four Persons in each. By the Rules of the Society each Member was in turn to kick every Man he met, and on refusal to forfeit a Flask of *French* Claret for the Benefit of the Club."

CHAPTER VIII

SIGHTS AND PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

In a work published in the year 1786 the following places are enumerated as the principal sights of London:—

1. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Nothing is said of the Temple, or of St. Mary Overies, or of St. Bartholomew the Great.

2. The City Places, such as the Guildhall, the Exchange, the Bank, the Mansion House, the Monument, and the Tower.

3. The Three Bridges.

4. The Squares, particularly Grosvenor Square, and Lincoln's Inn Fields.

5. The Westminster Buildings: the House of Commons, admission into which was charged at 2s. 6d.; the House of Lords, into which one could only get admission by favour of a member.

6. The British Museum.

In the year 1753, the whole of the collections made by Sir Hans Sloane were offered to the nation for £20,000. An Act was accordingly passed for the purchase and the housing of the collection with those of the Harleian MSS. and the Cottonian Library. The money for this and for the purchase of Montague House was raised by lottery. But in 1845 Montague House was pulled down as being inadequate, and the present building erected. Just now it only concerns us to know how the institution affected the public, and how far the people were enabled to make an educational use of what it contained.

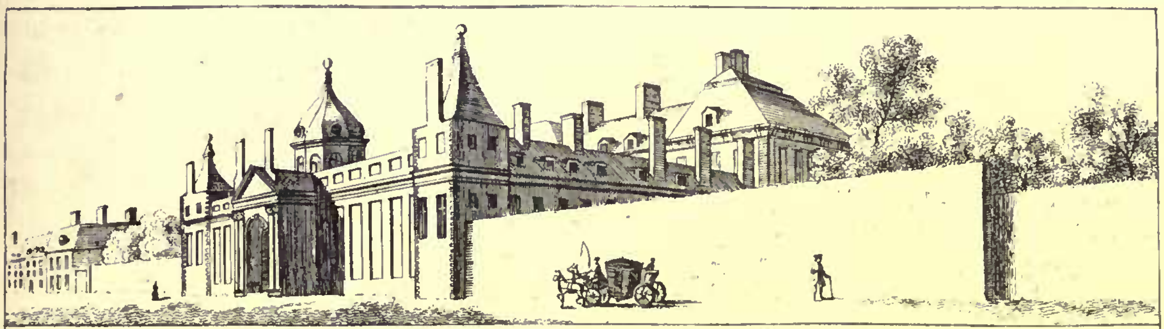
On the opening of the British Museum, therefore, the following were the Rules:—

(1) The Museum was to be open every day except Saturday and Sunday, and except one day after Christmas; one week after Easter; and one week after Whit Sunday. Good Friday was also to be excepted with all days of thanksgiving or fasting.

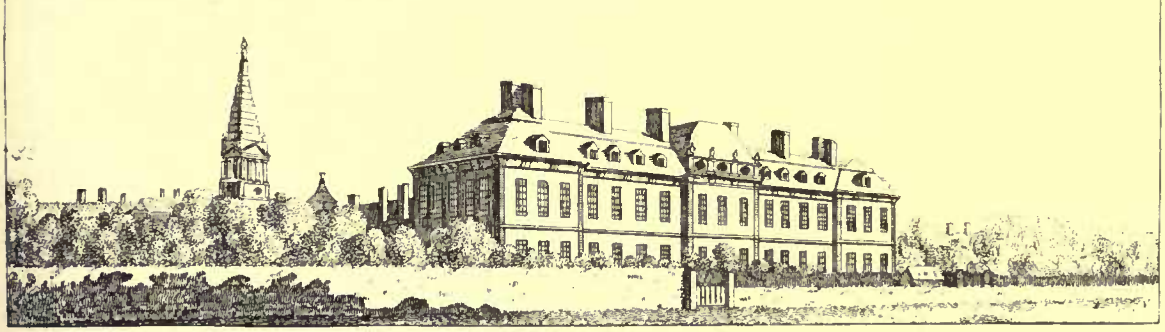
(2) That the hours of opening were to be from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and the same hours during the summer, except on Monday and Friday, when it was to open from four till eight.

(3) All persons wishing to see the museum must make application to the porter, giving their names, condition, and residence, with the day and hour when they desire to visit the house. The application must be made before nine in the morning or between four and eight in the evening. All applications to be made in a register and the tickets of admission should be issued by the principal librarian, but not more than ten tickets for any one hour.

(4) That the visitors must be conducted in regular order and the whole inspection is not to last more than three hours.



Entrance of the Britiſh Muſeum, *from Ruſsel Street.*



Garden Front

BRITISH MUSEUM

From a contemporary print

There were other rules for the hindrance of visitors and the rendering of the museum useless. These, however, will suffice.

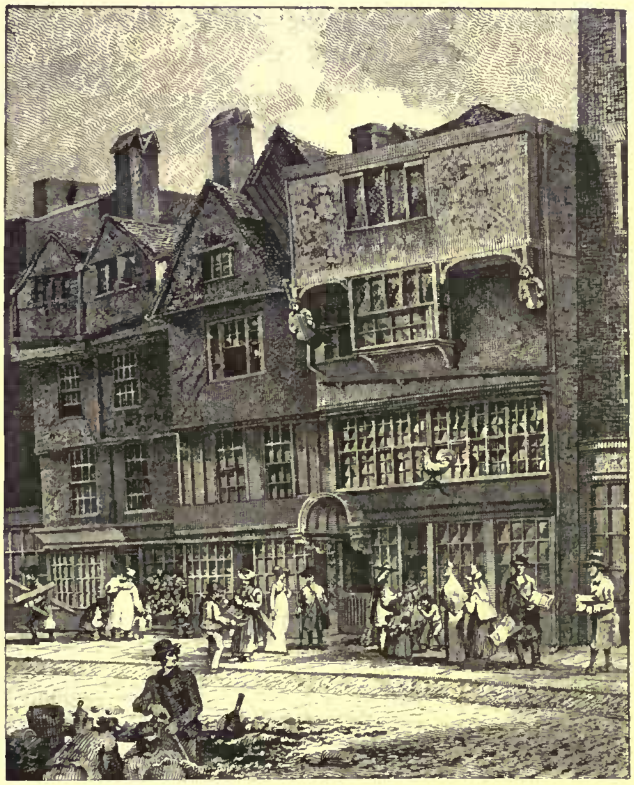
7. The Court at St. James's. The Court was open at three o'clock on Sundays and Thursdays; any well-dressed person, we are told, was admitted.

After the sights there were the amusements, and, of course, the theatre came first, before all other amusements the most delightful. There were winter and summer theatres. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were open for dramatic representations from September till the end of June. The Haymarket was a summer theatre. On Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent there were concerts of sacred music. The Opera House in the Haymarket was open from October to June, twice a week, Tuesday and Saturday. In the winter there were masquerades. Concerts were held at the Pantheon, Willis's Rooms, King Street; Gallini's Rooms, Hanover Square; and at Freemasons' Hall.

Among the amusements is mentioned the Lord Mayor's Ball on Easter Monday, and his feast and ball on the 9th of November. "Tickets," it is said, "are not difficult of attainment, by applying to any alderman or common council man. They are now and then to be purchased by applying to John the Waiter, at the Rainbow Coffee House, Cornhill."

The criminal trials at the Old Bailey every six weeks were open to the public at 1s. each. The hangings—it was three years since the Tyburn procession had been abandoned—are mentioned as an amusement open free to the "groundlings," or people in the street, which was the pit of the Newgate Theatre: the boxes were the windows of the neighbouring houses; their roofs were the gallery. My authority invites his readers to witness the "festivity and gambols of the lower class of people rolling down Greenwich Park hill at the Whitsun Fair"; he does not mention Bartholomew Fair or Horn Fair. It is evident from this list that a visitor to London a hundred years ago might occupy himself agreeably for several weeks without exhausting the pleasures of the town, or its points and places of interest.

Let us follow a country visitor on his first rambles about the City. He was called upon to admire the crowded streets, the lines of shops, the busy markets, and the noise and uproar along the roads. When he had partly overcome his surprise and confusion at so many distracting sounds, he was taken to the Tower, where he saw the wild beasts; was shown into dungeons, walked on the terrace, and admired the prospect of the Pool with its ships and their attendant fleets of barges and wherries. Thence he walked along Thames Street, saw the Custom House, and listened, at a safe distance, to the quarrels of the Billingsgate fish-women. He then arrived at London Bridge, over which he crossed; it was, to look at, a narrow street with small shops on either side and houses projecting in front, and built out over the river behind. Here and there a space was left where the passenger could halt and view the river above and below the Bridge. Turning northwards, the visitor was taken through Fish Street, passing the Monument, along Gracechurch Street to Lombard Street, where was the General Post Office, to the Stocks market, with its statue of Charles II. Thence along Cheapside to St. Paul's, which delayed him a long time; on the right, through the great meat market of Newgate, he came to Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison. He then walked along the Fleet River past the Fleet Prison as far as Ludgate, with its prison on the left, and Bridewell, with its prison on the right. A hundred years before he would have walked along the City Wall overlooking the City Ditch. But the wall was mostly pulled down, built against, or built over, and the ditch filled up. The gates were left, however, and the visitor making his rounds saw them all. He also visited the Royal Exchange; the Bank of England standing between its two churches; Leadenhall Market; the hospitals of St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, Bethlehem, St. Thomas's, and St. Katherine's by the Tower; he saw the Guildhall and Bakewell Hall. Perhaps he was curious concerning the new City churches or the few old churches which had escaped the Fire, but I do not think that most of the visitors ever troubled themselves about the churches. His guide very carefully kept him from visiting any of the prisons on account of the highly infectious and dangerous fever which was always lurking in those noisome places. But he placed his visitor in a boat and took him up the river to Westminster, where there was the ancient King's house with the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey; part of Whitehall Palace; St. James's Palace, and, still standing, some of the great houses along the river.



LEADENHALL STREET

From a contemporary print.

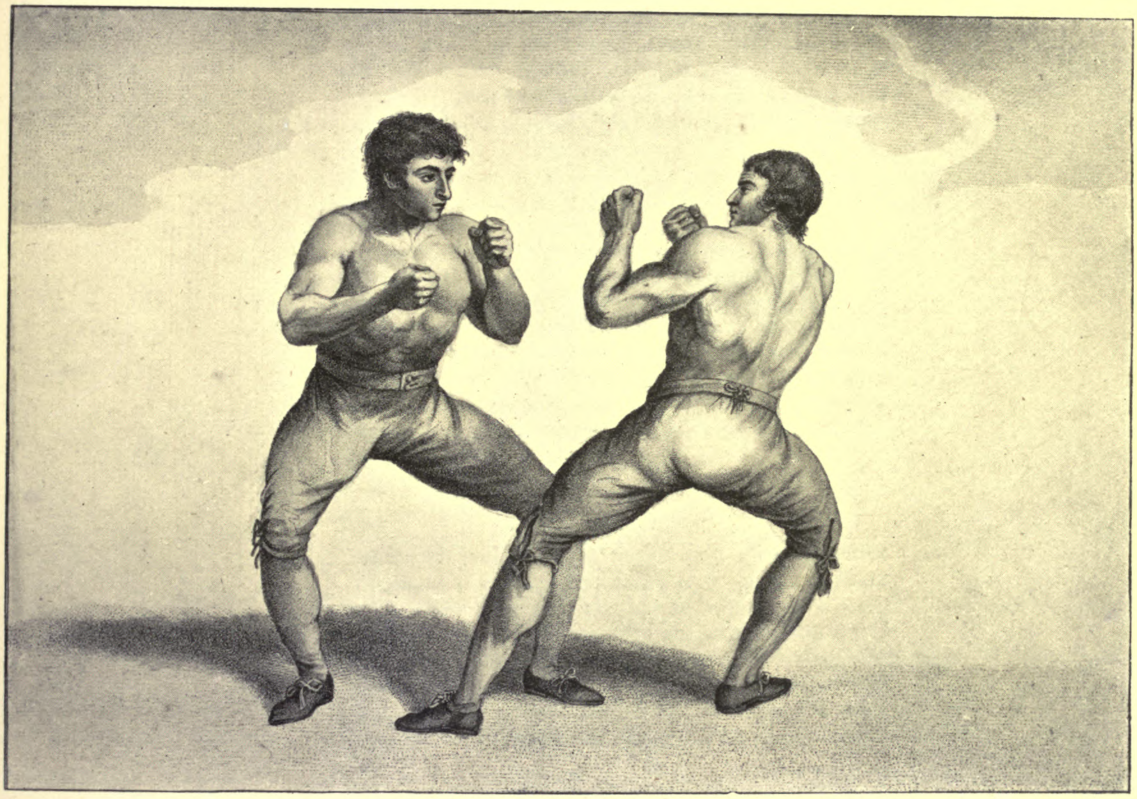
But the chief interest was the City. Here the visitor, returning, was shown the City Companies' Halls; the quays and warehouses; the coffee-houses and the taverns; the civic processions and functions. He was edified by the pious behaviour and the self-restraint exhibited by the mob on the way to Tyburn, and whenever a fellow was flogged at the cart-tail, or exposed in pillory, or set in the stocks.

The theatres, he would find, were outside the walls of the City, so were the gardens in which the London people took so much delight in the summer. He was invited to observe the furniture and the style of living in the merchants' stately houses, their dignity, their wealth, their equipage, their many servants, their counting-houses and their warehouses and their quays. There were many interesting things for a visitor to see in London, but the most interesting things—far more interesting than any of its buildings—were the port and the quays and the shipping which spoke of a trade unrivalled in the whole world. I fear that the visitor of 1740 took small interest in the architectural features of that part of the City which had escaped the Fire; he found the flat façade and the square sash windows far more beautiful than the broken line, the tall gable, the projecting story and the diamond panes of the leaden casement; while the square and simple architecture, say of St. Michael Bassishaw, seemed to him far more beautiful than the "Gothick barbarity" of St. Helen's or St. Mary Overies. In a word, there was a great deal for the visitor of 1740 to see in London; but the things in which he would most delight were not the things that would delight us if we could be set down in Thames Street in the year of grace 1740.

CHAPTER IX

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE

NEITHER the noble art of self-defence nor the most illustrious master in that art can be ignored in a history of London. There never was a time when the art of self-defence, in one form or the other, was not practised and exercised and taught in London. During the eighteenth century it included the various branches of fencing, broadsword and cutlass play, quarter-staff, and single-stick. Fencing has never gone out of use among gentlemen; broadsword play has never been



HUMPHREYS AND MENDOZA

From a print published by W. Richardson, London, 1790.

lost in the navy; quarter-staff fell into neglect from which it seems impossible to rescue it. Of all the masters of this art, James Figg seems to have been easily the first and greatest. He was a native of Thame in Oxfordshire, and was a young man of remarkable strength and agility, excelling in all the country sports and athletics. He came to London and set up as a teacher of the art of self-defence, and challenged all comers. He established himself at the corner of Wells Street and Castle Street, Oxford Road, on a piece of waste ground, where he built a wooden structure in which he taught everything required for the art which he professed.

The following lines show how a contest between two champions was at that time carried out. They were written by Dr. Byrom.

I

"Long was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marylebone plains.
To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend:
Where lived Mr. Sutton, pipemaker by trade,
Who, hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
Resolved to put in for a share of his fame,
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

II

With alternate advantage two rubbers had past,
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last:
To see such a contest the house was so full,
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted,
Till, weary at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cry'd, 'Come, the masters, the masters.'

III

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours as usual, and yearn'd to engage:
Then Figg, with a visage so fierce, yet sedate,
Came and entered the lists, with his fresh-shaven pate:
Their arms were encircled with armigers too,
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue:
Thus adorned, the two heroes, betwixt shoulder and elbow
Shook hands, and to't, and the word it was bilboe.

IV

Sure such a concern, in the eyes of spectators,
Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres:
Our commons and peers, from the several places,
To half an inch distance all pointed their faces:
While the rays of old Phœbus, that shot thro' the sky-light,
Seemed to make on the stage a new kind of twilight:
And the gods without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,
Were peeping there through to do justice between 'em.

V

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast fury,
That he broke his huge weapon in twain I assure you:
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
His head from his shoulders had been quite discarded.
Figg armed him again, and they took t'other tilt,
And then Sutton's blade ran away from its hilt:
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,
In truth they ne'er minded, but at it again.

. . . .

VIII

That bruises and wounds a man's spirit should touch,
With danger so little, with honour so much!
Well, they both took a dram, and returned to the battle,
And with a fresh fury they made their swords rattle:
While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,
By a touch from his rival, so Jove had decreed;
Just enough for to show that his blood was not icor,
But made up like Figg's of the common red liquor.

IX

Again they both rushed with as equal a fire on,
Till the company cried, 'Hold, enough of cold iron;
To the quarter-staff now, lads.' So, first having dram'd it,
They took to their wood, and i' faith never sham'd it.
The first bout they had was so fair and so handsome,
That, to make a fair bargain, was worth a king's ransom:
And Sutton such bangs on his neighbour imparted,
Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

X

Then after that bout they went on to another,
But the matter must end on some fashion or other:
So Jove told the gods he had made a decree,
That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
Tho' Sutton, disabled as soon as he hit him,
Would still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him:
'Twas his fate, not his fault, that constrained him to yield,
And thus the great Figg became lord of the field."

James Figg died in 1734. He was succeeded as the master or champion by Broughton, who is said to have introduced the art or science of boxing in the place of the sword fights as being more harmless. They were, however, sufficiently serious in their consequences. Broughton was patronised by the Duke of Cumberland. He kept a booth or wooden structure like Figg's in the Tottenham Court Road. He was regarded as an unconquered hero for a long time, until unluckily he had a battle with one Stack, a butcher, who managed to hit him between the eyes, and blinded him, to the consternation of the audience, all of whom had been betting on Broughton.

Of the prize fight, one specimen must suffice, that of Humphreys and Mendoza (in *Ann. Reg.* 1788):—

"So high was the public anxiety on the issue of the bruising match, which was decided between Humphreys and Mendoza, that neither the distance from town, nor the state of the weather, could prevent a very large body of people from assembling at the scene of action in Odiham. Several hundreds of people paid half a guinea a-piece to gain admission within the paddock, where the stage was raised. The paddock was well defended against the multitude by Tring, Ryan, Dunn, and a number of other of the strongest men in England, who with clubs looked like so many giants; but what can resist the shock of an English mob? The paddock was broken down, and the torrent rushed in.

The combatants mounted the stage exactly at one o'clock, and, after the usual salutation, Mendoza instantly began the onset with all the heat and impetuosity of a man determined on victory. He threw himself in with much activity, and displayed much showy enterprise, while Humphreys retreated and avoided the blows. The latter bore himself with great reserve, and the Jew was accordingly the assailant in the first six or seven rounds. In these, Mendoza being more hazardous and more successful than Humphreys, the bets, which were two to one in favour of the latter before the battle, changed to six to four, seven to four, and at last two to one against him. Several blows of Mendoza had their effect. He cut Humphreys under the left eye, and of course endeavoured to follow up the wound, but in this he was disappointed by the superior address of his opponent.

The stage, from the wetness of the day, was extremely slippery, and for some time neither of them could keep their feet so as to give firmness to their action. To remedy this, Humphreys threw off his shoes, and got a pair of worsted stockings, in which, without shoes, he continued the battle with improved footing.

After they had fought 18 or 19 minutes, Humphreys began to manifest his superior skill, and the bets again changed in his favour. He planted a dreadful blow on the neck, or near the jaw, of the Jew, which sickened, and almost disabled him. He continued the battle, however, with much determination of spirit, until extravasated blood and exhausted breath made him so helpless, that he lay on the stage unable to rise, and yielded the contest.

The battle lasted 29 minutes. Humphreys was seconded by Johnson, and Mendoza by Jacobs.

In consequence of the above battle it is said that upwards of £20,000 sterling of bets will be transferred from the Jews to the Christians—rather to the Gentiles."

CHAPTER X

GAMBLING AND LOTTERY

GAMBLING is the vice of the unemployed. The leisured class, as they are called,—those who have nothing to do, those for whom other people work,—always have the gambler in their midst; they are never free from the vice of gambling. Sometimes it lurks in corners; there are always clubs in which one can play as high as a man can desire,—and as often. There are always whispers as to private gambling-houses: it is not difficult to find them out, and they welcome new-comers. There are, it is supposed, hawks and rooks. But it is when gambling is openly practised and encouraged; when, from the king downwards, all classes gamble; when it becomes a national passion, that it becomes a national danger.

In the eighteenth century gambling had a far greater hold upon the upper classes than it can at present boast. They all played: some with frenzy, as Charles James Fox; some occasionally. Many of the women gambled as much as the men; they lost great sums; they were reduced to pawning their jewels when they could not get the money from their husbands. Some of them cheated almost openly, and they could not be turned out of society, as men were, on the suspicion of foul play. Allusions to cheating at cards are frequent in the satirical literature of the time; while the passion of women for cards was notorious and could not be denied. Some of them played every night of their lives, for three hours at least, at whist or games of chance—casino, loo, ombre, piquet, faro, or hazard. If they went to an assembly in the evening, they all crowded into the cardroom. They spent their mornings in counting their gains or lamenting their losses; they talked and thought about little else; they read nothing; they thought there was nothing in the world to consider except their own narrow set, their dress, and cards.

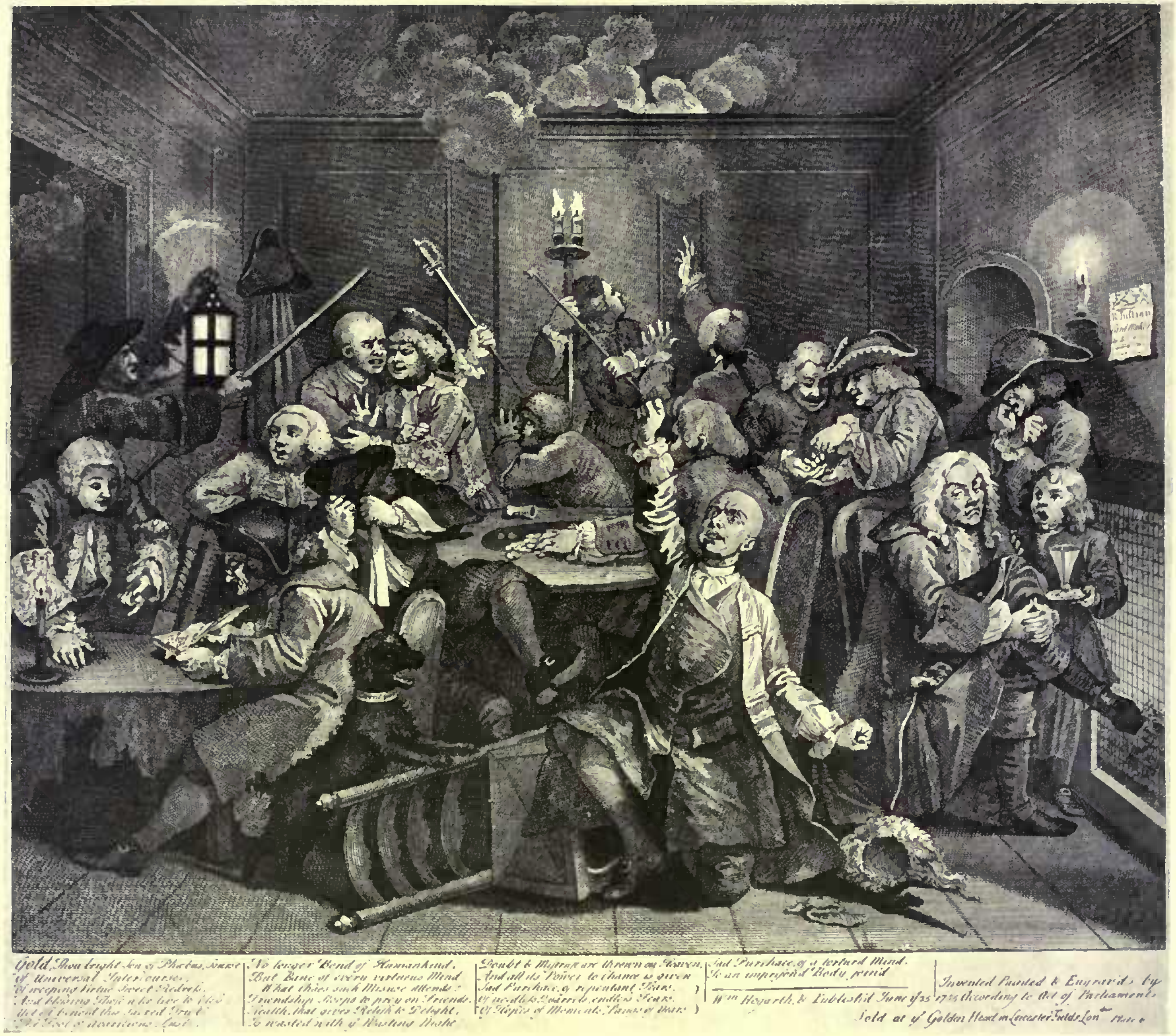
Colonel George Hanger says that in his younger days (1770) there was no such thing as a faro-table admitted into the house of a woman of fashion. The gaming was carried on at public tables. But in 1798 it was a common custom for a lady to admit the proprietor of a faro-table, and to allow of gaming in her own house for a fee of fifty guineas a night.

Any picture drawn by the satirist and the essayist must be taken with deductions : the satirist is nothing unless he can exaggerate until he finds material for the indignation which drives the poor man into verse. I have no doubt that there were plenty of women, even in that devil's acre lying beside the east of Hyde Park, who did not gamble, and no more felt the passion and the power of the vice than they felt the passion and the power of drink. It is not, certainly, fair to charge the century as wholly infected with the vice of gambling ; let us be satisfied with the fact that it was widely spread.

And it must not be supposed that, because cards were the favourite amusement of all classes, and though in every house in town or country cards were played whenever three or four were met together, therefore the whole country gambled. Whist or quadrille, the favourite games, allowed the clergyman or the staid merchant with the ladies of the family to win or lose a few sixpences ; but that was not gambling. So, in the West End, many ladies sat down to cards as the most agreeable way of getting through the evening, yet they did not gamble. Horace Walpole, who complains bitterly about the universal card-playing, blames it not so much for the danger of the whole world becoming gamblers, as for the dulness of the players, who instead of joining in conversation now sat silent at the whist-table. At the same time, it must be owned that there are endless stories of losses at play. Hogarth has drawn, with his customary exaggeration of the theme yet accuracy as to details, a gambling scene at White's, where the company play on although the house is on fire—White's was actually burned down in 1733. The unfortunate rake is cursing the heavens for his bad luck ; the winner sweeps in the money ; the young lord borrows £500 ; the confederates exchange signs ; the highwayman sits waiting patiently till one of the winners leaves the house : then he will go after him. As to the rage and despair of the losing gamester, although men were by no means so self-governed as they have since learned to be, one cannot believe that in a house like White's, frequented by the most well-bred men of an age when good-breeding was one of the fine arts, anyone would lose his self-command like Hogarth's rake at this stage of his progress. We cannot believe that Fox, who constantly lost as much as any one, would go on his knees and blaspheme his Creator, whatever had been his losses. In fact, we know how he lost, and how he bore his losses as a gentleman should.

All the memoirs and all the letters are full of gaming stories ; in one or two cases they are also stories of suicide ; in a few cases they are stories of ruin ; generally they are stories of bad luck, or losing considerable sums, but not of ruin. Young men crippled themselves, raised money on post-obits, sold their reversionary interests, got into the hands of money-lenders ; but they did not, as a rule, ruin themselves.

Yet there were cases of sudden and complete ruin. Men did sometimes lose in a single night the whole of their estates. A certain young lord, for instance, lost


Gold, Thou bright Son of Phœbus, Source
Of Universal Intercourse;
Of weeping Virtue soft Redress;
And blessing Those who live to bless:
Yet oft behold this sacred Trust
The Tool of avaricious Lust.
No longer Bond of Humankind,
But Bane of every virtuous Mind.
What Chaos such Misuse attends:
Friendship stoops to prey on Friends.
Health, that gives Relish to Delight,
Is wasted with ye Wasting Night:
Doubt & Mistrust are thrown on Heaven,
And all its Power to chance is given.
Sad Purchase of repentant Tears,
Of needless Quarrels, endless Fears,
Of Hopes of Moments, Pangs of Years.
Sad Purchase of a tortured Mind,
To an imprison'd Body join'd.
Invented Painted & Engrav'd by
Wm Hogarth & Publish'd June ye 25 1735 According to Act of Parliament.
Sold at ye Golden Head in Leicester Fields Lon.
Plate 6
R. Justian

GAMBLING AT WHITE'S CLUB

From Hogarth's engraving, "Gaming-house Scene" (*The Rake's Progress*).

to Nash of Bath, at one sitting, all his money, all his movables, the title deeds of his large estates, the rings on his fingers, and his watch. Nash gave them all back. On another occasion Nash won the whole fortune of a young man and gave it back to him with an admonition. It was wasted. The young man played again; lost again; and blew out his brains.

It is impossible to read any of the letters of the time without finding stories of losses over the hazard table. One night at the Cocoa Tree, Walpole says, there was a cast at hazard the difference of which amounted to a hundred and four score thousand pounds. At Almack's it is recorded that "Mr. Thynne having won only 12,000 guineas in two months, retired in disgust." On the evenings of high play — unless these were daily — those who sat at the table practised all kinds of absurdities and superstitions. They turned their coats inside out; they put on frieze coats; they wore leathern sleeves like footmen cleaning plate; they wore straw hats to protect their eyes from the light and to conceal the anxiety on their faces.

It is difficult to imagine the serious and responsible Pitt playing among such a group. But he did play with them. I have alluded to the inextinguishable thirst for the gaming-table that possessed Charles James Fox. Lord Lyttelton, writing to Dr. Doddridge in 1750, says: "The Dryads of Hagley are at present pretty secure, but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

Betting forms part of gambling. There was a vast amount of betting upon every event. It is needless to enlarge upon the absurdities of betting. Perhaps the most famous, or the most notorious, instance was that of a bet made by Lord March (in 1771) of 500 guineas with Mr. Pigot as to whether Sir William Codrington or "old Mr. Pigott"—the father (?) of the betting man—should die first. It so happened that the day before the laying of the wager, old Mr. Pigot died suddenly. His son, therefore, if it was his son, refused to pay, on the ground that it was no bet, as the man was dead before the bet was concluded. Lord March, therefore, brought an action to recover the amount. Lord Mansfield was on the bench, and the jury found for the plaintiff, with costs.

The City people did not gamble. No merchant who had the reputation for gambling could preserve his credit. There were, of course, some young men, with souls above the counter or the desk, who repaired at night to the gaming-houses, and there lost their masters' money, or won with the aid of their masters' money. The end of these young gentlemen was generally the highway and Tyburn tree. The City madams played cards at each other's houses; but they did not gamble.

The maintenance of a gaming-house was no easy matter. It required careful organisation, and the assistance of a large staff. These officials were enumerated in the *St. James's Evening Post* of 1731.

"1. A 'Director,' who superintends the room.

2. An 'Operator,' who deals the cards at a cheating game called faro.

3. Two 'Crowpees' (*i.e.* croupiers), who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank.

4. Two 'Puffs,' who have money given to them to decoy others to play.

5. A 'Clerk,' who is a check upon the puffs to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

6. A 'Squib,' who is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half salary while he is learning to deal.

7. A 'Flasher,' to swear how often the bank has been stripped.

8. A 'Dunner,' who goes about to recover money lost at play.

9. A 'Waiter,' to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend to the gaming-room.

10. An 'Attorney,' a Newgate solicitor.

11. A 'Captain,' who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.

12. An 'Usher,' who lights gentlemen up and down stairs and gives the word to the porter.

13. A 'Porter,' who is generally a soldier of the foot-guards.

14. An 'Orderly' man, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter and alarm the house at the approach of the constables.

15. A 'Runner,' who is to get intelligence of the Justices' meetings. Link-boys, watchmen, chairmen, drawers, or others who bring the first intelligence of the Justices' meetings or of the constables being out, half a guinea reward. Common bail, affidavit men, ruffians, bailees, *cum multis aliis.*"

The most mischievous, because the most widely spread, form of gambling was that of the State lottery. It flourished here, first at intervals, and then as an annual institution from the year 1569 to the year 1826. The method pursued always presented the same features. The Government announced a lottery of so many tickets, to each of which a prize of about £10 on an average was allotted. Thus, if there were 100,000 shares there would be £1,000,000 given away in prizes. But this amount was divided not into equal £10 shares, but into so many shares, say, of £20,000 each; so many of £15,000 each; so many of £10,000 each, and so on down to £20. Take the scheme of the lottery of 1779. There were 49,000 tickets representing 16,330 prizes and 32,670 blanks. The amount given in prizes was £490,000, distributed as follows:—

2 prizes of	£20,000 each		12 prizes of	£1000 each	
3 ,,	10,000 ,,		30 ,,	500 ,,	
5 ,,	5,000 ,,		100 ,,	100 ,,	
8 ,,	2,000 ,,		220 ,,	50 ,,	

15,820 prizes of £20 each

For the first number drawn for the first eight days £1000 each; and for the last number drawn £1000. The tickets were bought by contractors, lottery-office keepers, who paid the Government from £16 to £20 for each ticket; so that the Government realised £300,000 to £500,000 by the business. Out of their profits, however, had to be paid the officials who carried on the drawing and the conduct of the whole business.

The contractors, for their part, proceeded with the utmost diligence to offer their tickets to the public for what they would fetch. They divided them into whole tickets, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth parts. They issued flaming circulars promising wealth without working for it; they put piles of gold coins in their windows with placards showing that all this could be got for a guinea. In order to prolong and increase the excitement they provided that the drawing should take three weeks, during which the people were worked up into a frantic condition. In order to procure tickets, or even small shares of tickets, servants robbed the houses where they worked; clerks robbed their masters; everybody robbed, pawned, sold what he could to get the money for a ticket. Everybody dreamed perpetually, nay persuaded himself, that he was going to become rich, and planned what he would do when the big prize, that of £20,000, fell to him. The lottery contractors made their profit by selling the tickets at an increased price; that is to say, if they bought a ticket for £16, they would sell it at £20; the half for £11; the quarter for £6, and so on.

In the selection of their numbers the people were guided by the most superstitious and frivolous reasons. The number of the year; the number of the Beast, because the devil certainly took a hand in a lottery; the age of the purchaser; the number suggested in a dream; a number overheard in the street; a number which accidentally caught the eye in a book; anything would do.

The tickets were drawn in public, generally in one of the Companies' halls. A box in the shape of a wheel stood on each side of a table. One contained numbers and the other prizes. A President with Commissioners sat at the table; clerks below entered the names. In the body of the hall and in galleries erected for the purpose sat or stood the people, haggard with anxiety. What prayers—what tears—what wild hopes—what possibilities—hung upon the event when the Bluecoat Boy on the one side put his bare arm into the wheel and drew out a number, and the other Bluecoat Boy on the opposite side put in his hand and drew out a prize, or a blank.

The honour of the Bluecoat Boys who managed the wheel was not always, one finds with sorrow, above suspicion. There is at least one case on record in which a boy betrayed his trust. The account given is somewhat confused. A certain person, clerk to a hop factor, was brought before a magistrate charged with an attempt to defraud a lottery office-keeper. He went to the office and "insured" a certain number six times for the next day's drawing. The keeper of the office grew suspicious, especially when he found the prisoner sure that the number would turn up. He inquired at other offices, and found the same number insured in all. The next day that number turned up. He then went to Christ's Hospital and found the boy who had drawn the tickets the day before. After a little, the boy confessed everything. His evidence was to the effect that some one unknown (not the prisoner) had come to him and asked him whether it was possible to take out two tickets and secrete one? The boy said it could be done, and promised to do it. He therefore next day took out two, held up one and put the other in his pocket. Next day instead of drawing out another he pretended to draw out the ticket secreted, the number of which was known to this other person. He got half a guinea for this job, and repeated it several times. The unknown person absconded, and had not been taken when this account was printed. The prisoner, against whom no connection with the other man was proved, was discharged. He seems to have been extremely lucky. He confessed to insuring the number seventy-nine times; and it is not stated what reason he could assign for this remarkable foresight.

As to the kind of gambling called "insurance" mentioned above, this was a plan discovered by the contractors by which much more excitement could be made out of the lottery. They invented what they called insurance tickets. Thus, the numbers drawn were carefully entered on tables and forms kept at the lottery ticket-offices. People were invited to take tickets on the chance of certain numbers turning up a prize.

There seem to have been various forms of the "insurance" ticket. The following will perhaps explain the methods:—

"Pope and Galley, No. 53 Coleman Street, No. 11 Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Street, London, and No. 15 London Lane, Norwich, respectfully inform the public that they are selling a variety of numbers, tickets, shares, and chances, all which have been regularly stamped at the Bank of England. They have likewise variety of insurance policies from Two guineas to Five shillings, which continue the whole drawing; upon examination they will be found a very beneficial mode of adventuring in the lottery. Schemes of these policies are delivering at their offices, as above, gratis.

A Half-Guinea Policy

If the number of the policy is drawn (during the whole drawing) any of the prizes here undermentioned, the bearer will receive the following premiums, which are stipulated at Fifteen pounds per ticket.

If either of the	2	£20,000	30 whole tickets.
" "	3	10,000	16 "
" "	5	5,000	10 "
" "	8	2,000.	8 "
" "	12	1,000	5 "
" "	30	500	3 "
" "	100	100	2 "
" "	320	50	1 "
If first drawn on either of the first eight days of drawing			1 "
And if the last drawn ticket			5 "

Their Five shilling policies entitle the purchaser to proportional advantages. Any person purchasing a ticket of Pope and Galley, and paying for the same Fifteen pounds ten shillings, if the said ticket should be drawn a blank in the first six days of drawing, they engage to return one undrawn ticket for the said blank. The most equitable insurance yet offered. They continue selling tickets and shares on their plan for ten days as usual. *N.B.*—Tickets and shares legally insured."

" Lottery policies, at Half a guinea, One guinea, Two guineas ; also at Five shillings, and Two and sixpence, which last for the whole time of drawing, are now delivering

by

John Barnes Pearce & Co., at the Office (licensed agreeable to Act of Parliament) No. 19, the corner of Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill; where, during the first six lotteries, the following capital prizes have been sold, viz. : 4 of £200,000, 3 of £100,000, 4 of £5000, 2 of £2000, 6 of £1000, and 20 of £500.

The following prizes are to be gained besides the Twenty Thousand, Ten Thousand, Five Thousand, and every other prize ; by the Two-guinea policies, One-guinea policies, and Half-guinea policies :

2	prizes of	£1400	8	prizes of	£160
5	,,	1000	12	,,	120
3	,,	700	20	,,	100
5	,,	500	135	,,	60
5	,,	300	420	,,	50
10	,,	200			
			625		

By the Policies at Two Guineas

The adventurer has 145 more chances, for prizes of £50 and upwards, than by a whole ticket at £14, exclusive of the chances for the two Twenty Thousands, and every other prize in the lottery.

The Policies at One Guinea

have the same proportion of 145 chances for £25 and upwards, more than a half-ticket, which costs £8.

The Policies at Half a Guinea

have the same 145 chances more than a quarter ticket, which costs £4 : 4s,

N.B.—As there are other policies at half a guinea advertised, it is necessary to observe to the public, that by 16 of those policies, price Eight guineas, they have no more than 1024 prizes above £20, but by 4 of Pearce & Co's policies at Two guineas, 8 policies at One guinea, or 16 policies at half a guinea, 2500 prizes of £50 and upwards may be gained.

By the policy at Five shillings may be gained, if the number should be the same as either of the

2	20,000	£600	12	1000	£40
3	10,000	300	30	500	20
5	5,000	200	100	100	5
8	2,000	100	320	50	2

By the policy at Two shillings and sixpence may be gained half the above benefits.

The public are requested to be particular in their orders for Pearce's Five-shilling chances, as there are others advertised which do not give greater advantages, and last only for a fourth part of the drawing.

Tickets, shares, and chances are now selling in great variety of numbers.

The shares of tickets, chances, and shares of chances sold at this office are, if the last drawn number, entitled to Two thousand pounds instead of One.

Such persons as favour Pearce & Co. with orders for policies, etc., will have them transmitted free of any expense for carriage.

Tickets, shares, chances, and policies registered at the above office at 6d. per number, and examined gratis. Letters post-paid, duly answered. Schemes and proposals, which explain this plan at large, may be had at the office, No. 19 Cornhill.

Pearce & Co. think it unnecessary to say anything in favour of themselves on this occasion; as the punctuality with which they have always paid their policies in the last and former lotteries (the receipts for which to the amount of several thousand pounds may be seen at the office) will, they presume, be the best recommendation."

The following recollections of the lottery in the eighteenth century are taken from the *Place Collection*:—

"Up to the autumn of 1791 every licensed Lottery office-keeper took in insurance, publicly. The number of tickets drawn in each day, was a proportionate number according to the number of days the lottery continued to be drawn, and hence the rate at which insurance might be effected, at any time during the lottery could be calculated with accuracy.

I remember that eightpence used to be paid at the commencement of the Lottery to insure for a guinea, and the sum increased day by day as the number of tickets decreased and chance of winning increased. Books for insurance and inspection were openly kept at every licensed office, and privately at any unlicensed place where insurances were effected. They were large folio books ruled in squares, and the leading numbers such as 100, 1000, etc., printed in columns, the squares of which were filled in as the numbers were drawn. Anybody could inspect these books on paying twopence, and at a glance discover what numbers were drawn and undrawn. It is utterly impossible to describe the mischiefs the practice of insuring occasioned or the extent to which it spread. Hundreds of thousands of people were totally ruined by it both in body and mind. The evils were complicated and enormous, the degradation among the tradesmen and working people was terrible, their demoralisation greater than can be imagined. It was the cause of every vice that could be practised, of every crime that could be committed; it separated families, it severed husband and wife, it carried devastation all over the Metropolis, and ruined all sorts of people in masses.

From the best information that could be collated in 1796, after great pains had been taken to suppress the practice, it appeared that about 2000 agents and clerks were employed and 7500 morocco men. These were persons who went from house to house to take insurances for others, clandestinely, and that besides those there was a considerable number of Ruffians and Bludgeon men employed to protect the unlicensed places.

These practices were at length nearly eradicated by altering the mode of drawing the Lottery; causing all the tickets to be drawn on one day, by which all speculation was at once put an end to. The demoralising cause being removed, the working people received immediate benefit, and this happening at a time when a right impulse having been given to the people, the money which would otherwise have been spent in Lottery Gambling was to a considerable extent applied to good purposes. And this was a great and remarkable change for the better.

From the commencement of the Lottery, or from a few days previous to the drawing of the Lottery, until its conclusion, the Lottery Offices used to be illuminated with variegated lamps, and large pictures or paintings of Fortune, pouring guineas out of a cornucopia into the laps of her votaries, were put inside the shop windows.

Before the Lottery commenced the price for insuring a prize only was sixpence. Twenty guineas used to be spread on a board within the shop windows at the Lottery Offices, with a large printed label,

'All this may be had for Ten Shillings.'

Ten guineas were put in another part of the window,

'All this may, for Five Shillings.'

Within Guildhall, and overlooking the platform on which the numbers were drawn were galleries for people to see the drawing. The admission to them was sixpence each person, and hundreds, after having spent all their money, would "rake hell with a nail" (a common expression at that time) to procure another sixpence to waste the day in idleness in these galleries watching the drawing. Besides those in the galleries, there was always a large mob in the hall.

At some of the offices the people used to assemble in the evening, in hundreds, and contend for admission, by quarrelling and fighting. I have waited for two hours before I could get in on one or two occasions when sent to ascertain if certain numbers were drawn. Some offices had as many as eight or ten clubs, and yet the crowds at their door continued all the evening and until a late hour at night. In the morning there were also numbers of people in and at the doors of the offices. The Lottery commenced drawing at Guildhall precisely at nine o'clock. And at this hour all the offices closed their doors. Those who were shut in were permitted to insure; those who could not get in before the clock struck nine were not admitted. But as the office-keeper was eager to obtain all the customers he could he never closed his door until the last moment.

People with carrier Pigeons used to wait in the hall to obtain the number—as many as a dozen have been flied—generally the Pigeon took a turn or two and went off home, but it sometimes happened that one would alight upon a house, or on some part of the Hall; when this occurred a shouting was set up and stones flew in showers at the Pigeon to start it.

Men on horseback used also to wait the drawing, and then gallop off to their confederates. The numbers drawn any day were sent by express on horseback to Holy Head and thence to Dublin during the drawing here, and *vice versa*, when the Irish lottery was drawing. Yet to such an excess did this sort of gaming go, that the expresses were occasionally beaten and, spite of all the precaution that could be taken, the Lottery office-keepers were cheated. I remember a man who was connected with a gang whose pride and business it was to cheat the Lottery office-keeper. He was the man who had the care of the ring of bells at St. Clement's Church and used to let me up to help ring occasionally. This man used frequently to put back the minute hand of the church clock soon after it had struck eight in the morning. Thus he put it back a minute as soon as it had struck, another minute in a quarter of an hour, and so on, until nine o'clock; it had thus lost three, four, or five minutes just as he thought he could venture to push his imposition without detection. One of his confederates took down the first drawn number and was off with it to a certain spot where another was planted to receive it who, in his turn, ran on to the next, and thus it was conveyed to the offices near the church. It was then put through one of the holes made for the pins which fastened the shutters, to a confederate within, or it was displayed by means of a devise outside, put against a pane of the glass in the shop-front, or at a window on the opposite side of the way. It was then insured, first to come up, then as a blank, if it happened to be a blank, or a prize, if it happened to be a prize. Insurances being taken in all these three ways at a corresponding rate. Much money was, however, seldom obtained in this way, for if a large insurance happened to be offered, the clerks would not take it, after the doors were closed, and thus the sum was limited very generally to five or six guineas.

The office-keeper could not always guard against these frauds because of the competition of his neighbour, who found it his interest to keep his shop open as long as possible, and thus all did the same. The office-keeper cared but little for these frauds, since he knew very well that he should have most or all of the money back again in insurances, the spirit of Gaming seldom leaving those who went much into it while a shilling could be raised by any possible means fair or foul.

An old Tradesman tells me that he has been in a lottery office with a large number of others, and in the evening when all their money being gone and none of them being able to raise the three or four shillings to insure for a guinea when the price had been raised to that sum, he has pulled off his waistcoat and buttoned up his coat; that other men did the same, that women would pull off their petticoats and even their stockings to make a lot for the pawnbroker to raise money, which of course was clubbed for the purpose of insuring. That he knew several women in his neighbourhood, the wives of respectable people, themselves hitherto respectable also, mothers of families, whose infatuation was so great that when all their money was gone would prostitute themselves, rather than leave off insuring. He says a neighbour's wife, a woman about thirty-five years of age, for whom he had a strong liking, but had never dared to make any advance, took five shillings of him, to cuckold her husband, crying at the very time she consented, and saying she could not help it.

Insurance in the Lottery was alone sufficient to demoralise and brutalise the people, to make them vicious, base, and degraded more than all the other evils with which society is afflicted put together.

It is possible if not probable, that the crimes Lottery caused, indirectly as well as directly, were as numerous as perhaps two-thirds of all the crimes committed now, taken *pro rata* with the population."

Lottery stories, like gambling stories, abound, and have been told over and over again. Perhaps the most pleasant story is that of the lady who obtained the prayers of the congregation for her enterprise—meaning her lottery number.

The last State lottery was drawn on the 8th of October 1826, in Coopers' Hall, Basinghall Street. The lottery office-keepers were unable to dispose of all their tickets; the time of the lottery had gone by; but the Government lost a quarter of a million a year by the abolition.

CHAPTER XI

FAIRS

THE London Fairs were both numerous and important. The most ancient date from a time when certain commodities could be brought to the fair, and exposed for sale, which could not be brought there at any other time. Thus at the great fairs of Winchester, Chester, Stourbridge, and other country fairs the merchants from London and elsewhere brought goods which the people could not buy at any other time, because there were no shops at which everything could be got all the year round. Thus at Winchester, every year, the whole country-side gathered together to welcome the merchants who flocked thither from all quarters. The booths or stalls were ranged in streets; the trade of the city was suspended; the government of the city passed into the hands of the Bishop, and for a fortnight the fair was carried on.

The fairs of London did not generally last so long, nor were they important, for the simple reason that they were not so much wanted. Thus the Fair of St. Bartholomew. This fair was proclaimed, that is, opened, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and it continued for two days after. The fair itself was to be held within the precincts of the Priory, to which the tolls had been given, and it was a cloth fair.

The whole reason for holding the fair at all was the sale of cloth. When the fair was first instituted the manufacture of cloth, except of a very coarse and common kind, was not carried on in this country. The people wore a cloth of warm make, but it was not the fine cloth manufactured by the "drapiers" of Bruges, Ghent, and Ypres. That was brought over in the fine summer weather in time for the fairs of England—for St. Bartholomew's in August; St. Giles's, Winchester, in September; for Stourbridge also in September. The fair was then a perfectly serious commercial institution; the cloth merchants exhibited their wares within the precincts of the Priory; at night the gates were closed; the Prior received the tolls. But outside the Priory, in the open space of West Smithfield, where the horse races were held and criminals were hanged, among the ponds and elms of that open area, another fair grew up; a fair at first tolerated and then compelled to pay tolls to the

City; a fair where whole streets of booths exhibited things of every kind for sale; a fair at which amusements, shows, feats of skill and cunning, dancing, singing, mumming, music, feasting, gambling, and drinking went on all day and all night during the three days of the fair. When the English cloth began to be as good as the Flemish that reason for its existence was gone, because good cloth could be purchased all the year round. It then became a place, so far as the trading part was concerned, at which lace, gold and silver things, jewellery, and fineries of every kind were exposed for sale. People of fashion, however, came less often to the fair, and the better sort of trade disappeared. Thus the booths contained toys, walking sticks, buckles and buttons, hosiery, second-hand clothes, gingerbread, and things to eat and drink. These are the stages of a fair:—First, its staple; next, its general trade; thirdly, its appeal to children and the lower class. All this time its shows and amusements are growing more and more the principal object of the fair.

Many names are associated with Bartholomew Fair. It was on the opening day of the fair, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, that the merchants and the mummers witnessed a sight at the hearing of which the ears tingle and the cheek grows hot, even after all these years; for on that August day was William Wallace dragged on his back by the tails of horses to the elms at Smithfield. There, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, to whom the renowned Scottish knight was a monster, he was taken from the horses and hanged upon the gallows, to be cut down while still living and disembowelled before the whole people. Was there any who had pity on him? Not one, I think. The people had been told terrible things of his cruelties. They looked on, and they applauded. And as soon as the show was over, they turned to their other shows, and to the guitar and the singing-woman.

Morley, in his history of Bartholomew Fair, says that the business of the fair did not begin till the Mayor had read the proclamation. My own recollection of a similar custom in another town is, that when the Mayor had placed a white glove on a pole before the Guildhall, the fair technically began; but it really began on the morning of the first day, and that this was the case with the Smithfield Fair I feel sure.

By time-honoured custom wrestling for prizes was held on St. Bartholomew's Day; on the day following there was shooting.

Ben Jonson's name is for ever connected with the fair. In his immortal play we can learn the kind of trade, the amusements, the trading folk, the visitors, the show folk, the magistrates of the Pie Powder Court, and all the humours of the fair. There were hobby-horses, gingerbread, ballads, mouse-traps, purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes, singing birds, toys, dogs, velvet caps, tobacco, trinkets, and so on. And all the shows and the feastings off roast pig, and the villainies and the cut-purses and the fools—are they not written in Ben Jonson's play?

It seems surprising that Cromwell did not suppress the fair; the theatre, indeed, was suppressed, but not the fair, nor the other shows. It was impossible, in fact, to suppress the merriment and joyousness of youth. The prohibition of the theatre was evaded in many ways. One Robert Cox, for instance, wrote "drolls" which were acted under the name of rope-dancing; yet actors were liable to be publicly whipped and their audience to be fined five shillings apiece. The general feeling of the country was in their favour; Lady Holland was not the only person of condition who secretly harboured actors.

There were wonders and wild beasts exhibited at the fair: a camel in 1650; a girl without any bones in 1667,—this was at the sign of the Shoe and Slap; the dancing mare; the child born back to back with a live bear; the quack and the mountebank; the giant and the dwarf; the double girl; the man with one head and two bodies; the man whose body was only 21 inches high, but his arms of the ordinary length; the grimacing Spaniard; the fairy, a hundred and fifty years of age; the hermaphrodite; the German woman without hands or feet; the transparent child; the child with three legs.

It was not to be expected that the facetious Ned Ward would neglect the opportunity presented by the fair for his lively pen. He describes the place in 1699. There are the actors in their tinsel and finery strutting about on the platform outside the theatres; the merry-andrew with his unclean jests; the rabble looking on; the rope-dancers in their booth, where the women stood on their heads and the girls on the rope doffed their petticoats; the booth where they played a droll called the "Devil of a Wife," but so clumsily that the writer amused himself by guessing their daily trades. "I fancied, while they were playing, that I heard some of 'em crying *Flay Brooms*, some *Knives to Grind*, and others *Chimney Sweep;* while their ladies were making up concert with *Buy my Cucumbers to Pickle*, and *Here's your rare Holland Socks, four pair for a Shilling*." They think of getting some roast pig, but the dirt and stench of the cook-shops drive them out; they repair to a theatre and see Doggett in a play about Friar Balm and the Devil; they visit a waxwork show and a music booth; they notice the merry-go-rounds, called by them whirligigs; they see puppet shows; they go into raffling shops; and they find out a gambling den.

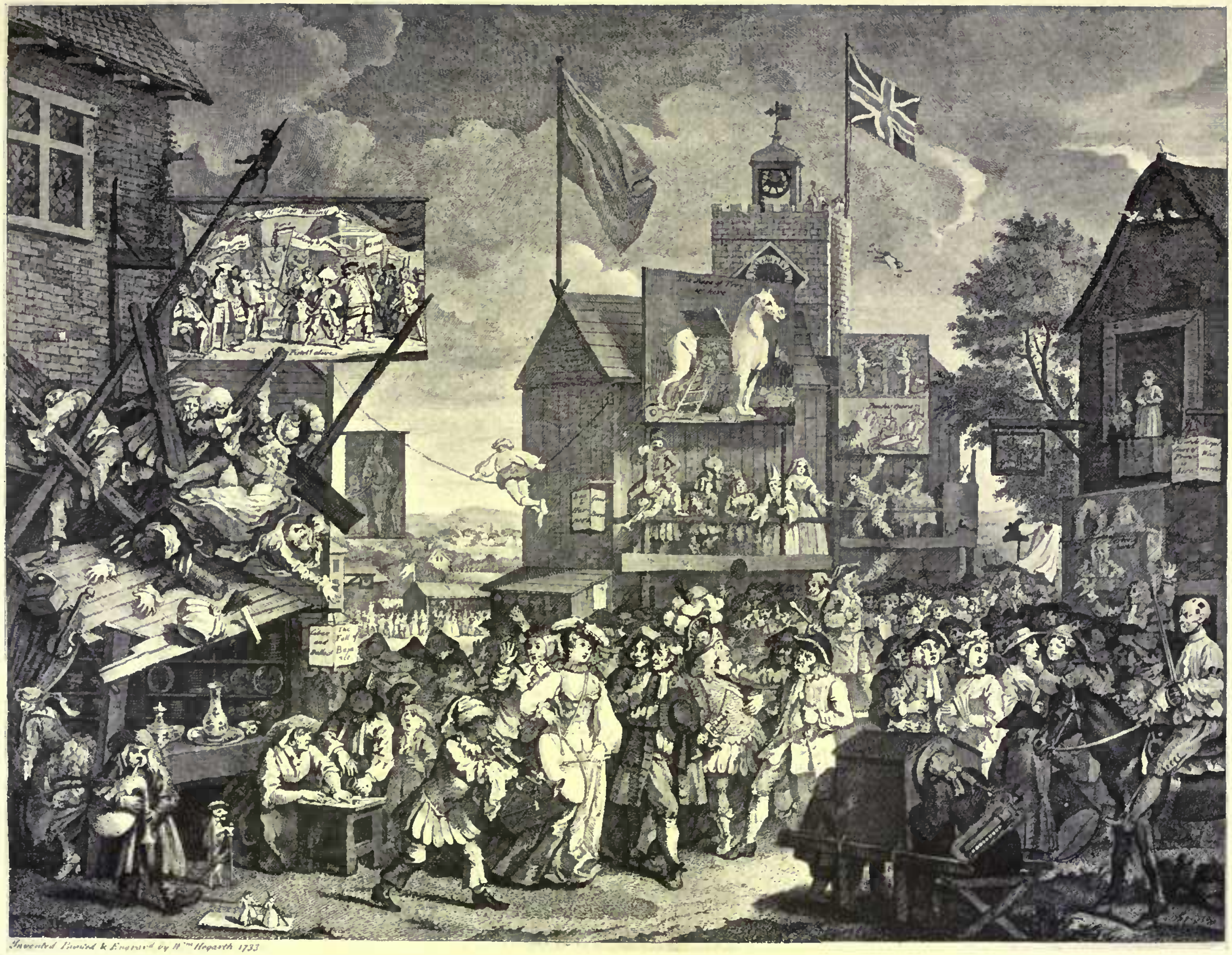
The following is a picture, in tolerably bad verse, of Bartholomew's Fair in 1762. It was written by George Alexander Stevens:—

"Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shrieking
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls squeaking,
'Come, my rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware,'
Though all was not sound sold at Bartholomew Fair.
There was drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and showing of postures,
With frying black-puddings, and opening of oysters;

> Wih salt-boxes, solo's, and gallery folks squawling;
> The tap-house guests roaring, and mouth-pieces bawling;
> Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
> Bawds, baillies, jilts, jockeys, thieves, tumblers, and taylors;
> Here's Punch's whole play of the Gunpowder Plot,
> Wild beasts all alive, and pease-pudding all hot,
> Fine sausages fried, and the black on the wire;
> The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire;
> Here's the up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chair?
> Tho' there's more up-and-downs than at Bartelmew Fair.
> Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
> The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;
> Here's the merry-go-rounds, 'Come, who rides; come, who rides, Sir?
> Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides, sir,
> The fam'd learned dog, that can tell all his letters;
> And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters."

In the Rowlandson-Pugin series of pictures is one of Bartholomew Fair, published by Ackerman in 1808. The time is evening; the moon is struggling through the clouds; the tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Great is visible on the right beyond the Hospital, of which a small part only is shown; the fair is lit up by a blaze of light from the shows. Of these the most important is Richardson's Theatre. Three or four of the actors are strutting about on the platform and the people are streaming up the steps. The theatre is decorated outside with green and pink hangings and yellow columns striped with red. Behind it is another show of a smaller kind, probably exhibiting contortionists and tight-rope dancers, one of whom is standing on his head to give the people a taste of the wonders within. Then follows another theatre of humbler pretensions; the whole company apparently are exhibiting themselves outside. Lastly, there is a wild beast show with the usual pictures outside. The front of the picture is an animated scene filled with hundreds of figures. There is the merry-go-round propelled by men, not by steam, and furnished with sedan-chairs for the ladies as well as hobby-horses for the men; there is the woman with the roulette table; there is the woman frying sausages; there is the apple-woman with her barrow; there is the woman with her pack-ass laden with fruit; the ballad singer; the milk woman; the oyster woman. Here are the swings; here there is a fight; here there is the fellow with his arms round the girl; here the fiddler with his dancers; here—one knows not why—march two soldiers playing fife and drum followed by an officer with a drawn sword. The picture is full of life, movement, and noise. The artist has omitted the drink, of which there was plenty, and he has omitted the lines of booths and stalls.

After the Restoration the fair was extended from three to fourteen days. In 1708 it was again reduced to three days. In 1769 the Mayor endeavoured to keep some order by appointing 72 special constables; he also prohibited the performance of plays and stopped the gambling tables. The most lawless acts of violence, robbery, and even murder continued at the fair. It is sometimes stated that the fair gradually dwindled away to nothing. The dwindling had not begun in 1828,



Invented Painted & Engrav'd by Wm Hogarth 1733

SOUTHWARK FAIR

From the engraving by Hogarth.

when the receipts of the various shows prove that a very large sum of money—£4855—was spent in sixpenny and threepenny admission fees for the shows alone, of which there are enumerated sixteen.

The theatrical history of the fair is curious, but I cannot find space for it here. The Drury Lane Company always sent a detachment to perform at the fair. Penkethman, the popular comedian, played at the fair, where he had his own booth. Doggett, when manager of Drury Lane, had his booth at the fair. Elkanah Settle wrote for the fair. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Yates, and Shuter were among the actors at the fair. Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was played at the fair. Henry Fielding is said by Morley to have been the proprietor or joint manager of a theatrical booth for nine years. It is strange that this generally careful historian did not remember there might be more than one Fielding living at any time. He confuses Henry Fielding the novelist, dramatist, and magistrate with one Timothy Fielding, an actor.

The fair lasted in full swing through the eighteenth century: it became, however, an intolerable nuisance: in 1798 it was proposed to abolish it. For thirty years longer it continued. Then the Corporation took strong measures. They doubled the rent of the ground. Then the shows disappeared. The fair dragged on with a few merry-go-rounds and two or three ginger-bread stalls. In 1855 it was proclaimed for the last time.

The other fairs of London of less importance may be passed over with a few words for each.

The fair of Westminster was founded, in the year 1248, by Henry III., with the suicidal intention of damaging the City of London and setting up a rival to her trade.

The citizens redeemed their liberty of trade for £2000. The fair, however, continued: first in St. Margaret's Churchyard, and afterwards in Tothill Fields.

St. Katherine's Hospital had also the right of holding a fair every year. This is commonly called the Tower Hill Fair; but it was held outside the walls, "opposite to the Abbey of Graces," or Eastminster.

In the year 1462 Edward IV. granted a charter for the holding of a fair in Southwark on the 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September. This fair, next in importance to Bartholomew Fair, was called the Lady Fair. Hogarth's picture seems to tell us all that need be told about the fair. To be sure he presents the more cheerful side of a fair: that the stage gives way and the unfortunate actors are thrown sprawling is meant as a comic episode. Beneath the stage is a drinking crib; a brazen-faced and handsome damsel beats the drum and bawls the name of the piece they are to act; a couple of country lads gaze stupidly into her face; here is a man with a peep-show; here is a waxwork show; here another theatre; here is the master of fence; here is the flying man. But this is by daylight. At night there was another scene, which even Hogarth did not venture to paint. It was abolished in 1762 by an order of the Court of Common Council.

A fair, the memory of which has almost perished, was held on the site which afterwards became St. James's Market. That too is now gone. The centre of the fair, however, was that ground now occupied by St. Philip's Church, Waterloo Place.

The fair was granted to the Leper Hospital of St. James, which preceded St. James's Palace, in the year 1290, to be kept on St. James's Day, the 25th of July—at first for six days, but afterwards for fifteen days. All the London fairs became the haunt of every form of vice and villainy; but, for some reason unknown, that of St. James's surpassed the rest. It was suppressed by Parliament in 1651; it was restored in 1660. In 1661 it is recorded that the fair was held for the usual time, but that "many lewd and infamous persons" were taken and committed to the House of Correction. In 1664 it was suppressed, but revived again, and again suppressed.

May Fair was held every year in the month of May. I do not find any mention of a charter or foundation of the fair. It seems to have originated in the sport of May Day in the fields called Brookfields, through which ran the Tyburn stream. The Fair lasted sixteen days: the first three days were days of serious trade, namely, in cattle and leather; the rest of the time was devoted to amusements, with the lines of booths, the theatres, and the shows, which in disgust were transferred to Smithfield. There were continual complaints of disorderly behaviour at the fair. It was abolished in the year 1708 in consequence of a Grand Jury presentment:—

"That, being sensible of their duty, to make presentment of such matters and things that were public enormities and inconveniences, and being encouraged by the example of the worthy magistracy of the City of London in their late proceedings against Bartholomew Fair, did present, as a public nuisance and inconvenience, the yearly riotous and tumultuous assembly in a place called Brookfield, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, called May Fair. In which place many loose, idle, and disorderly persons did rendezvous, draw, and allure young persons, servants, and others to meet there to game and commit lewdness," etc.

It was revived a few years later, and continued till the year 1760, when it was finally abolished.

There remain the fairs of the suburbs within our limits. There were fairs at Stepney, Greenwich, Charlton, Camberwell, and Peckham. The fair of Stepney was of late date: it was granted by Charles II. in 1664. Greenwich Fair was of ancient origin. It was celebrated on Whit Monday; and as that day is the greatest holiday of the year to Londoners, Greenwich Fair was always a place of resort. It possessed the double attraction of a fair with the usual accompaniments, and a park with a hill down which the young people used to run hand in hand screaming. The dancing-booths of Greenwich were more famous than the theatres. I remember visiting Greenwich Fair as a boy, but I do not remember at the fair Richardson's

Theatre, of which I have a distinct remembrance at Portsdown and Portsmouth Fairs. The noise and disorders of the place caused its suppression.

Horn Fair, Charlton, has also been suppressed, I suppose, from a similar cause. It was held on the 18th of October, St. Luke's Day. Everybody who went there carried a horn, not knowing in the least why. The reason was that in pictures representing St. Luke a horned ox's head was always placed at the corner. Camberwell Fair was held from the 9th to the 30th of August; and Peckham followed, I think, with a fair of a week.

It will now be seen that the London citizen, from the thirteenth to the nineteeth century, had many opportunities of spending his time and his money in the riot and debauchery of the fair. Thus, on the first fortnight in May, he would begin the season with May Fair. On Whit Monday, there was Greenwich. At the end of July there was St. James's for three weeks. Early in August, Camberwell Green invited his assistance; on the 23rd there began the three delirious days of Bartholomew; then came distant Peckham; the Lady Fair was held on the 7th, 8th and the 9th of September; Tothill Fair began on the 13th of October and lasted three weeks; and Horn Fair joyously closed the season. I have not counted Stepney, because it was never a great fair; nor Croydon nor Barnet, which are outside our limits. Nor have I included "Gooseberry Fair"—the row of booths and shows and theatres which were allowed to stand along Tottenham Court Road before it was built upon. There were no fewer than eighty-two days between the beginning of May and the end of October which might be spent at fairs.

CRIME, POLICE, JUSTICE, DEBTORS' PRISONS

CHAPTER I

THE MOB

In the eighteenth century the power and the unruly condition of the London mob, which had been steadily increasing with the population and extent of the City, became absolutely intolerable. Yet an efficient police was not established till well on in the next century. I will here consider some of the stories of violence and turbulence connected with the rule of the mob, whenever, which was not seldom, the mob for a while got its own way.

As regards the alleged villainies of "Mohocks and Hawkabites," they did not belong to the mob, but to the better (!) class. Besides, these acts were altogether due to imagination and to terror: no one, in spite of large rewards offered, was ever produced who could show a nose flattened or slit, or the bare place where the ears once had been. Yet what was the condition of the town when such things were readily believed? The disorders, however, which really occurred were sufficiently serious, one would think, to keep the friends of order in constant alarm. For instance, upon the accession of George I., the mob, for some reason or other, presumably because the king could make no pretence at all to be an Englishman or to speak English—yet how did they know that?—and perhaps because all foreigners alike in the eyes of the Londoner were despicable creatures, chose to take every opportunity—as the birthdays, accession days, coronation days, and so forth, while their betters were going off to hear services and to attend banquets—to insult, deride, and revile His Majesty. When this had been going on for some time, and showed no prospect of abatement, some of the citizens, friends of the Government, formed themselves into a very remarkable association; for they repaired every night to certain "mug-houses," where nothing but ale was called for, and there they drank, sang, and listened to the tuneful notes of a harp, prepared at a moment's notice to go out and meet the mob. When the mob, in fact, became disorderly in the streets, these valiant sons of harmony sallied forth to fight them. For the better success of the sally, every mug-house was provided with good stout cudgels, and plenty of them. With the help of these cudgels, they generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd.

It must be understood, however, that the mob carried cudgels as well. No Londoner likes to put up tamely with a broken head, and bruises in other parts, not to speak of defeat. The army of disorder, therefore, although routed, resolved on revenge: they came out one fine evening in July, many thousands strong, armed with their cudgels, and they attacked one of the mug-houses—that in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. The landlord, defending his premises, killed one of them. However, they got into the house, and wrecked it completely before assistance came. In the fight which ensued, many of the rioters were taken prisoners before the rest fled. Five of the prisoners were tried, condemned, and executed. To make the execution more effective, it was carried out in Fleet Street itself, opposite the house which they had attacked. The historian goes on to say that this hanging stopped the tumults in the streets. For my own part, considering how little the Tyburn hangings were able to effect towards the repression of crime, I like to think that the cudgels of the gentle mug-house associates played a greater part than Mr. Ketch's rope in discouraging the rabble from seditious displays in the open street.

Even when the constables had got their prisoner, they were not always able to keep him. Thus, take the remarkable case of James Buchanan. He was a sailor, one of the crew of the *Royal Guardian*, East Indiaman. While that vessel lay in the Canton River, in the East Indies, James Buchanan had the misfortune to murder—one knows not how or why—the fourth mate, Mr. Smith. Instead of trying him and hanging him on the spot, they laid him in irons and brought him home, and so, after a long voyage, he was brought before a magistrate, who committed him for trial and clapped him into Newgate. In due time he was tried, and, being found guilty, was condemned to be hanged at Execution Dock, Wapping, and his body to remain while three tides flowed over it, after which, being properly painted over with pitch, it was to adorn the Isle of Dogs. On the 20th day of December, therefore, he was conducted in the cart from Newgate to the place of execution, and having arrived there, he duly ascended the ladder and was turned off. But he had not been hanging more than five minutes—five and twenty was generally allowed for a sufficient hanging—when a gang of sailors "rushed" the gallows, cut down the convict, and carried him off down the river. James Buchanan escaped, it was said, and found a shelter in France. I doubt very much whether the hospitality of France was extended to James the half hanged. Rather I should have looked for him in the slums of Gosport or Bristol.

Another riot of sailors proves not only that the City was villainously policed, but that the spirit of the citizens, after the mug-house associations, fell shamefully into decay. Formerly, the cry of "'Prentices" would, in a few moments, bring a crowd of young fellows upon the scene, armed with clubs. We have seen how the citizens in the mug-house riots assembled and dispersed the mob. In the case before us, which occurred later in the century, neither the citizens themselves, nor the constables, nor the 'prentices, interfered. Perhaps, however, this was because the riot happened outside the City.

The riot took place in the Strand, within easy reach of whatever force either the City or Westminster had at its disposal. Two sailors, thinking themselves ill-used at a certain disorderly house in the Strand, called the Crown, near the "new church," *i.e.* St. Mary le Strand, went off vowing revenge. They presently returned with a party of their fellows, all armed, who proceeded to wreck the house: they smashed the furniture, cut the feather-beds to pieces, tore up all the wearing apparel, turned the women who belonged to the house stark naked into the streets, and broke all the windows. All this work takes time. Destruction, if it is sailor-like and thorough, requires some order and method. One would think that the alarm might have been given. It was, but too late. After an interval, which allowed the sailors to make a praiseworthy and thorough job of it, a company of Guards arrived at last upon the spot. They were sent from the Tilt Yard, Whitehall, but when they arrived the mischief was done. The Strand, to be sure, is outside the City; yet surely there were constables at Westminster. The next night the rioters came again and destroyed another house in the Strand; the third night they attacked a house in the Old Bailey. We thus find three houses on three successive nights attacked by the same band of rioters and no attempt made to stop them. On the fourth night, it is true, troops were sent to patrol the streets. But where were the constables on the three nights before? And why were not the young citizens of Westminster to the front like the mug-house associations?

The necessary sequel to this riot—a hanging—was marked by one of those admirable instances of courage and self-possession on the part of a city dignitary, of which the annals of London preserve so many. Among a batch of fifteen prisoners ordered for execution shortly after the riot, was a young man named Bosavern Penlez, one of those apprehended in the Strand. A great number of sailors assembled tumultuously at the gallows waiting for the carts containing the criminals and resolved upon rescuing Penlez. In order to defeat this object a company of Foot Guards were placed at Holborn Bars as escort. But on arriving at the Bars, Mr. Janssen, who was on horseback, dismissed the soldiers, stating that he had provided a sufficient body of constables, and conducted the malefactors to the place of execution, surrounded, as it was, by the sailors. The courage and determination of the sheriff and the presence of his constables—it is not stated how they were armed—damped the ardour of these rebels; they received from the sheriff a promise that their friend's body should not be handed over to the surgeons, and they drew off making no further opposition to the execution. One applauds the sheriff, but feels sorry for the disappointment of Bosavern Penlez.

A story which belongs to a few years later shows plainly enough that, though energetic action might restore for a time, there was no efficient means of maintaining order permanently. Thus the suppression of the mug-house riots was followed for a time by quiet in the streets; gradually, however, the rogues and thieves, looking abroad, and seeing no one about to keep order, came out and began to make their presence and their mode of life felt by the bourgeois. Not only in the City, but also at Westminster, street robberies began to abound. But nothing was done until a certain person—*innominatus*—doomed to obscurity—confessed, while lying under sentence of death, that he had been one of a gang who intended to rob the Queen on her way after supper from the City to St. James's. They would set upon her in St. Paul's Churchyard, where there was room for operating, and where there were lanes in all directions convenient for flight. Unfortunately they were so busy in robbing Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Alderman, while he was returning from the House of Commons in his coach, that they were too late for Her Majesty. One regrets the failure of this scheme which, had it been carried out, would have been a picturesque adventure and one worthy of the attention of Harrison Ainsworth. Very strong representations were made by Lord Townshend to the Mayor upon the condition of the City, with the result that many poor rogues, probably no worse than their neighbours, were carried out to be hanged, and that the streets were again cleared of them for a short time.

The riots which belonged to elections may be passed over here; the word election in the last century meant one continual riot from the beginning to the end. Of street fights, of fighting among men of the same trade, of street quarrels, it is only necessary to say that every day and all day long there were fights. The journeyman of every trade, the fellowship porter, the stevedore, the carter, the waggoner, the driver, the sailor, the waterman, went out every morning with the knowledge or the confident expectation that he would be probably involved in a fight with some one before he got home again. Nor was the fighting confined to the lower classes: gentlemen carried into the streets a stout walking-stick, which was found far more useful than a sword; the younger men of all classes were ready with their fists. It was sometimes necessary to correct, in a summary fashion, the bully who shoved the man he met into the road, and took the wall of everybody; it was better to treat the pickpocket and the footpad with a heavy cudgelling and perhaps a ducking under the pump than to send him to prison. In every crowded thoroughfare there were all day long the hasty quarrel, the oaths and blasphemies of disputants, the fight in the ring promptly formed, either with fists or with cudgels, the blocking of the street till the ordeal by battle had been decided.

The rioters were not always of the lower class. Drury Lane once experienced a very disagreeable reminder that the player folk are always, and in an especial manner, regarded as the servants of the public, who will brook no breaking of contracts and promises. On this occasion two of the principal dancers announced for the performance did not appear. Thereupon the boxes and the pit—not the gallery apparently—rose in wrath. They pulled up the seats and the flooring; they tore down the hangings; they broke down the partitions; they smashed the glasses and the sconces; they destroyed the instruments in the orchestra; they cut the curtains to pieces; and they broke into the Green Room and wrecked that.

Some of the outbursts were trade riots, in which we recognise the survival of the old corporate spirit among craftsmen, and the first faint glimmerings of the modern trade unionism. Thus in the year 1739 the silk weavers of Spitalfields assembled before the house of a certain master-weaver suspected of entering into a combination with other masters to make the men wind their silk without extra pay. They marked their sense of this intention by wrecking the house. The riot was so threatening that the Mayor called out the Guards from the Tower. Why could not the constables with the help of the young men suppress that riot? But the Guards came, the Riot Act was read, the crowd did not disperse; therefore the soldiers charged them, and arrested a great many, who were brought before the magistrates. It is not stated that any were killed in this affair, but the soldiers suffered from the tiles and bricks that were hurled upon them from the roofs of the houses. We hear of the weavers again, in the year 1764, when many thousands of them were assembled in Moorfields and very peaceably marched to Westminster.

Having presented their petition the weavers went home and sat down to await its effect. As nothing seemed to come of it, they tried to get at the King. A number of journeymen weavers, accompanied by their wives and children, marched with a black flag to St. James's. They found that the King had gone to Richmond. Many of them, therefore, went on to Richmond, when one of the lords-in-waiting told them that His Majesty would do all in his power for them.

Again the weavers gave trouble. It was two years later. They were divided into engine weavers and narrow weavers. The latter found their earnings rapidly becoming less in consequence of the quantity which the engine weavers could put upon the market—some six times as much as the others. The riot, in fact, was exactly like those that occurred in the North of England later on when steam was introduced into the factory. The narrow weavers anticipated the action of their grandchildren by attempting to destroy all the engines. They assembled on Saffron Hill with blunderbusses, swords, and pistols. Happily, however, the Lord Mayor proved equal to the emergency and the rioters were dispersed.

The pageants or processions with which the mob were accustomed to proclaim their sentiments belong especially to the eighteenth century. When Lord Bute was in power they carried a jack-boot through the streets and burned it on a bonfire. When the mob were more than usually Protestant they carried the Pope through the streets with a Devil, a Jesuit or two, and a few priests, and threw them all upon a bonfire.

On the 12th of February 1769 a cavalcade of merchants and tradesmen of the

City of London, in coaches, on their way to St. James's with a loyal address, was interrupted by a desperate mob on passing through the City, who insulted, pelted, and maltreated the principal conductors; so that several coaches were obliged to withdraw, some to turn back, others to proceed by by-ways, and those who arrived at St. James's were so bedaubed with dirt, and shattered, that both masters and drivers had been in the utmost terror for their lives.

The rioters carried their outrages within the Palace gates. Lord Talbot on this occasion behaved with unparalleled intrepidity, and though he had his staff of office broken in his hand, he secured two of the most active among the rioters when deserted by his own servants. His example animated the military, who, without employing either guns or bayonets to destroy the deluded populace, secured fifteen of them, to be dealt with according to law. Mr. Boehm, to whom the address was entrusted, was so severely handled that he was obliged to quit his coach and take shelter in Nando's Coffee-house. His coach was rifled, but the address escaped; it was, however, with some difficulty recovered by the addressers, which occasioned a disagreeable delay at St. James's, where those who had arrived in safety remained in the greatest anxiety.

In April 1771 the mob marched through the streets with two carts and a hearse. In the first cart were four fellows got up to represent certain unpopular characters. When they got to Tower Hill, they pretended to cut off the head of one and put the body in the hearse. The second cart contained stuffed figures, which, after they had been beheaded, were thrown upon a bonfire. The whole ceremony was conducted with bawling and shouting and rough music and a good deal of fighting.

The same procession was repeated a few days later. In this case, however, there was a gallows and a hangman, and three figures cut in pasteboard hanging. Men in the crowd bawled their last dying speech and confession, and one man being observed in the act of taking down their names, which were written on the back of the figures, was seized as a spy and ducked in the Tower ditch till he was nearly dead.

In 1768 a halfpenny loaf adorned with mourning crape was nailed up at the Royal Exchange as a reflection on the high price of bread and other provisions.

On the 12th of February 1779 the news reached London that Admiral Keppel had been acquitted by court-martial of the charges brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser. The cause of Admiral Keppel had been warmly espoused by the London mob, in consequence of which there were great demonstrations. All the windows in the principal streets of London and Westminster were illuminated; the bells of several churches were rung; guns were fired; the mob broke open Sir Hugh Palliser's house, smashed all the windows and destroyed the furniture; they did the same thing for Lord George Germaine's house; they broke the windows at the Admiralty, where they made a bonfire of the sedan chairs standing in the street, and they attacked the houses of Lord North and Captain Hood. They also carried about an effigy of Sir Hugh Palliser, suspended by the neck, which they afterwards burned.

The hat dyers of Southwark having begun a strike, found that one of their fraternity was breaking the rules by taking too little pay for working over hours. They accordingly rode him on a donkey through the Borough, where hatters were employed, and also through some streets in the City, with a troop of boys playing "rough music" with shovels. They carried a placard on a pole before the culprit denoting his offence, and on the way they made all journeymen hatters swear to obey the strike.

Here are further notes on the turbulence and riot of the mob during this century. Thus, in 1760 (not to follow any chronological order), it became for a time the favourite amusement of the mob to collect on Ludgate Hill and there to pretend to be fighting with each other. This gave them an opportunity of assaulting all the passengers, not with the view of robbery, but simply from their love of banging and beating.

The following is a specimen of mob justice. Let us acknowledge that the mob could be just in a rough sort of way. Two women whose character was, if one may so put it, beyond any reasonable doubt, and below any chance of suspicion, met a gentleman staggering about the streets very drunk indeed; they therefore bore down upon him, greeted him in a friendly way, even lovingly, took him by the arm tenderly, one on either side, and so began to lead him away to their own lodging, where the poor dear gentleman would be able to sleep off the effects of his wine. Sometimes, as I have said, the London mob could assume the character of virtue. They did so on this occasion: they rose in their majesty; they asked each other if this good gentleman should be openly taken to a house where he would most certainly be robbed; they therefore forcibly rescued the gentleman and carried off the women to the Chequers Inn hard by. In the yard of that inn there was a horsepond; in this they ducked the women. Now it must be disagreeable to be ducked even in a fresh and running stream, but to be ducked in the horsepond of an inn-yard must be more than disagreeable. However, while the ladies were enjoying themselves in the horsepond, a journeyman cutler, unfortunately for himself passed by. He virtuously joined in the demonstration, and began to lend active assistance to those who were conducting the punishment. Now, whether from some tender handling of the patients by the new-comer, or from some other cause, the mob, quite without grounds, assumed that the cutler was their bully or protector and was trying to let them go. So they ducked him as well as the two culprits. Then came along, still more unfortunately, the journeyman cutler's wife, and she made so extraordinary a clamour over their ungentle treatment of her husband that they ducked her as well.

Consider, next, the riots with which Wilkes's first return for Middlesex was welcomed.

He surrendered himself (see also p. 24); he was committed to the King's Bench Prison; the mob seized his carriage, took out the horses, turned out the two tipstaves who were in the carriage with Wilkes, and drew the carriage all the way from Westminster Hall through the City to Spitalfields, where Wilkes prevailed upon them to retire; he then drove to Southwark and surrendered. Next day an immense crowd surrounded the King's Bench Prison; they tore up the wooden palings round it and made a bonfire; and they made the people of the Borough, under threats of wrecking their houses, illuminate the windows. This was on the 27th of April. On the 10th of May there was another and a far worse riot:—

> "A great body of people assembled about the King's Bench Prison, in expectation that Mr. Wilkes was to go from thence to the Parliament House (it being the first day of opening the new Parliament), and designing to convey him thither. They demanded him at the prison, and grew very tumultuous; whereupon the Riot Act was begun to be read, but the populace threw stones and brick-bats while it was reading, when William Allen, son of Mr. Allen, master of the Horse-shoe Inn, in Blackman Street, Southwark, being singled out, was pursued by the soldiers, and shot dead on the spot. Soon after this, the crowd increasing, an additional number of the Guards was sent for, who marched thither, and also a party of Horse Grenadiers; when, the riot continuing, the mob was fired upon by the soldiers, and five were killed on the spot and about fifteen wounded. Two women were among the wounded, one of whom afterwards died in St. Thomas's Hospital. The next day an inquisition was taken by the coroner for Surrey on the body of the above William Allen, when a verdict was given by the jury that Donald Maclane was guilty of wilful murder, and Donald Maclaury, and Alexander Murray, the commanding officer, were aiding and abetting therein. This inquest was held at the house of Mr. Allen; and it appeared on the examination that the deceased was only a spectator, and on seeing some persons run, he ran also, but was unhappily mistaken, and followed by the soldiers five hundred yards, into a cow-house, where he was shot. Donald Maclane was committed to prison for the murder, but his associates were admitted to bail. Two inquisitions were afterwards taken in the borough on persons killed by the soldiers in quelling the above riot: one on the body of Mary Jeffs, who having a basket of oranges to sell, was shot dead in removing them; the other on William Bridgeman, who was shot on the top of a hay cart as he was looking at the fray at a distance; on both these inquisitions the jury brought in their verdict, chance medley. It appeared by the evidence that on the justices taking down a paper that had been fixed against a wall of the prison, the mob grew riotous, and cried out 'Give us the paper'; which the justices not regarding, stones began to be thrown, and the cry 'Give us the paper' grew louder; the drums beat to arms; the proclamation was read; the justices were pelted who read it; great pains were taken to persuade the people to disperse; the Horse Guards were sent for, and it was not till the last extremity that the soldiers received orders to fire. Maclane was afterwards tried at the Surrey assizes held at Guildford, and acquitted.
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> The next day the mob assembled before the house of Edward Russel, Esq., distiller, in the borough, broke open the door, staved some casks of liquor, drank it immoderately, and began pulling down the house; but the military interposing, some of the most intoxicated were seized, and the rest made their escape. At the same time the front of the house of Richard Capel, Esq., in Bermondsey, was demolished, and Mr. Capel himself wounded. These outrages were occasioned by the activity of the above two gentlemen in suppressing the tumults in St. George's Fields."

At the same time there were other riots. The coal-heavers rose in a large body and struck, and went on board the colliers, obliging the men to quit their work. The sailors also joined in refusing to sail without an increase of wages. They boarded the ships which were preparing to sail; they unrigged the vessels and drew away the crews; they assembled in St. George's Fields and proceeded to St. James's Palace, where they presented a petition to the King. These men were dismissed with a promise of inquiry, which was afterwards duly held, and the men's wages were increased.

The coal-heavers were less fortunate: they obtained the signature of the masters at the wharves consenting to a rise of wages. They then laid the document before the Lord Mayor, who refused to receive it.

> "A terrible fray happened on the 25th between the coal-heavers and sailors belonging to the colliers in the river, in which many were killed. The sailors, having been long detained in the river by the coal-heavers refusing to work, had begun to deliver their ships themselves; upon which a body of coal-heavers fell upon some of the sailors by surprise, and killed several of them. The sailors took the alarm, the quarrel became general, and the consequences were the loss of many lives.
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> On the 7th of June another fray happened in Stepney Fields between the same parties, when several of the sailors were killed. The coal-heavers marched off in triumph, with colours flying, drums beating, etc., offering five guineas for a sailor's head. The ships below Bridge were obliged to keep constant watch day and night; and to so great a height was this insurrection got, that the inhabitants of Wapping were perpetually under the most dreadful apprehensions. A party of Guards constantly attended for some days, during which several disturbances arose, and many coal-heavers were taken up by the soldiery and carried before Sir John Fielding, who, on examination, committed them to Newgate. Two of them were afterwards tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of one Battie, a seaman, and being convicted, were executed at Tyburn. Seven others were also executed in the Sun-tavern-fields (near where the riot was committed) for shooting at Mr. Green, the master of the Round-about-tavern in Shadwell. These examples produced the wished-for effect; the tumults immediately ceased, and peace and industry were happily restored."

It was, indeed, a period when the ancient mode of preserving order proved totally inefficient. The development in London of a vast mob, brutal, uneducated, yet sufficiently intelligent to understand the strength of common action, rendered the former mode of preserving order antiquated and inadequate. The alderman in his ward had been able to summon all good men and true to his assistance: what was the good of that power when the good men and true had abandoned the practice of carrying arms and the habit of using them, when the 'prentices no longer carried clubs, and when the disorderly persons were a company numbered by thousands, bent on the destruction and the plundering of houses and property?

However, before the Wilkes's Riots, as far back as the year 1744, the insolence and daring of the London criminal class attained to so great a height, while their numbers so largely increased, that it became imperative to attempt something for the restoration of order. The streets were simply no longer safe even in open day: men armed with cutlasses, pistols, and bludgeons, attacked St. Martin's Round House and gave arms to the prisoners within, who then carried on an attack from within as well as without. The Horse Guards dispersed them and took four of them prisoners. This was actually at eleven o'clock in the morning. Sturdy rogues such as these openly defied the deputy marshal and the peace officers; they ran out of the City into the country to get out of the way when they were 'wanted';

they fearlessly came back again; they rescued their comrades; they lay in wait for headboroughs and peace officers in the courts and alleys, and slashed at them in the open streets with cutlasses; they made some of them take refuge in Bridewell; others they visited at their houses and made them swear not to do their duty. The Corporation addressed the King on this condition of things, though it seems to have been perfectly within their power to provide for their own order. It seems wonderful that no one, all this time, should have thought of a street patrol by day. However, the Government took steps; it offered large rewards for the apprehension of street robbers. We shall see in another place how the system of rewards answered. Then the Corporation returned to their old expedient and ordained, as if it was quite a new thing, which had never occurred to any body, the lighting of the City. Already (see p. 91) there had been the Lighting Acts of 1716 and of 1736. This new ordinance was little more than a repetition of its predecessors; so that when we consider the elaborate provision made in 1736 not only for the lighting of the City, but also for the maintenance of an efficient watch, we cannot but understand that the excellent regulations passed in that year had become in this very short space of time a mere dead letter. So far, therefore, the City was no whit advanced farther than the London of the fourteenth century, which was continually admonished to clean itself, to light itself, to rid its streets of rogues, and to keep a watch at night. The streets were no cleaner; they were as badly lighted; they were as full of rogues; they were as inefficiently guarded in 1744 as in 1344.

All the riots, however, are insignificant compared with that magnificent burst which was provided for the mob of London by Lord George Gordon in 1780. The material—the first fuel for the fire—arose in Scotland, where the fanaticism of the people was in alarm lest some measures for the relief of the Catholics in Scotland should be passed. Lord George Gordon, who was one of the leaders of the Scotch fanatics, was, unfortunately, a member of Parliament. He was a strange, eccentric young man, at that time twenty-nine years of age; of wild appearance, ungoverned in his speech, extravagant in his imagination. He spoke in the House with the utmost vehemence against the cruelty and intolerance of Popery, and about the danger to Protestants were any toleration shown to Papists; he informed the House that every man in Scotland was ripe for insurrection and would die rather than submit; he declared that he would come down to the House at the head of 180,000 men, with petitions reaching from the Speaker's chair to the central window of Whitehall; he declared that the people of Scotland believed the King himself to be a Papist; in a word, he stood up most manfully, as he believed, against the Pope and the devil.

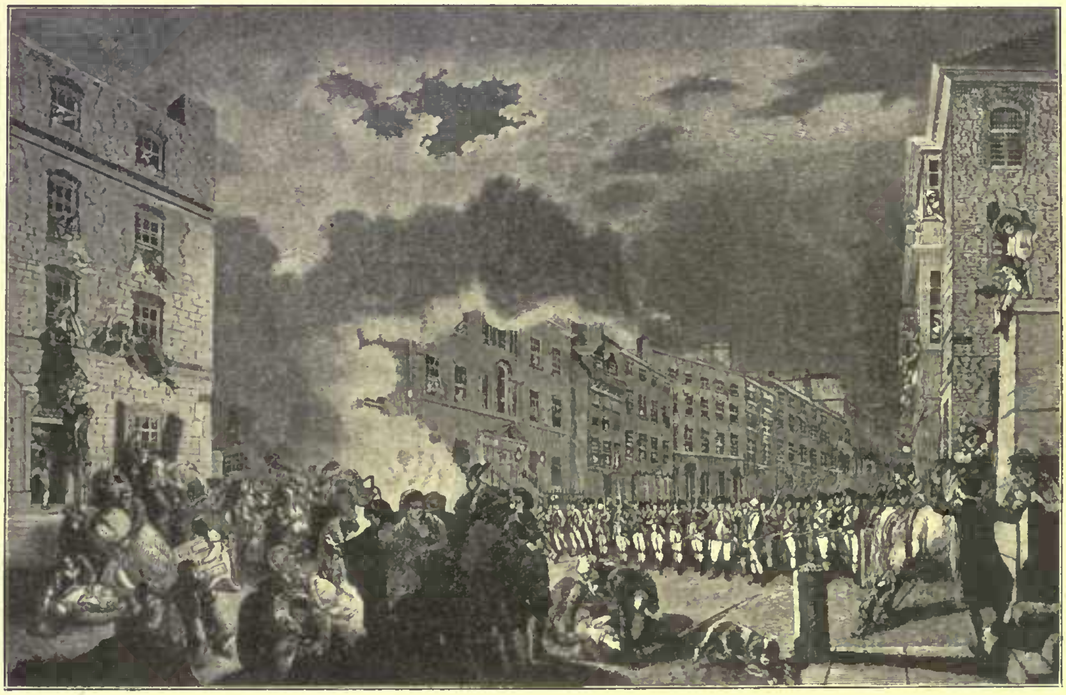
The Government could not pretend that they had received no warning of the dangers of a mob uncontrolled save by the military. In addition to the facts already told, in 1766 the people rose all over the country, robbing and plundering in every direction, on account of the price of provisions. At Bath they did what they pleased in the market; at Berwick they were outrageous on account of finding wheat stored for exportation; and in one place they sold the corn at 5s. a bushel; at another the cheese at 3d. a pound, and the bacon at 4d. a pound; at another they destroyed a corn mill; at Leicester they seized loaded waggons starting for London; at Oxford they took the flour out of the mills and divided it; at Exeter they sold cheese under cost price; the miners in Cornwall rose and compelled the farmers and butchers to lower their prices; and so on actually over the whole country. It was a kind of Jacquerie. The farmers, however, were for the moment intimidated, and promised anything. It is to be remarked, that except in large towns like Birmingham the people did what they pleased so long as there were no soldiers within call. But nothing was learned from this great lesson; and the Gordon Riots later only repeated on a great scale what these village insurgents had done with impunity.

The House believed that the man could only talk; they suffered him to say what he pleased and heeded him not. But he could do more than talk: he had the power of organising; he understood how to make men act together; he had the orator's art of moving men's hearts and compelling them to follow wherever he chose to lead; he had, in a word, the gift of earnestness, which always moves; he formed "Christian" and Protestant Corresponding Societies; he circulated tracts; he advertised in the newspapers for signatures. So far as I can discover, Lord George Gordon was the father of all those who use the advertisement columns of the papers for propagandist purposes. He appealed to the Englishman's love of liberty—what liberty would the Pope leave him? to the fires of Smithfield—every man who heard him might already feel in imagination the cruel agony of the flames; to his courage—would any Englishman be so craven as not to strike a blow for his religion? Finally, he told the people that he would not present the petition, which had been signed by an enormous number, unless he was attended by at least 20,000 men. He then arranged the place of meeting and the routes which the petitioners should follow. St. George's Fields was the place, and the multitude was to be divided into four companies, of which one was to be composed entirely of Scots; they were to march upon Westminster by four different routes. Observe that he desired to produce as deep and wide an impression of strength as possible: not one line of march, but four, should illustrate the majesty of a great multitude all bent upon obtaining one end. Not Westminster only, but the City itself, the great rich City, holding itself aloof from his Associations, should witness what was meant by his great petition.

The zealous Protestants assembled, accordingly, in St. George's Fields in numbers estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000 on the 2nd day of June. They met in St. George's Fields, about the spot where Bethlehem Hospital now stands. Their leader, Lord George, drove to the place appointed about noon, and delivered a stirring speech, after which the men, preserving good order, divided themselves into four columns and took up their respective routes. The principal body marched through Southwark, over London Bridge, through Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand—a route devised, as above stated, to produce the greatest effect and strike the greatest terror into the City by the exhibition of such vast numbers. They walked six abreast; at their head marched a tall fellow carrying the petition on his head; all were decorated with blue cockades; and they bawled lustily "No Popery" as they went along. Of course the procession, like a snowball, increased as it moved through the streets, being followed by all those who joined it out of curiosity, and by every street thief and pickpocket in the town. When they arrived at Westminster they blocked the approaches and avenues of both Houses, making a lane for the peers and members to pass, but compelling them to take the blue cockade and to cry "No Popery" with them as they walked through.

One would like to know how the crowd knew these illustrious persons, and who it was that pointed them out and explained their shortcomings. When there was no more hustling of peers the mob wanted to rush into the House, but the doorkeeper shut them out. In the House of Lords there was an angry discussion, but the peers resolved on doing nothing for that day, and left the House one by one. This was the wisest thing that they could do. Time was all on the side of order and the Guards, should it be necessary to call them out. In the Commons the scene was much more excited and violent. Outside was heard a deafening roar which never ceased for a moment. "No Popery! No Popery! Lord George! Lord George!" When their leader had been some time in the House they tried to break down the doors and threatened to rush in after him. It is said that some of the members threatened to kill Lord George on the spot if his followers dared to violate the sanctity of the House; and that one of them, his cousin, General Murray, actually followed him sword in hand ready to kill him on the first appearance of the mob. In the temper of the House nothing is more likely to have happened, certainly no stranger scene was ever presented by the House of Commons. Other members posted themselves at the doors sword in hand to defend the House. Then Lord George asked leave to bring up the petition, and for the immediate consideration of it. Leave was granted to bring up the petition, but the House very properly refused to consider the petition immediately. During the debate Lord George actually went out to the lobby, which was held by the mob, and told them who was at that moment speaking against the immediate consideration of the petition, of whom the chief was Burke, the member for Bristol. Never before or since has the House of Commons conducted a debate under such conditions; it is gratifying to remember that the members, chiefly country gentlemen, had no thought of giving way to mob violence, even at a moment when it seemed most likely that the House would be carried by the mob and themselves murdered.

Then the mob broke off into companies, some of which kept together; the respectable men among them, however, went home, no doubt thinking they had done a very noble thing indeed with their demonstration. The more zealous brethren, with their allies, the *ribauderie* of London, before going to bed that night broke into and sacked the chapel of the Bavarian Ambassador, Warwick Street, Golden Square, and the chapel in Sardinia Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was on Friday. On Saturday not much more was done, the most ardent Protestants needing a rest. A few of them, however, found some mischief still to do, in robbing and ill-treating a few Catholics about Moorfields. On Sunday other Catholic chapels were robbed and wrecked, with some houses inhabited by Catholics in the neighbourhood of Moorfields. Soldiers were sent, but with express orders not to fire upon the people. Why? Surely the time was come to put down robbery and pillage. However, when it became quite certain that the soldiers would not fire, the mob treated them with the greatest contempt, pulling their noses and spitting in their faces. It speaks well for the discipline of the army that these men stood still under this provocation.



THE GORDON RIOTS

On Monday morning the rioters attacked and wrecked Sir George Savile's house in Leicester Fields; they then adjourned to Welbeck Street and made a bonfire, before Lord George Gordon's house, of the crosses, pictures, ornaments, and vestments taken from the Catholic chapels—a wave-offering acceptable in his eyes.

Another party went to the East End, where they found and destroyed other Catholic chapels. And as a few of the rioters had been taken to Newgate and convicted by the evidence of two tradesmen of Clare Market and Little Queen Street, it was of course natural that the houses of these two enemies of religion should be attacked and their property robbed and destroyed. Meantime a reward of £500 was offered for the discovery of those concerned in the wrecking of the Catholic chapels.

On Tuesday morning troops were ordered on duty at the Tower, both Houses of Parliament, St. James's, St. George's Fields, and in other places. But as yet the authorities had not risen to an understanding of what a London mob might effect. On Tuesday evening, the weather, which was dry and hot, favouring the rioters, it became apparent that the town was entirely in the hands of the mob. The House of Commons met, Lord George among them, wearing his blue cockade, which they made him take off. Then followed the most terrible night in the whole history of London. Where were the magistracy? Where was the Lord Mayor? Where were the soldiers? The mob was actually left entirely alone and undisturbed. Nobody seemed to move. London was paralysed.

First, about six o'clock, the mob marched upon Newgate for the release of their fellow-rioters. As they could not break into the prison, and the Governor refused to surrender his prisoners, their comrades, they broke his windows and threw firebrands and combustibles into his dwelling-house, so that it presently caught fire. The fire spread from the house to the chapel, and was seizing on the wards, when the gates were either broken down or thrown open, and the rioters rushed in. There were in the gaol more than three hundred prisoners, among them four under sentence of death, and their execution appointed for Thursday; all were released. As for the fire, no attempt was made to extinguish it, and in a short time the prison was a ruined shell surrounding the ashes. Covered all over with glory, their spirits raised, their courage irresistible, the gallant rioters then broke open the new prison of Clerkenwell and set the prisoners free. They next proceeded to sack the house of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate; and they completed a glorious and most successful evening by the destruction of Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, together with his splendid library and collection of MSS. and papers. Again, where were the soldiers? Where were the constables? Where were the citizens? Was the valour of the mug-house forgotten? Were the 'prentices unmindful of their old traditions?

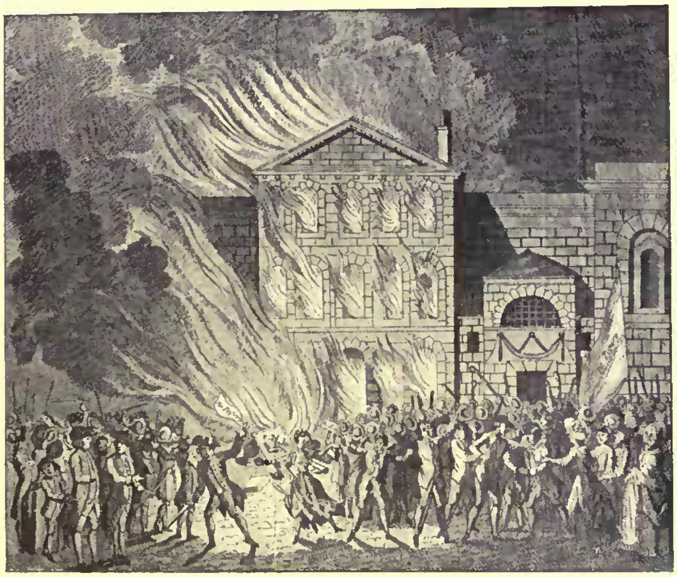
The mob had their own way all Tuesday night. It is incredible, but it is true, that they were allowed their own way all Wednesday and all Wednesday night. In the morning of Wednesday notices were sent by the mob to the different prisons and to a distillery in Holborn belonging to a Mr. Langdale, a Catholic, that the mob proposed to wreck them in the course of the day. But no one moved. That morning all the shops were shut; bits of blue flags were hung out, and "No Popery" was chalked on the shutters. In Whitechapel it is reported that certain foreign Jews wrote up on their shutters, "This house is a Protestant"; while an Italian entered so warmly into the spirit and real meaning of the movement as to chalk on his closed door "No Religion"!

When the long June day drew to its close the sky was red with flames. From the King's Bench, the Fleet, the new Bridewell, the Borough Clink, the toll gates on Blackfriars' Bridge (where several men were killed), from houses in every part of the town conflagrations were rising at the same time. Six-and-thirty were counted. All the prisons in the City were now destroyed except one, the Poultry Compter.

In the evening the most remarkable achievement of the mob was the destruction of Mr. Langdale's distillery, at Holborn Bridge. He was a Catholic, therefore he deserved his fate; he was a distiller, therefore he invited it. After wrecking the place the rioters naturally fell to drinking the raw spirits, which were set running into the street—the people throwing themselves down and lapping the fiery stuff from the gutters. Many drank themselves to death on the spot; others, when the distillery took fire, perished in the flames, being too drunk to move. The roaring of the flames, the roaring of the mob, the trampling and shouting, the threats and imprecations of the people, made a night of terror such as had never before been experienced. At last the troops arrived—Heavens! At last!—this time with orders to fire. There were the Guards, or regular troops; the Militia and the City Foot Association. Then from all quarters came the platoon firing of the soldiery. The citizens, not daring to leave their beds, listened with trembling satisfaction to the rattle of the muskets, and amidst the roaring of the flames they thought they could hear the shrieks of the wounded.

On Thursday morning the City presented the appearance of a place captured and looted by the enemy; but the riot was over. The citizens did not venture to open their shops, but they looked into the street; the rioters were gone, save the dead who lay here and there, and the wounded who groaned for help. Of the former 210 were picked up, of the latter 248, but an immense number had been slightly wounded; no one knew how many of the dead had been carried away, and no one knew how many of the rioters had been burned in the flames, being too drunk to escape. During the day the soldiers patrolled the streets and arrested a great number; among others, some who were actually endeavouring to set fire to the small part of Newgate that had escaped. But the riot was over: the streets lay silent and deserted, strewn with the wreckage; the iron railings, the casks and bottles, the torn finery, the blue cockades, the furniture of the Catholic chapels, were still smouldering on the half-burning bonfires. The troops marched and rode up and down; the shops were closed, and the firemen brought their hose to put out the fires.

They clapped Lord George Gordon into the Tower and kept him there for six months before they tried him. As is well known, he was acquitted, but afterwards showed abundant proofs of religious insanity. As for the Protestants, who followed him at first no doubt in good faith, nothing was done to them; no search was made after them; the rioters, however, who were caught red-handed, were tried and convicted. Fifty-nine were sentenced to death; twenty were actually executed; the rest were transported for life. The number actually tried amounted to eighty-five at the Old Bailey, and fifty at the Commission at St. Margaret's Hill. Seven were convicted of simple felony; sixty-nine were acquitted. The juries, in fact, do not appear to have been vindictive. Among the prisoners was Edward Dennis, the hangman; John Morris, a boy of fifteen; Letitia Holland, a handsome young woman of eighteen; John Burgess, a boy of thirteen. The trial of one Mascal, a respectable apothecary, was reported in full in the *Annual Register* for 1780, where it may be read.



FIRING NEWGATE, JUNE 1780

When the riots were over, other consequences began. The Common Council asked whether it would not be best to quiet the minds of the people by repealing the Savile Act. This proposal showed that the Common Council, at the moment, were beside themselves with fear. It would have been much more to the purpose had they taken measures for the suppression of any more riotous proceedings. The House of Commons refused to consider the repeal of the Act.

Why was there no attempt to quell the riot made by the Lord Mayor at the outset? There is no answer possible to this question. On Saturday, the 3rd of June, Lord Stormont wrote from St. James's calling the Lord Mayor's attention to the danger of tumults, and expressing the confidence of the Government in his activity and resolution to preserve the peace. What steps did the Lord Mayor take? We do not know. On Sunday, 4th June, Lord Stormont again warned the Lord Mayor. On Monday, Lord Stormont and Lord Hillsborough wrote together, calling his attention to disorders actually at that moment going on. What steps did the Lord Mayor take? We do not know.

On the 7th of June, which was Wednesday, the King, without reproaching the Lord Mayor, took the matter into his own hands, and ordered all quiet people to remain at home while his troops acted with results that we have seen.

The conclusion of the riots was followed by a correspondence and a discussion as to the power of the citizens to form themselves into armed associations for the maintenance of order. Lord Amherst, Adjutant-General, pointed out that no person can bear arms unless under the orders of a commissioned officer, and that associations might be formed for the purpose of order, but without the use of arms. He therefore ordered Colonel Twisleton, the officer in command of the troops sent to the City, to allow no arms except to the City Militia. In fact, there was grave jealousy of the City; the attitude of the Court of Common Council towards the King in the matter of the American War had no doubt had its effect, and there was still a lively memory of the London citizens in the time of Charles I.

On the 15th of June a letter was addressed to Lord Amherst from the ward's mote of Bridge Ward Within, asking permission to form a company of fifty of the more opulent citizens of the ward, to be armed, exercised, and drilled at their own expense. To this letter Lord Amherst again replied that it was not thought expedient that any persons should bear arms except for the defence of their houses or for use under command of a commissioned officer. The Lord Mayor accordingly asked an explanation of this letter, and received one explaining nothing.

The Lord Mayor replied at length, calling attention to 1 Will. & Mary, Stat. II. Chap. II., which granted the right "of all His Majesty's Protestant subjects to have arms for their defence suitable to their condition and as allowed by law."

Lord Amherst, in return, laid it down that they might bear arms, but must not assemble in arms without the authority of His Majesty. In the House of Commons, on the 17th, it was stated that the reason why the troops did so little to stop outrage was that the demand for their interference was so common that they could not accede in many cases to the invitations.

The correspondence condensed above was made the subject of discussion in both Houses. The Duke of Richmond observed that these letters were deposited in the public archives, and that they would descend to posterity as a most alarming precedent of a most violent and unwarrantable infringement of the constitution if no resolution of censure was entered on the records of Parliament. However, nothing was done. At the moment popular fury seemed the greatest evil facing the nation.

The following is a private letter, written on the 18th of September 1780, from a gentleman in London to one in Yorkshire, giving his personal recollection of the riots (*Place Collection*):—

"None of my acquaintance have received any personal harm in the late riots, but several have had their effects burnt. When fires are lighted up they make no distinction regarding religion. The whole appears now like a dream to me, and I had a capital share in settling the business, being a member of the Military Foot Association. So long as the mischief was confined merely to a few empty chapels, people did not mind it; but when Newgate was forced open and fired, the question was no longer a question merely of religion. It was the evening after that, when the military were let loose, and when the London Association were under arms, amongst the rest your humble servant, who pulled the trigger twice with ball the first night, and continued four nights more upon his legs in the streets, without intermission, besides many other nights at intervals during a month afterwards. I did not then, nor have not since, acquainted any of my relations thereof, because it might make them uneasy in case of any future commotion. The first night's service exhibited an awful but beautiful scene. Figure to yourself every man, woman, and child in the streets, panic-struck, the atmosphere as red as blood with the ascending fire, muskets firing in every part, and consequently men, women, and children lying sprawling in the streets; all the lower order of people stark mad with liquor, huzzaing and parading with flags. Our corps assembled at a tavern near Guildhall about eight in the evening; from thence we proceeded in files through the multitude (who hissed us all the way) to the Mansion House, which is in the heart of the City, and within about fifty yards distance from the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. The King's Guards took possession of all the streets, facing every way, and suffering nobody to remain within except our corps, which covered them, and the civil and military officers. We had not been in this position above ten minutes before mobs approached us down Cheapside, and were fired upon. Soon after another mob came towards the Bank and were also fired upon. Within the lines all was perfectly still and silent, but on all sides without the air was rent with huzzas. The mob, consisting of thieves of every species, had some pistols, which were fired, but felt no inclination to stay when they felt the musket ball amongst them. Of course the business was soon settled near the Bank of England, but the populace fell upon lesser game. Private houses in different parts of the neighbourhood were begun to be ransacked, and the inhabitants came to the Mansion House begging protection. The King's troops could not move from their positions near the Bank; therefore it fell to the lot of part of our corps to march at about eleven o'clock. We went to Broad Street, where was a large mob ransacking a house, and burning the furniture in the street. They would not disperse, and bid us fire and be d—d. Of course there was soon exhibited a scene of killed, wounded, and dying. I belong to the company which then went in front. Those who could run, after a few were hurt, did run, except four that we secured in the house. We were very merciful to them, by firing only one gun at once, instead of a volley, thereby giving time to many to get off. This business being settled, and the fire put out, we proceeded and did the same at another fire, round which a mob was gathered, who ran away at first sight of us, knowing that we were in earnest. We were very busy all night after at different places. From that night all rioting ceased in the City. The following nights the King's troops rested under arms in the Bank and the Exchange, and the Association took their former post; but we had little to do except to patrol the different streets, and enter houses in the dead of the night for the purpose of apprehending objects of public justice. We were lastly called upon to attend the public executions in different parts, with which service our campaign has closed. It has been very inconvenient to many of us, but for my own part, I confess that nothing I ever did has pleased me more, because our conduct has met with the highest applause from all parties and all ranks of men here, blackguards excepted. The public papers have often mistaken us for the Guards, therefore you may possibly not have heard of any such corps as the London Association. Our uniform is very handsome, much like the dress of officers in some of the King's regiments. Our numbers are now near 500, but not all disciplined."

On the 18th of January 1793, Lord George Gordon, the term of his imprisonment having expired, was brought into the Court of King's Bench for the purpose of being admitted to bail; he was accompanied by the keeper, two men as his bail, and several Jews. He had a large slouched hat on his head, and wore an enormous beard. He was ordered to take off his hat, which he refused. The Court directed the crier to take it off, which he did accordingly. Lord George desired the Court to take notice that his hat had been taken off by violence. He then deliberately took out of his pocket a white cap, which he put upon his head, and tied a handkerchief over it; after which he produced a paper, entitled "The Petition of Israel Abraham George Gordon, commonly called Lord George Gordon." He said the petition was an apology for appearing with his head covered, agreeably to the custom of the Jews. By a conformity to this custom he meant no disrespect to the Court, as it arose purely from the tenderness of his conscience, since he had entered into the "holy covenant of circumcision." The petition was read by the officer of the Court, and contained many arguments, drawn from the Jewish writers, in favour of appearing with his head covered before all men. The sentence against him for the libels was, at his request, read, after which he read a written paper, the substance of which was, that he had been imprisoned for five years among murderers, thieves, etc., and that all the consolation he had arose from his trust in God; that he was compelled to find security for his good behaviour for fourteen years, himself in £5000 and two sureties in £2500 each. In order to obtain his enlargement he had brought two persons into court, who were ready to become his bail; but the Attorney-General objecting to the bail proposed, and producing affidavits of their incompetency, Lord George was remanded to prison, where shortly afterwards he died.

CHAPTER II

POLICE AND JUSTICE

In this chapter I have to consider the conditions of London in the eighteenth century from the criminal and the police point of view. The view presented to us by the contemporary records, by the statements of those who wrote on the subject, and by reports of trials, is darker than that of any previous period. There is a very dark side to London always and in every age; there has always existed in the great city a large criminal class; there has always been among us—not of us—a race apart of vagabonds, rogues, beggars, and professional thieves. In the eighteenth century this class grew to proportions which terrified those who understood, while it put forth long arms and raked into its company thousands who had hitherto, from father to son, been steady and well-conducted craftsmen of the City. I shall show the conditions of the time, first from the point of view put forward by the presentments of the Grand Jury of Middlesex; next, by essays on the subject written in 1731, 1750, and 1796; thirdly, by the condition of the police and the working of the rewards system; fourthly, by actual cases of crime and violence.

I shall then consider a trial at the Old Bailey; the condition of the criminal prisons; the method of conducting executions at Tyburn; the punishments of imprisonment, the hulks, pillory, the stocks, whipping, etc. This inquiry will further include an account of the debtors' prisons.

A "Presentment" by the Grand Jury of Middlesex for the maintenance of religion and order and the discouragement of vice seems to have been expected from time to time, like the sovereign's proclamation against vice which surprises the world at irregular intervals. Three notable Grand Jury presentments have been preserved—that is, have been published where they are accessible; I suppose they are all preserved somewhere. The three are those of 1728, 1741, and 1744. In the first the Grand Jury, among other things, call attention—

(1) To the drinking of gin (Maitland, p. 544).
(2) To the increase of beggars.
(3) To the immoralities of the masquerades.

Perhaps in consequence of this presentment it was made illegal to sell spirits in less quantities than two gallons without a licence. The presentment of 1741 protested against the interference of soldiers in an election, and complained again of the increase of beggary. The latter evil was met by a charter granting permission to create additional Justices of the Peace.

The third presentment, that of 1744, is a most remarkable document. It is directed against luxury, extravagance, and ill-fame. And it names, openly, persons as well as places:—

> "We, the Grand Jury, sworn to enquire for our Sovereign Lord the King, and the body of this county, have observed, from most of the presentments of returns delivered to us by the constables of this county, that they have been, as we apprehend and fear, very remiss in their duty, by returning their several districts and divisions to be quiet and in good order, or to that effect.
>
> Whereas the contrary does most manifestly appear, in many instances, as well from the accounts or advertisements we read in the daily papers, printed and dispersed within this county, inviting and seducing not only the inhabitants, but all other persons, to several places kept apart for the encouragement of luxury, extravagance, and idleness, and, we fear, other wicked illegal purposes.
>
> And we do accordingly hereby present, as places riotous, of great extravagance, luxury, idleness, and ill-fame, the several houses, places, and persons following, within this county, to wit—
>
> (1) The Lady Mornington, and her gaming-house, in or near Covent Garden, within this county.
>
> (2) The Lady Castle, and her gaming-house, in or near Covent Garden, within this county.
>
> (3) The proprietors of the avenues leading to and from the several playhouses in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in this county, for not preventing wicked, loose, and disorderly persons from loitering in the front of their several houses on play-nights; by which neglect and the riotous behaviour of such disorderly persons, many of his Majesty's good subjects are often in danger of losing their lives or receiving some other bodily harm, and are frequently robbed of their watches and money, to the great discredit of civil government.
>
> (4) The proprietors of the house and divisions called Sadler's Wells, adjoining to the New River Head, in or near Islington, late one Forcer's, now pretended to be opened and carried on by John Warren, within this county, where there is frequently a resort of great numbers of loose, disorderly, idle people.
>
> (5) The proprietors of a place called New Wells, in Goodman's Fields, at the bottom of Lemon Street, within this county, where are daily meetings of disorderly, idle people.
>
> (6) The proprietors of a place called the New Wells, near London Spaw, Clerkenwell, within this county, where great numbers of disorderly people meet. And
>
> (7) The proprietors of a place called Hallam's New Theatre, at Mayfair, within this county, where there are usually great meetings of evil and disorderly, idle persons."

In the year 1731 there arose the first of many "Bitter Cries" as to the violence and the robberies carried on in the City of London, "Violence and plunder," says the author of the pamphlet on the subject, "are no longer confined to the highways, where the robbers have lurking-places to hide, and numberless turnings to avoid and escape the pursuit of the country."

> "The scene is quite chang'd, the field of action is remov'd; and the actors themselves are likewise changed. The scene, I say, is changed; the streets of the City are now the places of danger; men are knocked down and robb'd, nay, sometimes murdered at their own doors, and in passing and repassing from house to house, or from shop to shop.

> Stage coaches are robbed in High Holbourn, Whitechapel, Pall Mall, Soho, and at almost all the avenues to the City. Hackney coaches and gentlemen's coaches are stopt in Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, and other the most crowded streets, and that even while the people in throngs are passing and repassing, as it were at their elbows.
>
> Nor are these personal violences the only grievances which we have to complain of; but the boldness and multitude of lewd and disorderly persons of both sexes, which throng the streets as soon as the evening may be said to begin, are such, that renders it not only unpleasant, but indeed unsafe, to honest and modest people to be abroad, or go from place to place, however lawful or however urgent their occasions may be."

He goes on to point out that in a city so full of narrow and winding ways and dark alleys thieves may lurk in safety, while it is impossible in a place of so much business to avoid going about with large sums of money, bills, and other things of value. If the streets are unsafe, he says that the houses are equally exposed to housebreakers of the greatest daring.

A new method of robbing people is by threatening letters. Money must be deposited in a particular place. If not, the house will be set on fire, or the man and his family will be murdered. In addition to these evils, there are the watchmen and constables who are too often in league with the robbers and are bribed by them. It is remarkable in this *exposé* that the writer, neither at this point nor afterwards, suggests that the citizens should simply show fight. In fact, the spirit of fight had gone out of the City; or, to speak more truthfully, the better class had ceased to fight. They had become a peaceful folk, desiring nothing but quiet and order, which they could not enforce, and utterly unable to stand up against the open robberies that disgraced their streets. The 'prentices, even, had left off fighting. The old civic love of battle lingered on, it is true, but with the mob, the lowest and most dangerous class, who supplied the robbers of the street and highway, the housebreakers, and the writers of the blackmail letters.

The author of the pamphlet traces the history of these crimes back to the reign of Charles the Second. But there were rogues before that monarch's time. Here we need not follow him. He tells us that on the accession of William and Mary, and especially through the resolute action of the latter, a general reformation of morals was effected; a watch set upon the roads; the Lord's Day was kept holy; on that day no coaches plied in the streets, no boats upon the river; the fields were deserted on Sunday and the churches were full; associations were formed by the citizens for the assistance of the constables. But these associations became rapidly lukewarm in their zeal; and, indeed, a new aid to virtue, which rendered their aid useless, appeared when the war broke out. This carried off the rogues and the rascals of London by the thousand, cleared the streets of the bullies, and sent off hundreds of the women to follow the camp. For a brief space London enjoyed a respite from rogues. But they came back, the rogues and the women, their companions and confederates, and all who had not fallen on the field of vice: the Queen was dead; the associations had melted away; and the streets were abandoned once more to a watch which grew yearly more ineffective, so that the state of the City became worse than ever.

We then arrive at the remedy. It is, says our author, very wisely, to break up the nests and retreats of the rogues; to persecute them, to leave them no place of refuge. Their homes were the houses which we now call disorderly—they used to have a coarser and a plainer name—and certain dens of wickedness, licensed as taverns, which were then called night-houses. The disorderly house speaks for itself; it is always in every age the chosen haunt of every kind of devilry, the place where men are robbed, or incited to rob; are stripped of their own or encouraged to strip others; the home of lust, illusion, pretence, robbery, and murder. The night-house, although its name suggests crime, was at the beginning simply intended as a house of call for those whose trade obliged them to work late into the night or to begin work early in the morning. For instance, the houses about Covent Garden, where the men who have to be at their place in the market with fruit and vegetables at two in the morning can obtain coffee and other refreshments, are night-houses in the old sense of the word. But the night-house became corrupted; it ceased to be the house of late men working in the night; it was converted into a refuge and receptacle for loose women and their bullies, and for the young men whom the women enticed into going with them to their destruction. Every night there were robberies in these dens; the robbers ran out by the back door while the constables were called and while they were breaking open the front; they were all in league together; the night-house became simply a school for the education, and a residence and business resort, of all who plundered the rich and lived upon the wickedness of the vicious. They also maintained a correspondence with each other, so that when one place grew too hot for a man he could find shelter in another.

Our writer proceeds to consider the various remedies proposed. For instance, that no women shall be suffered to walk in the street alone after dark. This is manifestly impossible. Why should respectable women pay so heavy a penalty for the incompetence of the police? That the watch shall be multiplied. But in a city so full of winding courts and lanes, how can a watch, however numerous, protect the people? That the watch be armed with firearms. But there has always been a rooted objection to a garrison in the City. He does not mention, as was said above, the most obvious and natural remedy, that the citizens should fight for their own protection. The best guard against a street robber is a stout cudgel, such as Dr. Johnson, some years later, adopted with the best results.

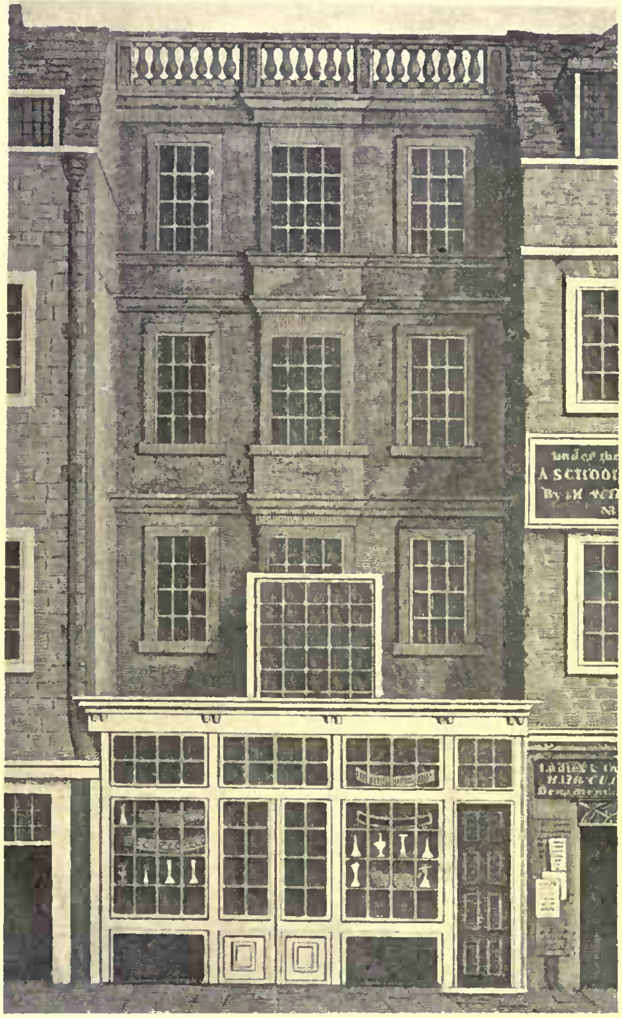
The remedy which this writer proposed was the simple one of revoking licences and only allowing them to persons of good character. And that this restriction must be universal; not begun, that is, at Westminster, so that the rogues, driven out of one place, find refuge in another, but that all the Justices alike, in London, Westminster, Middlesex, and Surrey, should unite in the determination to license victuallers only on condition of good conduct.

A so-called "Prisoner in Newgate," in the year 1718, wrote a pamphlet on thieves and thief-takers, which, though a clumsy performance, conveys some information as to the practices of the time. He throws his information into the form of a dialogue. A countryman is introduced to a thieves' house of resort. He asks who the people are, and is informed by the landlord, with a strange and unnatural candour. Yonder are three housebreakers lately let out from Newgate, the case not being proved against them; the turnkeys have fleeced them out of all their money, and they are now laying their heads together to devise a way to make more. There are two wenches beginning their trade as street-walkers and thieves. There is a young sailor who will probably join the housebreakers. There are a lot of boys drinking and gambling; they are pickpockets. There is a fellow who has just robbed a shop of its account books and has told the thief-taker about it; that worthy will make the shopkeeper redeem them and will then keep most of the money himself. There is an old gentleman who can no longer rob, but who can find out what is going on and where there will be a throng of people; he has just ascertained, for instance, that an Archbishop is to preach a charity sermon on Sunday next, which will bring together a great many people. Those are "Battalions of Street Files," *i.e.* companies of pickpockets. You see that they are supping in great splendour. One of the ladies has had four husbands, the first three of whom were hanged, while the fourth has had the honour to be condemned four times.

News is brought that the King is going to open Parliament that very day; half of them jump up and run away to join in the crowd and pick pockets. There is a great noise outside; a man rushes in dripping wet, while the mob in the street roars and bawls after him; it is a thief caught in the act; they have ducked him seven or eight times, first in a horse-pond, and then in the Thames to wash him. There are five women crying together because their husbands are all to be hanged to-morrow; we need not pity them, because they will console themselves with a new husband the day after. Those three stout fellows with pistols are footpads; a constable, followed by five men, enters the room and arrests the three; one of them fires a pistol and kills one of the posse; they are then secured and marched off.

At the sight of the constable and his posse the rest of the company vanish with great rapidity until there is no one left except the prisoners and the constable and his men. Then the landlord humbly invites the constable to take a bottle with him, and hopes the name of his house would not be mentioned, for indeed it would greatly injure his reputation if it were known that such people had been taken in his house—a place of such good repute.

The well-known history of Jonathan Wild has become the typical case of a thief-taker in confederation and conspiracy with thieves whom he encouraged, buying and receiving their stolen goods until he thought it was to his interest to lay information against them and to get them hanged. At the same time he had an office where he openly received people who had been robbed, and for a large consideration undertook to get them their money or their goods back again. He was, in fact, a villain of the blackest complexion possible. Unfortunately, however, he was only one of many villains as bad as himself, but



JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE

From an engraving by Lacy for *The European Magazine*, 1813 not so clever. As for his private life, he had deserted his wife and taken up with a woman who knew all the villainies and most of the villains of the town. In this way she was of the greatest assistance to him. There were, however, other women who became his mistresses. When his proceedings became too notorious to be allowed any longer, it was found necessary, in order to stop him, if not to put him into Newgate, to pass a special Act of Parliament (4 George I.)—an Act which wholly failed. The following clause was levelled directly against Jonathan Wild and practitioners in the same line :—

> "And whereas there are divers persons, who have secret acquaintance with felons, and who make it their business to help persons to their stolen goods, and by that means gain money from them, which is divided between them and the felons, whereby they greatly encourage such offenders. Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that wherever any person taketh money or reward, directly or indirectly, under pretence, or upon account of helping any person or persons to any stolen goods or chattels, every such person so taking money or reward as aforesaid (unless such person do apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, such felon, who stole the same, and give evidence against him) shall be guilty of felony, according to the nature of the felony committed in stealing such goods, and in such and the same manner as if such offender had stolen such goods and chattels in the manner and with such circumstances as the same were stolen."

Seven years after the passing of this Act, viz. on the 15th of February 1725, he was brought before the magistrate, charged with assisting a certain Johnson, a highwayman, to make his escape. He was committed to Newgate, and at the Sessions of the 24th he entered his prayer either to be tried that session, or bailed, or discharged. But there came into court a warrant of detainer, with several informations on oath, the most important of which are the following :—

> "(1) That, for many years past, Jonathan Wild has been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves.
>
> (2) That he has formed a kind of corporation of thieves, of which he is the head or director, and, that notwithstanding his pretended services, in detecting and prosecuting offenders, he procured such only to be hanged as concealed their booty, or refused to share it with him.
>
> (3) That he has divided the town and country into so many districts and appointed distinct gangs for each, who regularly account to him for their robberies.
>
> (4) That the persons employed by him are, for the most part, felons convict, who are returned from transportation before the time for which they were transported has expired; and that he makes choice of them to be his agents, because they cannot be legal evidence against him.
>
> (5) That he has not only been a receiver of stolen goods, as well as of writings of all kinds, for near fifteen years past, but has frequently been a confederate and robbed along with the above-mentioned convicted felons.
>
> (6) That in order to carry on these vile practices, and to gain some credit with the ignorant multitude, he usually carried a short silver staff, as a badge of authority from the Government, which he uses to produce when he himself has been concerned in robbing, in order to show that he has been endeavouring to arrest the robbers.
>
> (7) That he has, under his care and direction, several warehouses for receiving and concealing stolen goods; and also a ship for carrying off jewels, watches, and other valuable goods to Holland, where he has a superannuated thief acting as his factor.

> (8) And lastly, it appears, that he has often sold human blood, by procuring false evidence, to swear persons into acts they were not guilty of; sometimes to prevent them from being evidences against himself, and at other times for the sake of the great rewards offered by the Government."

In the year 1718, one Hitchin published a pamphlet entitled *The Regulator, or a Discovery of the Thieves, Thief-takers, and Locks, in and about the City of London, with the Thief-takers' Proclamation: also an Account of all the Flash Words now in vogue among the Thieves.* In this pamphlet the writer, Marshal, endeavours to revenge himself on Jonathan by exposing him. He gives an account of several of his tricks and transactions, describes the various gangs of thieves under his command or influence, and relates the greatest atrocities, in which he openly names Jonathan as the prime mover. He then gives an account of the flash houses, names them, and the persons who keep them. This is followed by "A List of Thieves now at liberty who are Jonathan Wild's Weekly Pensioners, 1718." These are not only named, but stories are told of what they do, and of what Jonathan and they do together. From this account it appears that the peace officers, the turnkeys of the prisons, Jonathan Wild, and even the justices, were all connected together. The language is exceedingly gross, and the charges are such as could now be made with impunity against no man.

After two months of prison, Jonathan was finally indicted for receiving money of one Catherine Stetham, on pretence of recovering a packet of stolen lace which he never intended or attempted to recover; nor did he apprehend or cause to be apprehended the felon who stole the lace. This little business was actually transacted in Newgate itself. He was tried on this single indictment, probably because it was the one most easily proved. His trial took place on the 26th of April 1725. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. His behaviour in prison after his sentence may be read in the pages of Fielding. If that history is not true, it ought to be. On the night before his execution he endeavoured to poison himself with laudanum but did not quite succeed; he was placed in the cart half insensible and carried off to Tyburn tree, where he was hanged, amid the tumultuous applause of the whole *ribauderie* of London.

> "It is not easy," says the narrator in the *Place Collection*, "to express with what roughness the mob treated him. Instead of those signs of pity which they generally show, when common criminals are going to execution, they reviled and cursed him, pelting him with dirt and stones continually. The other malefactors being ready to be turned off and the executioner telling him he might take any reasonable time to prepare himself, he continued sitting in the cart for a little while, but the mob grew so outrageous at the indulgence, that they called out incessantly to the hangman to do his duty, and threatened to knock him on the head if he did not immediately perform it. Finding delay dangerous, he no longer deferred to give the populace the satisfaction they desired."

Wild was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard, but next morning his empty coffin was found lying in the road outside the churchyard, so that it was naturally supposed that the dissecting-room got him. Perhaps his skeleton still adorns the collections of the College of Surgeons.

He had one son by the wife whom he deserted—four other women were treated in the same manner; the last mistress alone deplored her loss. His boy, who was nineteen at the time of his father's execution, was of so turbulent a disposition that it was thought proper to confine him on the day of the execution for fear he should do a mischief to some one in the mob. He afterwards sold himself as a servant to the plantations. This means one of two things: either he went abroad to get out of the way, or he fell into the hands of crimps who made him drunk and so persuaded him to go out to America. Perhaps, somewhere in Virginia, there are still living descendants of Jonathan Wild; the historian, however, must admit that the young man was more likely to follow his father's steps and be hanged.

We owe to Henry Fielding an account, clear and plain, of the condition of London as regards robbery in the year 1750. His work, called *An Enquiry into the causes of the late Increase of Robbers, etc., with some Proposals for Remedying the growing Evil,* appeared in 1751 and speedily went into a second edition. He begins with assuming, as a fact known to everybody, that the streets and roads were infested with robbers of every kind, and that the town was threatened with the formation of gangs and companies like the Italian banditti, and companies such as that maintained so long by the famous Cartouche.

What, first of all, he asks, are the causes of this increase of crime? Two causes might be assigned; but Fielding could not rise above the ideas of his time. He could not, for instance, perceive that the cowardice of the citizens, who had not only left off carrying arms but no longer possessed the old fighting instinct, who were even afraid of giving evidence, and were terrorised into silence, was the first and greatest cause of all the riots, robberies, and mobs of the last century. The second cause was the absence of a vigilant and efficient police.

However, Fielding assigns as the most important cause, a great increase in luxury among the lower kind of people. But in every age the moralist inveighs against the luxury of the times. If Fielding could have seen the comforts which are now within the reach of the working classes; if he could have foreseen a time of clean linen, broadcloth, baths, warm petticoats, good boots, daily flesh meat, fruit in plenty, for the working classes, he might have asked himself whether the raising of the standard is such a very bad thing for the people. In his enumeration of luxuries he points to the increased love of distractions; to the masquerade, the ridotto, and the opera, whither even the tradesmen resort, when they can afford it, and to the innumerable gardens, wells, houses, and taverns where all kinds of people are found, even the very lowest; where the craftsman spends his time and his money, and where the shopkeeper learns the shortest way to a debtors' prison. But the Londoner has always from the very earliest times run eagerly after the tabor and the pipe.

The second cause, he says, is the drunkenness so prevalent. He points out that there are existing excellent laws for the prevention of this vice; penalties of fines and stocks for the offender, were these laws only enforced; but they are not. Why? Because there are no police, a fact which he does not understand.

> "A new kind of drunkenness, unknown to our ancestors, has lately sprung up amongst us, which, if not put a stop to, will infallibly destroy a great part of the inferior people. The drunkenness I here intend is that acquired by the strongest intoxicating liquors, and particularly by that poison called Gin."

The next cause is the vice of gambling. Here, again, he enumerates the laws which, from time to time, have been passed against gambling. He does not, however, ask the very pertinent question, "What is the use of passing laws which the whole country is bent upon breaking?" The various enactments are curious. Henry VIII. would not allow any craftsman to play cards or dice except at Christmas. Who looked into the craftsmen's houses or taverns to see that the law was obeyed? The informer, it is true, would get half the fine; but what else would he get when he went back among his friends against whom he had informed? At what time in history was the English craftsman meek and forgiving to the informer? Queen Anne maternally ordered that cheating at cards should be punished by a fine of five times the sum so won. Are there any cases on record in which that fine was inflicted? Was it thought good form, when two men sat down to play, for the loser to prosecute the winner? George II., out of his fatherly heart, ordered a fine of five times the sum won or lost, fairly or unfairly. Did any one ever pay that fine? Did any player ever inform against his friends? He also forbade the games of Pharaoh, the Ace of Hearts, Basset, Hazard, Roly Poly, and all other games of cards. Yet they flourish to this day, and have ruined their thousands and their tens of thousands and their hundreds of thousands, since this Act was passed.

Fielding then proceeds to consider the laws that relate to the provision of the poor. And he shows how laws actually intended to benefit them have been turned into weapons for their oppression. Here he anticipates the action of the Charity Organisation Society, and points out the foolishness of indiscriminate alms.

Next comes the evil of the "fence." One of the greatest encouragements to dishonesty is the care and security with which a rogue disposes of his plunder. Pawnbrokers there are in plenty who will buy up anything brought to them. Some satisfy their consciences by expressing the hope that the things are honestly come by; others engage openly with the thieves. The latter send everything they buy to Rotterdam or Amsterdam, where they sell at a vast profit what they bought for a song. The existence of this kind of trade was revealed somewhere about the year 1750 by the examination of a Jew named Cadosa, who carried it on. Again, the persons robbed were generally ready to advertise that they would give a reward for the return of the goods "*and no questions asked*"—a custom which was of course a direct encouragement to thieves.

In this case, as in all others, Fielding points out that the existing law was sufficient to check the practice. For instance, there was the statute of George II., which provided that receivers of stolen goods were to be transported for fourteen years. The weak point in the law, however, was the extreme difficulty of convicting, because the thief was not allowed to be a witness in the case.

A chapter on the laws relating to vagabonds may be passed over.

The author next considers the encouragement to crime which was held out by the chance, notoriously one to be considered, of escaping without being apprehended, much less tried. Everybody knew that many rogues carried on their villainies with impunity, simply because they terrorised the officers and the people. It was also notorious that any attempt to arrest a robber would lead to a rescue by armed confederates. Here, again, by the law, such an arrest was in the power of every one and ought to be performed by every one. But, first, the law was never explained or taught to the people. To this day, how many persons know their own rights, their own duties, and their own responsibilities in the matter of dealing with criminals caught in the act? Next, against cowardice, the law is powerless. As to the cowardice of the ordinary citizen of the eighteenth century, the history of the continual rioting and mob violence which disgraces the annals of London proclaims the fact. The citizens left the discovery of crime to paid informers, and they thought to suppress crime by multiplying capital offences which their juries refused to carry into effect; they allowed the name of thief-catcher to become as infamous as that of informer.

There were, next, in favour of the rogue, the difficulties attending prosecution. Prosecutors, Fielding says, are often—

> "1. Fearful and readily intimidated by the threats of the Gang.
>
> 2. Delicate, and unable to appear in a public court.
>
> 3. Indolent, so that they will not give themselves the trouble of a prosecution.
>
> 4. Avaricious, and therefore unwilling to undergo the expense of it; many perhaps find their account in compounding the matter.
>
> 5. Tender-hearted, and reluctant to take away the life of a man.
>
> Lastly, necessitous, and cannot really afford the cost, however small, together with the loss of time which attends it."

Of course, one asks at the present day, why should there be any cost in prosecuting a criminal?

Suppose, however, that all these obstacles have been removed, there is another very important difficulty, that of conviction. Street robberies are generally committed in the dark; an alibi is always set up by the prisoner's friends. In many robberies the victim is knocked on the head, or the robber is disguised; there are more than one concerned, and in the confusion it is impossible to make out clearly any of their faces; or, again, an accomplice, if he is admitted as witness, is seldom considered worthy of credit. Many other difficulties will occur. Once more, for the encouragement of criminals, there is the chance of obtaining a pardon; not a slender and small chance, but an extremely probable and possible event. It must be remembered that the King himself signed every warrant for an execution. Naturally, the King was inclined to err on the side of mercy, and to pardon all those whose cases presented any reasonable claim for doubt.

Lastly, supposing the felon to have been successfully arrested, committed, tried, convicted, and sentenced; what about the manner of execution? Let us quote Fielding's own words:—

> "But if every hope which I have mentioned fails the thief; if he should be discovered, apprehended prosecuted, convicted, and refused a pardon; what is his situation then? Surely most gloomy and dreadful, without any hope, and without any comfort. This is, perhaps, the case with the less practised, less spirited, and less dangerous rogues; but with those of a different constitution it is far otherwise. The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion and that of his friends. His procession to Tyburn and his last moments there are all triumphant, attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened. His behaviour in his present condition, not the crime, how atrocious soever, which brought him to it, is the subject of universal contemplation."

When the watchmen were bribed and the constable was bribed, it is not surprising to hear that the justice also was bribed. The popular opinion as to the justice's integrity is expressed in a book called the *The Shakspear's Head.* It was published in the year 1755. It is in two small octavo volumes, and its full title is *Memoirs of the Shakspear's Head in Covent Garden, by the Ghost of Shakspear.* The book is a scandalous chronicle from beginning to end, containing sketches of extremely profligate persons, and of their adventures in the disorderly houses of Covent Garden. No doubt, at the time, the chief attraction of the book was the fact that the fictitious names threw a very thin veil over the real persons described. Thus, Nan Featherstone, Jenny Driver, and Miss Nellguard were certainly well-known persons in the "bagnios" of that quarter, while Lord Lubber, Louvre the dancing-master, and Jack the waiter are quite clearly portraits carefully drawn, libellous to the highest degree, and meant to be recognised.

There is no clue to the name of the author, unless it is a dedication to Samuel Foote, in which kindnesses to the author are acknowledged. And he declares, which is obviously a deliberate lie, that no character is intended for any particular person. One chapter, however, is devoted to the most venomous delineation of Henry Fielding in his official capacity. That there should be no possible mistake as to the person intended, he is mentioned by name without any disguise at all. This chapter, at least, whatever may be the others, is a personal attack. And since the book, unsavoury and odious, is clearly the work of a practised hand, I have no doubt it was written by one of those creatures who always infest literature—the unsuccessful, disappointed, and envious writer. If so, here is one more instance of the malice with which a popular author is pursued. It is, however, possible that this view may be wrong. Fielding could not fail to make many enemies; he had a pen of finer temper than the keenest blade of Damascus. It was perhaps revenge, rather than jealousy and envy, which prompted this attack.

The picture of the administration of justice, quite apart from the principal figure, shows the general opinion on the subject; an opinion which may be gathered from many other sources. The court, or lock-up, described in the book, where sat the constable of the night, was situated close to Covent Garden Church; the constable was a man named Lock, a hair-dresser by trade. He had exercised this office for many years, not being elected to it, but being paid by those pensioners who were called upon to serve, to discharge their duties for them. Every householder was thus liable to serve as constable on a jury or an inquest; and as the duty of sitting up all night to receive the thieves and drunken men brought in by the watch was both disagreeable and onerous, there was in every parish some man found who undertook the duty for a fixed nightly wage. This wage he increased by the simple process of taking bribes.

> "The power with which he had been long invested, invigorated the hearts of the sons and daughters of Venus and Mercury, many of whom were constantly brought in by his lanthorn'd subjects, to pay their obeisance to his Midnight Majesty, and were as duly set at liberty, through the interposition of Plutus sometimes in garb, tawny as the sunburnt Mexican, and at other times white as Lady Cribbages's hand."

Few were the offenders whom he conducted to the Bow Street magistrate; not only were they few in number, but they were only those who were too poor and miserable to offer any bribes for release. This conduct gave great dissatisfaction to the justice of the peace, who suspected that his constable was beforehand with him in levying taxes, and secreted many things which, had they escaped his manual operations, must have fallen to the share of his sagacious worship, who was perfectly of the same disposition, and was, if report spoke of him truly, a close shaver.

Before this constable were brought, after a drunken brawl, Lord Frake and Squire Sprightly. They were covered with mud and filth, their heads were cut open and bleeding; they were both drunk. The man who had administered this punishment was a carter, who was also in custody. Of course, on discovering the quality of his prisoners, the constable called upon the carter to apologise and make submission. The fellow refused in language which shows the eloquence of the streets, and proceeded to assault the constable himself in a manner then more common than at present; indeed, even the oldest inhabitant can hardly remember seeing the thing done in these degenerate days. "Ducking suddenly down, he darted his head with such force and dexterity into the"—stomach—"of his antagonist, that he fell breathless on the floor." The carter was, however, reduced to insensibility by a blow over the head with a pole, and in that condition was rolled into the black hole. Chairs were called for his lordship and the squire, who were carried off.

> "It is not amiss," says the author, "to let you into a secret which you did not know before, viz., Sprightly, fearing some ill consequences from this rencountre, had, at his first entrance into the watch-house, squeezed Lock close by the hand, as a mark of friendship, and some of the watchmen maliciously (for so it must be) reported that they soon after saw him examining a guinea by the light of the candle, as if he suspected its weight."

In the morning, at nine o'clock, Mr. Lock escorted his charge to Bow Street, there to give his prisoner over to the magistrate.

The constable then proceeds with his cases, inventing some, exaggerating others. A girl is charged with trying to rob two gentlemen; she has no money to bribe the clerk, and is committed. A young man is charged with looking like a rogue. The justice says, "Not a word, sirrah, I am sure you are a rogue by your looks." He then commits him, and calls upon the court to congratulate him on clearing the district of vagabonds. This is an allusion to his pamphlet on the increase of robberies. To show how just and worthy a magistrate he is, he then invites the constable to drink with him, intending to get a larger share of the plunder. The carter is then brought forward. The justice falls into amazement at his unparalleled wickedness. What! assault a lord—a noble lord and a squire! He is going to send off a messenger to his lordship's house to express sympathy with his lordship in this attack upon his lordship's august person, when the squire arrives and procures the man's release. It also appears that the young man who was committed without the opportunity of a word is the squire's own servant, who was arrested when performing a message for his master. So he too is released, and nobody goes to prison except the wretched girl and a few other equally poor and miserable creatures, arrested for their poverty and their misery.

We have seen what was the condition of the town in 1731 and in 1750. Let us now consider another picture of the town by another police magistrate, Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, in the year 1796. We shall find that it represents a condition of widespread criminality which seems appalling. We must remember at the outset that the lower classes of London had been for some generations left almost altogether alone. The Church had not yet assumed the supervision of the parish in the manner which is now understood: the clergy, it is true, regularly performed the services and preached their sermons; the doors stood wide open for all the world to enter—if they pleased. I have considered the subject of the Church in another place; it is sufficient here to note that, in the quarters chiefly inhabited by the criminal classes, there was no religion, as there were no morals, no education, no knowledge, no restraining influences, rules, or principles whatever. The boys and girls grew up among the thieves and drabs—their parents, brothers, sisters, cousins. In due course, that is to say as soon as they could act independently, they became in their turn thieves and prostitutes, without a thought that this way of life was criminal; without knowing what was meant by crime; hardly knowing even the distinction of good and evil.

Of course they learned, very early in life, that shoplifting, highway robbery, burglary, cutting down a fruit-tree, hedge-lifting, picking pockets of anything worth more than a shilling, were punishable with death. They also learned, as the century drew on, and criminals increased, and the death list lengthened, that juries would not convict, if they could avoid it, of capital offences; and transportation or imprisonment, being at least accompanied with life, had few terrors for them. Besides, they saw that many of their friends actually went on year after year without detection, actually died in full notoriety as habitual criminals, shielded by each other and by the receivers.

In addition to the hereditary criminals there were the discharged prisoners, all of whom, as a matter of course, returned, without any pretence of repentance or reform, to their old friends and their old habits. What else could they do? Those who were discharged from prison after a first sentence quickly found that their loss of character had driven them from any chance of honest employment, and they were fain to fall back upon the acquaintances they had made in Newgate and to join the criminal classes, which, to do them justice, were always open to all comers, who were welcomed and received into the fraternity without jealousy, interest, or restriction. There was room for all. Now, about the end of the century there were 700 prisoners discharged every year from Newgate alone, and about 500 from the hulks of Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Langston Harbour.

Among the causes which contributed to the spread of vice, Colquhoun mentions first the improvidence and the luxurious habits of the people. They did not know, he says, what the commonest thrift meant. When they had money they spent it in expensive food—such as oysters, crab, lobster, pickled salmon, and the like—or in drink. They did not hesitate, for the sake of a hot supper, to pawn everything they had. Of course they eagerly took shares in the lottery, they thronged all the places of amusement, they passed their evenings at the public-house, they were great gamblers, and addicted to every kind of "sport," such as dog-fighting, cock-fighting, boxing, and the like. There is not a word as to reading—first, because these people did not know how to read, and next, because if they did, there was nothing for them to read. All this, however, is general talk, and could, with some modifications, stand for the criminal class of this day as well. Happily it could no longer stand as true for the working class as a body.

A criminal class, however, requires organisation; there must be confederacy; no one would steal unless there were people to buy his stolen goods. Since many branches of a criminal's work require a partner, or even a gang, there must be places where they can meet and concert measures; and since in every trade there must be the means of discussion and mutual understanding, some place must be found ready and fit for that purpose. These places were found in the taverns and beershops, of which there were within the Bills of Mortality 5204, or one for every 200 people, or one for every fifty men. No care, Colquhoun says, was taken concerning the character of the landlord, though it was notorious that within these houses were concocted all the burglaries and shop robberies and highway robberies of the time, and though it was perfectly well known and notorious that the landlord allowed the discussion and the planning of these robberies to be openly carried on within his walls and before his face. It was also notorious that coiners of base money repaired to these houses to sell and to exchange their coin; that card sharpers brought their victims to these houses; and that the landlords even allowed the establishment at their houses of clubs for apprentices, whither lads were encouraged to bring goods stolen from their masters, and to drink and gamble.

Even worse than the public-houses, which are not accused of buying stolen goods, were the old iron and rag shops. These shops were established in every back and bye street near the streets of respectable houses. They pretended to buy only the waste and the broken stuff, the old pots and pans, the grease, and all the rubbish which the servants saved from the dustbin. Under this pretence, they were universally, and without exception, and notoriously, receivers of stolen goods. Not only did they receive, but they tempted.

The stable boys, the old clo'men, the chimney sweeps, the dustmen, the porters, the apprentices, the journeymen, whoever found admission to a respectable house on any pretence whatever, were tempted to steal whatever they could lay their hands upon. The receiving shop was close at hand, round the corner; the things could be conveyed away easily and safely. Was it silver? Was it pewter? The receiver had his melting-pot ready. The pewter pots of the tavern went into the pot as soon as they arrived. In a few minutes they were a lump of metal: it was impossible to prove the theft. So with silver spoons, silver cups, and plate of all kinds. So with copper, lead, and other metals. Colquhoun actually estimates that the sum of £710,000 was lost every year by petty thefts in London by the aid of these rag and old iron shops, of which there were, in 1796, no fewer than 3000, more than half the whole number of taverns.

He next considers the case of the shipping, and the robberies connected with cargoes.

There were no receiving docks at that time, but every ship was loaded and discharged her cargo in mid stream by means of lighters, barges, and boats. The river was then crowded with boats, and every ship had her attendant barges alongside, so that it was extremely difficult among the crowd of boats to know whether one was waiting for passengers or for cargo, or was only hanging about for purposes of plunder. The men who came aboard for unlading were called lumpers, and were systematic robbers. They had small sacks behind their aprons which they filled with rum; if the cargo was not rum, but sugar, they converted these sacks into pockets and filled them; they filled their hats; they went ashore three times a day, and always in a body and always together; and if a Trinity officer was suspicious and attempted a search, he was hustled and knocked about. From the ship they went straight to one of the numerous receiving-houses by the riverside, where they unloaded themselves and sold their plunder. Sometimes, when the tide allowed, they threw overboard bags of coffee or of tea, packets of spice, bladders full of rum, kegs of tamarinds, to be picked up by the mudlarks in their service; sometimes they simply tossed the things into boats prowling about for the purpose. Nor were the depredations confined to the ships; there were men whose business it was to lurk about on every public wharf to pick up what they could; these were generally discharged criminals, who could find no employment and no master, and wanted none, so long as they could hang about pretending to wait for employment and picking up odds and ends.

The whole riverside from St. Katherine's to Limehouse was populated with these robbers, with the public-houses where they spent their ungodly gains and the receiving-shops which bought their goods. It was not, of course, a population so numerous as at present, but there were a good many between the Tower and Poplar.

Few or many, the whole community was depraved. There was nothing, not even the most costly goods, which could not be obtained on the riverside for a mere trifle, and those who were not robbers lived and flourished on the robberies. Respectable people, however, would not venture among these fearful slums. Colquhoun estimates the yearly loss on account of depredations on the river at half a million sterling.

He next considers the thefts in the dockyards on the Thames alone, viz. Deptford, Chatham, and Sheerness. It would seem as if the Government encouraged robbery. They laid in stores on a colossal scale; the storehouses were reported to be too small; additions were made; the old stores were forgotten and either became ruined or were stolen. It is almost incredible that the authorities actually allowed the shipwrights to carry away every day a bundle of chips. In order to secure these chips the men would commonly hack the most valuable wood to pieces; they also carried away copper bolt-heads and copper nails hidden among these chips.

There were two kinds of fraud committed in the dockyards: those by the clerks and storekeepers in their returns of stores as unserviceable; and the sale of such old stores, by which excellent stores were often sold for a song, the clerk standing in with the contractor who bought them up. The clerks, in those days, stood in with every contract. This was iniquity on so large a scale that it was called the custom and rule of the office. The petty kind, however, in which every man was engaged, went on every day and all day long, and was far more detrimental to the service.

Consider what quantities of things go to the furnishing of a ship, and how many of these things there are that may be easily stolen. A ship wants (Colquhoun, p. 75)—

> "Cordage, bolts of canvas, sails, bunting, twine of all sorts, fearnought and kersey, leather and hides, old and new copper, locks, hinges, and bolts, copper bolts and nails in immense quantities, bar-iron, old iron, lead and solder, ship's planks, oars, timber of small sizes, blocks, quarter-stuff, candles, tallow, oil, paint, pitch, tar, turpentine, varnish, rosin, beer and water casks, iron hoops, biscuit bags, beer, bread, rum, oil, vinegar, butter, cheese, beef, pork."

So open was the robbery, so notorious was it, that vessels in the coasting trade, and even foreign vessels, were accustomed to touch at Portsmouth and Plymouth in order to purchase cheap stores of the dealers, who could sell them far more cheaply than at Bristol or Newcastle, because they got the stores for next to nothing. These honest dealers employed men who were constantly engaged in untwisting cordage for the purpose of removing the King's "stran," *i.e.* the coloured thread which marked it as belonging to the dockyard; or in knocking the King's broad arrow out of copper bolts, nails, bar-iron, and other things. "It would scarcely be credited," Colquhoun writes, "to what an enormous extent the sale of cheap cordage, sail-cloth, and other naval articles is carried, in supplying coasting vessels and smaller craft upon the river Thames, which has been plundered in a variety of ways." The depredations committed in the dockyards amounted, he reckoned, to £300,000 a year. The depredations committed by all kinds of robberies, he estimates at £1,500,000 a year.

Colquhoun next considers the coinage of base money. At this time the trade of false coiners was very flourishing. Forty or fifty mints were in full occupation in London alone. One coiner confessed that in seven years he had coined counterfeit half-crowns to the extent of £200,000 of nominal value. The persons chiefly engaged in circulating the base money were Jews, especially Jew boys. Indeed, one hopes that Colquhoun was prejudiced, for he constantly charges Jews with being accessories or receivers or circulators. It must be owned that either the Jews are greatly changed of late years or the old charges against them were unfounded. No one at the present time associates Jews, as a class, with encouraging or stimulating or teaching thieves; or of making their livelihood, as a class, by keeping receiving-houses; or with being more dishonest, even at the worst, than their neighbours. The losses by coining base money and by general forgeries and swindling Colquhoun sets down at £270,000.

> "The trade of dealing in base money acquires its greatest vigour in the month of March, for then the lotteries are over, when swindlers, gamblers, pretended dealers in horses, travellers with E. O. tables, and hawkers and pedlars, go into the country, carrying with them considerable quantities of counterfeit silver and copper coin, by which they are enabled in a greater degree to extend the circulation by cheating and defrauding ignorant country people.
>
> It very seldom happens, on account of the great demand (especially of late years), that the dealers have ever any considerable stock on hand. The base money is no sooner finished, than it is packed up and sent to customers in town or country, and with such rapidity has it been fabricated, on occasions of pressing emergency, that a single dealer has been known to procure from the coiners, who worked for him, from £300 to £500 for country orders in the course of a week. The lower ranks among the Irish and the Jews are the chief supporters of the trade of circulating base money in London; there is said to be scarce a low Irish labourer who does not exchange his week's wages for base money, taking a mixture of shillings, sixpences, and copper.
>
> The Jews principally confine themselves to the coinage and circulation of copper; while the Irish women are the chief utterers and colourers of base silver. A vast number of these low women have acquired the mischievous art of colouring the bad shillings and sixpences, which they purchase from the Jews, who (as has been already mentioned) obtain these by employing boys to cry bad shillings, and by making the purchase wholly with counterfeit half-pence.
>
> They indeed deal largely in foreign coins, counterfeited in this country, having been the chief medium by which Louis d'ors, as well as various silver coins, made of base metal, have been sent out of this country. It is through the same channel that the Sequins of Turkey were coined, and also the Pagodas of India. This last coin has been made for a considerable number of years by one individual only, who sells them at 5d. each, while the dealers, by disposing of them afterwards at 2s. 3d. and 5s., find it a very lucrative branch of trade, although unquestionably a very fraudulent one."

The total loss from ordinary robberies, river robberies, dockyard robberies, and false coins, he considers worth £2,000,000 a year to London alone.

This being the very serious and even dangerous condition of London at the close of the last century,—a vast criminal population, *i.e.* a population living entirely by theft and robbery; thousands of working men utterly demoralised by the ease and safety of robbery; temptations held out to every apprentice and servant to prey upon his master; thousands of receiving-houses; base coin flooding the market,—let us inquire into the administration of the law and the measures taken for the suppression of crime.

It was at the outset remarked that persons suffered small robberies without complaint because they disliked the trouble and annoyance of prosecution. Of course this cowardly shrinking from responsibility was a direct encouragement to criminals. Until the year 1752 persons who were robbed generally advertised in the papers a reward to any one who would return the stolen property and no questions asked. In that year an Act was passed inflicting a fine of £50 on any person who should advertise such a reward for the return of stolen goods. It was next lamented that even the office of constable had lost its old responsibility. It is, of course, the vital interest of the whole community that such an office should be invested with all the dignity as well as all the authority that can be conferred upon it. How far the dignity of the office was maintained the following rules of rewards will clearly show. The constable, in fact, was turned into an informer. Nominally, in order to stimulate the constables and peace officers, rewards were offered for apprehending and prosecuting offenders, *e.g.*—

For highway robbery, a reward in money of £40, together with the horse, arms, furniture, and money of the robber, and a Tyburn ticket.

False coinage, for silver and gold, a reward of £40.

For copper, a reward of £10.

For shop-lifting and stealing from warehouse or stable, a Tyburn ticket. The Tyburn ticket was a certificate exempting the person who held it from all offices in his parish or ward. The ticket was sold by the first holder, but could not be sold afterwards. It generally fetched from £25 to £30. Did it not occur to the inventor of the Tyburn ticket that to grant such an exemption struck at the root of all government by the people?

For burglary a reward of £40 and a Tyburn ticket; for housebreaking, the same.

For horse-stealing, a Tyburn ticket.

For compounding felony, £40.

For stealing cattle, sheep, or lambs, £10.

For returning from transportation, £20.

The practical working of the system of rewards is illustrated in the practices of the thief-taker already recorded. Criminals were enlisted by him, encouraged, promised impunity in crime, and finally, when they had enjoyed a long enough rope, arrested, tried, and hanged for the sake of the informer's reward. Returned convicts, for whose arrest £20 was offered, were left to follow their former line of life—the only one open to them—which very quickly qualified them to bestow upon the informer the larger reward, viz., £40 and a Tyburn ticket. Moreover, it became obviously the interest of the informer to pass over the lesser crimes, and even to encourage them, because they led the offender on to the greater crimes and the greater reward. Another bad point about this system of rewards was that it deprived the witness of credit, since everybody knew that he had a large pecuniary interest in the conviction of the prisoner.

Another illustration of the working of the rewards system is the following story. It has been often presented with various points of difference. My version is taken from Harrison's *History of London* (1770):—

> "At the Sessions held in the Old Bailey in the month of February, four thief-takers, viz., Macdaniel, Berry, Salmon, and Egan, were tried for swearing falsely (as it appeared they had frequently done before, and from whose evidence several innocent people had suffered) against a lad whom they accused of robbery, for the sake of obtaining the reward allowed by Act of Parliament on the conviction of capital offenders; and being found guilty, they received sentence, each to stand twice in the pillory (two at a time), to be imprisoned seven years in Newgate, to find security of a £1000 each for their good behaviour for seven years, and to pay a fine. Berry and Macdaniel underwent the first part of their sentence on the 5th of March in Holbourn, and were severely treated by the populace; the latter received a terrible wound in his forehead with a stone, and Berry with great difficulty survived it. On the 8th of the same month Egan and Salmon stood in the pillory in the centre of Smithfield; and, notwithstanding the attendance of the sheriffs, with a prodigious number of constables, yet so incensed were the populace against these miscreants, that the officers, instead of being able to protect the criminals, were obliged to retreat for their own safety. Egan, after being a short time in the pillory, received a wound in his head that killed him, and he hung by the neck, a shocking spectacle, till the expiration of the hour. Salmon was so dreadfully bruised and maimed, that he appeared as if dead, and was a considerable time before he recovered from this severe though just treatment; it was thought proper not to repeat this part of their sentence. Berry and Salmon, therefore, died in Newgate, and Macdaniel, after a course of years, was sent abroad. Such was the punishment, and such the end, of these unparalleled monsters."

Returning to the end of the century, Colquhoun gives a tabulated list of cases tried at the Old Bailey from September 1790 to September 1791. It is as follows:—

6	for treasons in making false money— A reward in money on conviction, amounting for each to £40, in all to .	£240
81	highway robberies— A reward (besides the highwayman's property) amounting, in each case, to £40, in all to	£3240
10	stealing cattle and sheep— A reward in money of £10, amounting in all to . . .	£100
2	returning from transportation— A reward in money of £20, amounting in all to . . .	£40
	Total . .	£3620

193 prisoners tried for offences entitling the apprehenders to rewards on conviction, and 895 also tried, for which no rewards or gratuities are allowed to officers for their trouble and risk in apprehending, viz.:—

10 for murders
4 ,, arson
10 ,, forgeries
2 ,, piracies
4 ,, rapes
642 ,, Grand larcenies
32 ,, stealing privately from persons
9 ,, dealing in and uttering base money

1 for sodomy
7 ,, bigamy
6 ,, perjuries
6 ,, conspiracies
3 ,, fraudulent bankrupts
13 ,, for shop-lifting under 5s.
16 ,, ripping and stealing lead
12 ,, stealing pewter pots

22	for stealing from furnished lodgings
1	„ stealing letters
1	„ stealing a child
22	„ receiving stolen goods
15	„ frauds
9	„ misdemeanours
1	„ assaulting and cutting clothes
1	„ smuggling
7	for obstructing revenue officers
1	„ wounding a horse maliciously
38	„ assaults
1088	total
445	prisoners from the late sheriffs
1533	aggregate number

Disposed of as follows, viz.:—

Executed	32
Died	25
Sent to the Hulks	2
Transported	517
Removed to other prisons	95
Transferred to the new sheriffs	151
Discharged upon the town	711
	1533

At the end of the eighteenth century, the officers of justice, parochial and stipendiary, who were appointed to watch over the police of London and its environs, for keeping the peace, and in detecting and apprehending offenders, amounted to 1000 persons under five separate jurisdictions, as follows:—

1. London—		
The City of London in 25 wards exclusive of Bridge Without—		
City marshals	2	
Marshals men	6	
Beadles	36	
Principals	98	
Substitutes	145	
Extra officers	32	
		319
2. Westminster—		
The City and Liberty of Westminster, 9 parishes and 2 precincts—		
High constable	1	
Parochial constables	70	
		71
3. Middlesex—		
The Division of Holborn, in Middlesex, joining in the metropolis, in 13 parishes, liberties, and manors—		
High constable	1	
Parochial constables	78	
		79
The Division of Finsbury in Middlesex, joining in the metropolis, 4 parishes, and 1 liberty—		
High constable	1	
Parochial constables	68	
		69

The Division called the Tower Hamlets, including the eastern part of the metropolis, and comprehending 10 parishes, 4 hamlets, 1 liberty, and 2 precincts—		
High constable	1	
Parochial constables	217	
		218
4. Tower Liberty—		
The Liberty of the Tower of London being a separate jurisdiction—		
High constable	1	
Constables and headboroughs	16	
		17
The Division of Kensington, Chelsea, etc., comprehending 2 parishes and 3 hamlets—		
High constable	1	
Parochial constables	21	
		22
5. Surrey—		
The Borough of Southwark, etc., comprehending 9 parishes—		
High constable	1	
Constables	87	
		88
Total parochial officers		883

To which are to be added the stipendiary officers of police, specially appointed for the purpose of preventing crimes and of detecting and apprehending offenders—

1. The establishment at Bow Street, under the direction of the three magistrates presiding at that office, viz., constables and (under the direction of W. Addington, Esq.), patrols for the roads			75	
2. The establishment of seven public offices by the Act of the 32nd of his present Majesty, under the direction of three magistrates at each office, viz. :—				
Public office,	Queen Square,	constables	6	
,,	Marlborough Street	,,	6	
,,	Hatton Garden	,,	6	
,,	Worship Street	,,	6	
,,	Whitechapel	,,	6	
,,	Shadwell	,,	6	
,,	Union Hall, Southwark	,,	6	
				117
Total civil force in the metropolis				1000

Of these officers only fifty (exclusive of thirty-two extra officers in the City of London, and sixty-seven patrols at Bow Street) were stipendiary officers, particularly pledged to devote their whole time to the service of the public; and Colquhoun asks whether so small a number was sufficient for the purpose of watching and detecting the hordes of villains who infest the metropolis?

With this statement may be compared the table of ward officers compiled by Maitland:—

An account of the numbers of Aldermen, Common Councilmen, Constables, Scavengers, Inquest, Beadles, and Watchmen belonging to the several wards of the City, together with the several sums annually paid the Rakers, for cleansing the streets and carrying away the dust, with the sum yearly raised for paying the Beadles and Watch, and the sum total paid for lighting the City and liberties thereof, etc.

Wards.	Aldermen.	Common Councilmen.	Scavengers.	Inquest.	Beadles.	Watchmen.	Lamp-lighters.	Rakers.	
									£ s.
Aldersgate	1	8	8	8	14	1	25	184	156 0
Aldgate	1	6	6	7	19	1	31	201	219 0
Bassishaw	1	4	4	4	17	1	16	5	24 0
Billingsgate	1	10	11	6	13	2	20	122	96 0
Bishopsgate	1	14	7	9	13	2	49	400	392 0
Bread Street	1	12	13	12	13	1	12	94	60 0
Bridge	1	15	14	14	15	1	22	112	40 0
Broad Street	1	10	10	8	13	1	38	264	169 0
Candlewick	1	8	7	6	13	1	16	70	40 0
Castle-Baynard	1	10	10	7	14	1	24	180	90 0
Cheap	1	12	18	13	17	1	26	126	100 0
Coleman Street	1	6	6	6	13	1	24	183	120 0
Cordwainer	1	8	8	8	14	1	16	93	40 0
Cornhill	1	6	4	4	16	1	18	72	55 0
Cripplegate	1	12	13	16	34	2	54	376	301 0
Dowgate	1	8	8	5	14	1	16	129	50 0
Farringdon Within	1	17	18	19	17	2	49	315	184 0
Farringdon Without	1	16	18	17	52	4	89	838	553 0
Langbourn	1	10	12	11	16	1	23	168	147 10
Lime Street	1	4	4	4	12	1	10	122	50 0
Portsoken	1	5	5	5	22	1	28	191	248 0
Queenhithe	1	6	9	8	13	1	10	160	60 0
Tower	1	12	12	12	13	1	32	221	184 0
Vintry	1	9	9	3	13	1	10	127	50 0
Walbrook	1	8	7	6	13	1	18	88	37 0
Bridge Without	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0 0
Sum Total	26	236	241	218	423	32	672	4809	£3466 10

To these must be added the list for the parishes, precincts, and liberties within the City, but without its jurisdiction :—

An account of the number of Officers, viz., Headboroughs, Constables, Scavengers, Beadles, and Watchmen in the several Parishes, Precincts, and Liberties within the City of London and Liberty thereof, but without its jurisdiction, with the annual sum paid by each to the Raker.

Parishes.	Head-boroughs.	Constables.	Scavengers.	Beadles.	Watchmen.	Rakers.
St. Bartholomew the Great	0	3	3	1	6	40
St. Bartholomew the Less	0	1	1	1	3	19
Bridewell Precinct	0	0	0	1	2	18
St. Catherine's Tower	2	2	2	1	4	50
East Smithfield Liberty	5	2	6	2	8	160
St. James's, Duke's Place	2	1	1	0	6	22
St. Martin's-le-Grand	6	1	1	0	4	22
Old Artillery Ground	2	1	1	1	3	28
St. Peter ad Vincula Wt.	1	2	1	1	4	18
Trinity Minories	1	1	1	1	3	14
White Friars Precinct	0	2	2	0	0	24
Sum Total	19	16	19	9	43	415

Also the number of churchwardens, etc.—

Churchwardens.	Overseers of the Poor.	Paid on Account of the Church.	Paid on Account of the Poor.	Number of Houses.	Workhouses.
220	63	£17,303 7 11	£33,568 16 8	24,260	18

The total number of ward and precinct officers, etc.—

Aldermen.	Common Councilmen.	Headboroughs.	Constables.	Scavengers.	Inquest.	Beadles.	Watchmen.	Paid the Rakers.
26	236	19	257	237	423	41	715	£3881 19 0

The night watchmen were paid at the rate of 8s. to 10s. a week. They were sometimes quite advanced in years and appointed to the office with the view of keeping them out of the workhouse; they were utterly unable to cope with the villainy of the time; they received bribes for letting disorderly persons go; they only showed activity on arresting unfortunate women who could not pay for their connivance. Watchmen were stationed at various points. The parochial constable who attended all night long to receive disorderly persons and criminals at the watchhouse has been mentioned. Here also were kept the names and addresses of the turncocks and the places where the fire engines were kept.

The police force of the metropolis, viz., the peace officers, watchmen, and patrols, made up an aggregate of 3044 men. There were 270 Justices of the Peace, not counting 700 belonging to the County of Middlesex. But of actual efficient magistrates there were only the twenty-six aldermen of the City and twenty-four stipendiary magistrates, who sat in their courts at Queen Square, Westminster, Great Marlborough Street, Hatton Garden, Worship Street, Whitechapel, Shadwell, and Southwark, and Bow Street.

The higher and more atrocious offences committed in London and Middlesex were tried at the Old Bailey. There were also Quarter Sessions for the trial of smaller offences at Guildhall, Clerkenwell, Well Close Square, and in certain towns in Surrey.

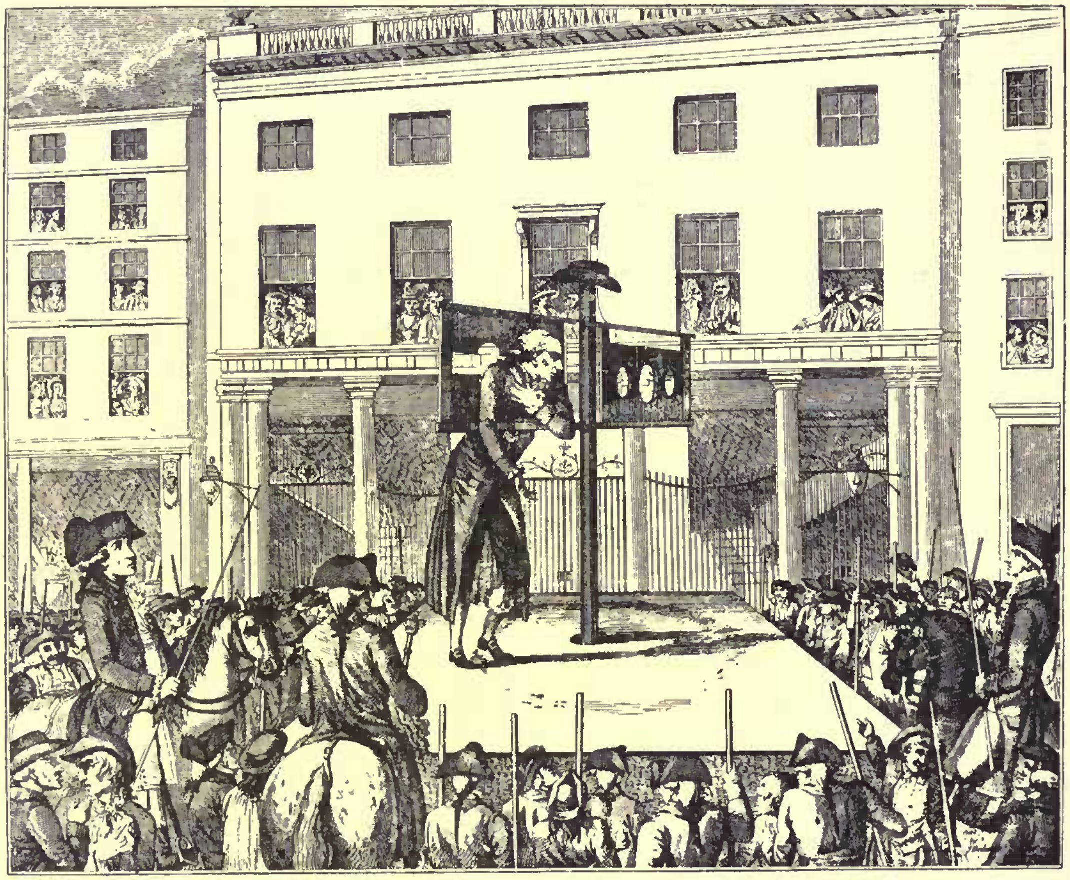
The following gives a summary view of all the prisoners tried in London during the year 1765. It will be observed that although sixty-one were sentenced to death, only nineteen actually suffered:—

	No. of Prisoners Punished and Disposed of.													No. of Prisoners Discharged from the Eight Gaols in one Year.									
Names of Prisons.	Died.	Guilty of Death.	Transportation.	Sent to Newgate.	In Bridewell Hosp.	House of Correction in Middlesex.	Tothill Fields, Bridewell.	Sent to Surrey Gaols.	Sent to Philanthropic and Marine Society.	Sent to Army and Navy.	Passed to Parishes.	Sent to Hospitals.	Total.	Discharged for Want of Proof.	Discharged by Proclamation and Gaol Delivery.	Discharged by Acquittals.	Discharged after being Whipped.	Discharged after being Fined.	Discharged after Suffering Imprisonment.	Apprentices Discharged.	Offenders Bailed out of Prison.	Discharged by Pardons.	Total Discharged.
Newgate . .	7	51	153	85	...	54	...	20	...	39	...	...	409	...	134	272	12	11	20	...	...	129	578
Poultry Compter .	...	...	...	...	334	...	...	...	10	44	72	...	460	199	...	...	...	...	...	...	27	...	226
Giltspur Compter	...	...	...	...	249	...	...	...	...	75	125	44	493	287	10	10	...	45	11	...	114	...	477
Bridewell Hospital	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	835	44	883	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
New Prison, Clerkenwell	5	...	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	58	...	...	66	237	170	35	9	...	9	...	127	...	587
House of Correction in Cold Bath Fields	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	128	...	132	568	231	60	...	...	353	111	...	...	1323
Tothill Fields, Bridewell	2	...	7	...	...	...	37	...	...	...	122	26	194	253	274	6	1	...	27	...	154	...	715
New Gaol, Southwark	...	10	11	...	...	...	...	16	...	...	...	1	38	130	74	35	2	...	28	...	...	...	269
Totals . .	22	61	174	85	583	54	37	36	10	216	1282	115	2675	1674	893	418	24	56	697	149	422	129	4462
		19 Executed	106 Transported.																				

The code of punishment was incredibly severe. While, however, the old barbarities of slitting the nose, cutting off the ears, branding in the hand, burning alive, and the ducking-stool, had been discontinued, yet the savage nature of the law is shown in the extraordinary list of offences for which the judge was ordered to pronounce sentence of death. They were as follows:—

Murder; treason; coining money; arson; rape; sodomy; piracy; forgery; destroying ships or setting them on fire; bankrupts not answering or concealing their effects; burglary; highway robbery; house-breaking; privately stealing, or picking pockets above 1s.; shop-lifting above 5s.; stealing bonds, bills, or bills from letters; stealing bank-notes or bills from letters; stealing above 40s. in any house; stealing above 40s. on a river; stealing linen, etc., from bleaching-grounds; maiming cattle; shooting at a Revenue Officer; pulling down houses, churches, etc.; breaking down a fish-pond where fish may be lost; cutting down trees in an avenue, garden, etc.; cutting down river or sea banks; cutting hop binds; setting fire to corn or coal mines; taking reward for helping another to conceal stolen goods; returning from transportation; stabbing a person unarmed if he die in six months; concealing the death of a bastard child; maliciously maiming or disfiguring any person; sending threatening letters; riots by twelve or more, and not dispersing in one hour after proclamation; accessories to felonies deemed capital; stealing woollen cloths from tenter-grounds; stealing from a ship in distress; stealing ore from black lead mines; stealing horses, cattle, or sheep; servants purloining their masters' goods, value 40s.; bail, personating; escape, breaking prison; privy councillors, attempting to kill, etc.; sacrilege; smuggling by persons armed, etc.; robbery of the mail; turnpikes or bridges destroying.

The offences considered as "single felonies" punishable by transportation whipping, imprisonment, pillory, and hard labour in Houses of Correction, were as follows:—



THE PILLORY

Grand larceny, which comprehends every species of theft above the value of 1s. not otherwise distinguished; receiving stolen goods; ripping and stealing lead; stealing from furnished lodgings; setting fire to underwood; stealing letters; embezzling naval stores; petty larcenies, or thefts under 1s.; assaulting with intent to rob; aliens returning after being ordered out of the kingdom; stealing fish from a pond or river; stealing roots, trees, or plants of the value of 5s.; stealing children with their apparel; bigamy; assaulting and cutting, or burning clothes; coin—counterfeiting the copper coin; marriage, solemnising clandestinely; manslaughter; cutting or stealing timber trees, etc.

Next followed misdemeanours punishable by fine, imprisonment, whipping, and pillory:—

Perjury; frauds; conspiracies; assaults; stealing dead bodies; keepers of bawdy houses and other disorderly houses; offences by persons described in the Vagrant Act, 17 George II.; lottery illegal insurances; gaming of various descriptions; stealing cabbages, turnips, growing; cutting and stealing wood and trees; robbing orchards and gardens; deer stealing; dog stealing; setting fire to a house to defraud the insurance office; uttering base money; selling base money under its denoted value; embezzlements in the woollen, silk, and other manufactures; artificers and servants in various trades, committing offences; combinations and conspiracies for raising the price of wages; smuggling run goods, and other frauds, relative to the Excise and Customs.

These lists are illustrated by a table showing the number, etc., of prisoners tried at the Old Bailey from April 1793 to March 1794 inclusive:—

London, Middlesex, and Westminster.	Persons committed for trial.	Of whom acquitted and discharged.	Persons convicted and their Punishments.								
			Death.	Transportation for 14 years.	Transportation for 7 years.	Whipped and imprisoned.	Imprisoned 6 months and upwards.	Imprisoned 3 months and otherwise disposed of.	Sent to serve the king.	Judgment respited.	Total punished.
London Sessions .	199	70	6	1	50	10	29	20	8	5	129
Middlesex and Westminster . .	861	497	62	1	117	38	51	49	30	16	364
	1060	567	68	2	167	48	80	69	38	21	493

In time of war a large proportion of those condemned to death or to transportation obtained pardon, on condition of serving in the army or the navy; a condition frequently evaded on pretence of some bodily infirmity concealed until discharge. The ease and frequency of obtaining pardon produced the worst possible effect. The people in the eighteenth century were unfortunately made to feel that crime was rarely detected—that witnesses could be bought off; that the verdict of the jury was uncertain; that juries refused frequently to convict; and that sentences, however severe, were constantly set aside or altered. In two years, for instance, August 1792 to June 1794, 822 convicts were pardoned. Of these 54 obtained free pardons; 696 were pardoned on condition of serving in the army or navy; and 72 had their sentences remitted. When we read of the severe discipline in the Royal Navy and in the Army, of the frightful and merciless floggings that were daily carried on, we must remember that the ships were constantly receiving on board the sweepings of the prisons—creatures whom nothing could influence but the torture of the cat. Yet, rogues and villains as they were, they could fight, and did. Courage they had; the fighting spirit; so much was left to them after all their degradation. The eighteenth century criminal was a far better man than his miserable descendant of the present day, who is a sneak and a coward with the spirit crushed out of him by a gaol system which turns a man into a snivelling cur. The great-grandfather of the present criminal was at least a man, a fighting man, sometimes a man of revenge.

The system of transportation was first begun as a form of punishment in the year 1718. Before this there had been many occasions when transportation was employed for political prisoners. Cromwell sent 2000 Scotch prisoners, after Worcester, to the Gold Coast, where they all speedily perished. There were political convicts in Jamaica and Barbadoes; but it was not till 1718 that convicts were sent to Maryland and Virginia. Here some of them, after working out their sentences, became settlers and, one hopes, respectable members of society. The system, indeed, seems to have answered very well in those States. The American War put a stop to it. We then tried the plan of confining the convicts to the Hulks or to Houses of Correction. In the year 1787 was commenced a new form of transportation, to the infant colony of New South Wales and to Norfolk Island, a step which takes us out of the history of London.

It was customary for the residents of a suburban village to subscribe in order to offer rewards for the apprehension and conviction of highway robbers and footpads. As yet it had not occurred to them that the money so expended would have been more usefully devoted to the maintenance of an efficient police. Thus we find the following reward offered by the residents of Islington (*London and Middlesex Notebook*, p. 28):—

> "For apprehending and convicting all or any of the persons who shall wilfully set fire to the house or premises of a subscriber, £30.
>
> For apprehending and convicting all or any of the persons who shall commit a burglary or robbery, in the dwelling-house of a subscriber, £30.
>
> For apprehending and convicting all or any of the persons who shall commit a murder on the body of a subscriber, or any of his or her family, £30.
>
> For apprehending and convicting all or any of the persons who shall commit a highway or foot robbery upon the person of a subscriber or his or her family, £20."

In 1792 a very important reform in the Police was carried into effect. The old "Trading Justices" as they were called, the magistrates who received no salary but made their incomes by the fines they imposed upon delinquents, were abolished. The system itself was bad from the beginning; it became atrocious by the abuses which crept into it and became common. We have seen that the watchmen brought the offender before the constable, and the constable brought him before the magistrate. Now, since the magistrate imposed a fine which he put into his own pocket, the constable naturally thought that he, too, might as well impose a fine, let the person go, and put the fine into his own pocket. Nay, since man is an observant animal, the watchman drew the same inference with the same result. In fact, every kind of offence could be committed with impunity provided the watchman first, or the constable next, was bribed.

By the new rules the magistrate could impose fines, but could not receive them, as they had to be paid into court, the magistrates taking salaries. The new Police Courts were set up at Queen Square; Great Marlborough Street; Hatton Garden; Worship Street; Lambeth Street, Whitechapel; High Street, Shadwell; and Main Street, Southwark.

The system of giving rewards for the apprehension of criminals was examined by the Committee on the Police of the Metropolis, and their report was ordered to be printed on the 8th of July 1817.

From this we learn that the system of rewards was begun by an Act of William and Mary, by which any person who should apprehend a robber, and should prosecute him to conviction, was to receive £40 reward. By the 6th and 7th William III., the same reward was offered for the apprehension and conviction of any persons engaged in counterfeiting and clipping the coin of the realm. By the 5th Anne the same reward was offered for the apprehension and conviction of a burglar.

By the 14th George II., cap. 6, £10 was offered for the conviction of every sheepstealer, etc. By the 15th George II., cap. 28, the reward of £40 for counterfeiting gold and silver coin was extended to include £10 for counterfeiting copper coin. Both these rewards are mentioned by Colquhoun as being then (1796) still in force. The total annual sum paid in rewards rose rapidly in amount; we have seen that in 1791 it was £3620; in 1798 they amounted in all to £7770; in 1815, to £18,000.

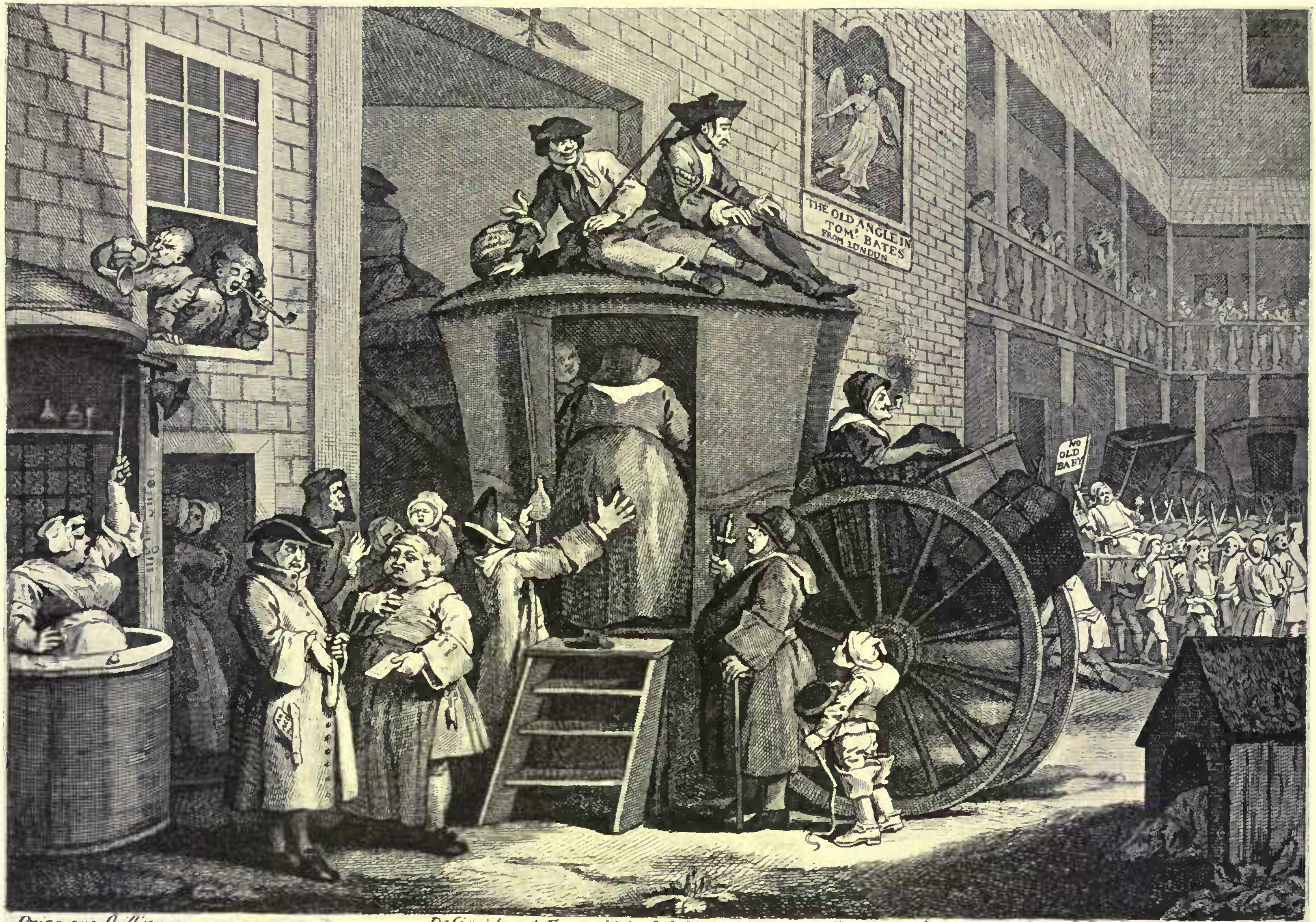
There was the additional reward of the "Tyburn Ticket," of which mention has been already made. The Committee strongly recommended the abolition of this reward. Evidence was taken and embodied in the Report. One man swore that because the reward for apprehending a beggar was £10 the police officers would give a poor man a penny and then apprehend him for begging. Another and a third and a fourth deposed to hearing police officers commit perjury against a prisoner for the sake of the reward.

The arrivals in London every day consisted of those who came by coach; those who came by waggon; those who rode; those who came in post-chaises; and those who came by the coasting vessels. The passengers by sailing ship had to disembark and land by means of the Thames watermen. The fleecing of the stranger began with the attentions of the watermen. Once the passengers with their boxes were landed on one of the quays they were tolerably safe, as the quays were in some degree protected from sharks and wolves, water thieves, and land thieves. Outside the quays they found a hackney coach; and so, if a box or two was not carried off on the way, they arrived, at the expense of a shilling or so overcharge, safely at their destination. If the stranger wanted a guide about London he could find, all along the riverside from London Bridge to Lime House Hole, fellows who undertook to show the sights and guide the visitor. They were mostly old salts, and they have left behind them a reputation for honesty coupled with continual thirst.

Most of the people who came by sailing ship put up at inns or boarding-houses in or beyond the City; about the Minories, Whitechapel, or Wapping. On the other hand the arrivals by any vehicle on wheels had to run the gauntlet of the inn yard and its frequenters. Those yards were infested with gangs of thieves of the most desperate character; these gangs stood by each other; they were organised; they divided the "swag" once in their possession, into as many shares as there were members concerned with the robbery. These shares in the slang of the confederates were called "regulars." The driver of the stage-coach or the waggon, the guard, the grooms and hostlers and stable-boys, the porters,—all were "in it" together. Nay, the landlord of the inn was "in it" too. The fellows who did the active part of the robbery lolled about the inn all day, waking up into activity on hearing the well-known tune upon the horn, with which the guard announced his arrival while yet afar off. Every guard of every coach had his own favourite melody, his private air, well known to everybody, which he played most beautifully. The tune announced the arrival of the coach; informed everybody what coach it was; and warned the thieves to be on the alert. As soon as the passengers had left the vehicle, down came the coachman and climbed into the inside, shutting the door after him, while he searched the pockets and the seats for stray articles left behind. They were his perquisite; no subsequent inquiry after lost property ever recovered things once left behind. Meantime the passengers' luggage lay on the ground waiting for the porters and hackney-coach. Here was the chance for the thieves. One caught up a trunk, shouting "By your leave," as if he was the porter bearing the box to a coach, and made for the gates. At the gates stood two or three of his confederates, to hustle and knock down any one who ran after the thief, who, once outside, was instantly lost in the narrow lanes of the City.

This robbery of luggage went on all day long, always in the same manner; almost always with impunity. No one protected the passenger who, indeed, if he wanted protection, had to depend upon his fists or his club. It was not only shameful in those days not to fight on occasion; it was also shameful to be ignorant of what was called, and was in reality, the noble art of self-defence.

The hackney coachmen in their turn, stood in with the thieves and took their "regulars" when a trunk or a bag was filched from the coach. They also charged as much as they dared over and above their legal fares; and, because they were liable


THE OLD ANGLE IN
TOM: BATES
FROM LONDON
NO OLD BABY

Price one Shilling *Desiǵnd and Engrav'd by W: Hogarth* — *Publish'd According to Act of Parliament . 1747.*

A COUNTRY INN YARD

From the engraving by Hogarth.

to be summoned, they always took care in opening their doors to open them as wide as possible so that the passenger should not be able to see the number, which was painted on the outside of the door.

The inn yards were also the haunt of the "smasher." Everybody was a smasher. The most active in the smashing business was the noble company of "caddees," a word which we have abbreviated to "cad." These fellows professed to be hanging about for sixpenny jobs, messages, and errands; they also touted for the inns, receiving a shilling for every customer or lodger that they brought. But it was perfectly well known that the chief part of their business was that of smashing. They not only passed off bad money for good, and forged notes for good notes, but they sold their bad money to the hackney coachmen, to the porters, to the guards, to everybody. There were many ways of smashing; if, for instance, a half-crown was given to a coachman he generally had a false one in his hand and presented it, respectfully regretting that his Honour had given him a bad half-crown.

The picking of pockets was reduced to a science. The pickpockets mixed in every crowd; round the print-shops; wherever there was any show or exhibition of goods (*Picture of London*, John Bee, p. 53):—

> "If a horse tumbles or a woman faints, away they run, to increase the crowd and the confusion; they create a bustle, and try over the pockets of unsuspecting persons; till, at length, having marked out one, the accomplice shoves him hard up against other persons (usually some of the gang), who naturally repress the intrusion. Thus wedged in, they next hit him on the head with a stick, when he, to save his hat, or to resent the insult, lifts up his arms; a third or a fourth, still farther behind, gives one more shove, rams his flat hand hard against the belly of the person marked out to be done, and pulls out his watch. If it be his pocket-book they are after, they lift up the skirts of his coat, to come at his inside pocket, but, should it lie on his breast, then the rogue, who is next to the victim, seizes his collar behind, and drags until the buttons give way or there is space enough between the coat and the body for the accomplice to thrust in his arm. So situated, it is clear that every other pocket must be liable to a visit, the breeches not excepted. As he in the rear is generally a short man, or a boy, he thrusts in underneath the arms of the accomplices, who make room for him on purpose, and he is thus enabled to pick two or three pockets at leisure, especially in large crowds—such as a boxing match or my Lord Mayor's show."

Another common method was to get up a sham fight, under cover of which to hustle and rob the bystanders.

In every street was the shop where the servants and prentices, as well as the professional criminals, brought what they could steal from their master; the shop which sold things everybody knew to be stolen—silk handkerchiefs with the worked letters picked out; snuff boxes; wigs; hats; lace ruffles; sword-sticks; pocket-books. In every street where stage-coaches and carriages arrived or set out, there were the houses where painted faces showed at all the windows, where the door stood open, and Doll Tearsheet, smiling, invited the country man in, to ruin and destruction; every street had its rogues' den; its smashing mint; its abodes of cheats, villains, and thief-takers and informers. The police officers were "in it"; they were bribed to shut their eyes; the only security was in showing fight. A little dog roused the tenant when the housebreaker entered by the window; a gun, a sword, a knife, a club drove him out. In the street, even in the busiest thoroughfare, as Ludgate Hill, one might have to fight for watch or purse with club or fists; the very women, the common prostitutes, knew how to handle their fists and could fight, as well as rob. There was a whole vocabulary, apart from the slang Dictionary, of names belonging to the various branches of the rogues' profession. There were, for instance, buffers, caddees, duffers, gaffers, smashers, stashers, nosers, bustlers, kiddies, crimps, bubbles, ring droppers, change ringers, sharpers, smugglers, stags, trippers, divers, grabbers, shoulderers, and a hundred others. The vocabulary is as copious as that of the rogues under good Queen Bess.

The most remarkable point about these rogues in the year, say, 1790 or 1800, was the piety of some of them. One man, for instance, a Roman Catholic, transported for stealing brass wire from his employer—the robbery having been carried on for many years—was a shining example of attention to his religious duties. There was a gang of porters who robbed right and left, and kept a depot for the sale of their goods in Hand Court, Thames Street; after the gang was broken up these men were proved to have been strict and outwardly consistent Christians. Three of them, who were hanged, were members of a Methodist Chapel, and had been "convicted of sin" and converted, long before. Yet they continued in their rogueries; works, we know, may be wholly unconnected with faith.

The lawlessness of the mob is illustrated by the following story from the *Place Collection*:—

> "There was a set of miscreants who chose to live on the eastern side of the Tower, near the Mint, and claimed the privilege of being free from arrest for debt. Fellows who fled from their creditors and, as it appears from the trials of ten of them, were mostly thieves and housebreakers. Among them was one, Mr. Saintive, who had been a Justice of the Peace. The new minters, like the old minters in the borough of Southwark, assigned certain limits as a boundary within which civil process should not be served, and any officer who either attempted to some process within the limits, or upon the person of any one who was involved in a mint, was seized and punished.
>
> When it had been determined to seize and punish obnoxious persons, they used to sally out in considerable numbers and with bludgeons, and followed by an immense mob which encouraged them in their iniquity and probably protected them. They seized one man at Wapping, another they took out of a house in Whitechapel, dragged them to the New Mint, tried and punished them according to their own laws. One of these miscreants, who was hanged for robbery, acknowledged that 'during the time he was a minter, no less than twelve bailiffs had been seized, whipt, and underwent the rest of their discipline.'
>
> 'They seized upon me,' says one of the bailiffs, 'and carried me along in triumph to the New Mint, with colours flying and violins playing before them.' The discipline is thus described by one of the sufferers, William Jones—'They stript me naked and wore sixpenny worth of rods to the stumps in

whipping me, and every now and then they dipped the rods in sirreverence. I believe I received a thousand lashes. After this they put my clothes on again, and some cried, "Damn him, bring him hither!" whereupon I was hauled to the side of a pit which was about 6 feet long and 3 or 4 broad. It was filled with human excrement and other filth, and over it hung the sign of the hand and tipstaff. They threw me into this pit and ducked me overhead several times.'"

Let me quote a few cases of prison and of crime :—

The case of Major Bernardi is very strange and unintelligible. He followed the fortunes of James II. and accompanied the fallen king into France; served as a captain under him at the Battle of the Boyne; and at the reduction of Limerick was permitted to go to France or anywhere else. He proposed to settle in Scotland; but the French privateer, in which he embarked, was taken by an English cruiser. He lost his all, and was sent to the Marshalsea, where he remained for some time. On his discharge a plot was discovered, or actually broke out, for the murder of King William. In consequence of this discovery a reward of £1000 was offered for the arrest of the conspirators, among whose names Bernardi found his own.

No one can pretend to prove or even to describe this case, or to ascertain the share, if any, that Bernardi had in the conspiracy—if there was any conspiracy. However, he was apprehended with some others, taken to Newgate, and closely confined in a cell with irons for two years. All this time without trial. After two years these irons were knocked off, and the prisoners were permitted to walk in the press yard. They then petitioned the King's Bench to be either tried or let out on bail. Bernardi himself set forth that by his imprisonment he had lost an estate, which in his absence had been taken by the next-of-kin. The petition was refused. A special Act of Parliament was passed, to which the King gave his assent, for the continuation of their imprisonment.

There may have been suspicions well grounded enough for the arrest of Bernardi; but what justification could there be for an Act of Parliament to continue his imprisonment without trial. It was in 1696 that he was first imprisoned; when Queen Anne succeeded, another Act of Parliament sanctioned the continued imprisonment; when George I. followed, a third Act was passed; when George II. succeeded his father, a fourth was asked for and passed. Why? This unfortunate man, with his companions, was never let out of prison at all. He outlived them; he lived to the age of eighty-two. Privation did not kill him; nor the foul air of the prison; nor the contagion of gaol fever; nor hope deferred. He married; he made the best of the situation. Towards the end of his life a legacy of £300 a year for the support of these hapless prisoners made them all more comfortable. But still, one asks with wonder, Why? In a land where *lettres de cachet* and the bastille were unknown, —Why?

The case of Mrs. Brownrigg's cruelty to her apprentices has become a typical or leading case in the treatment of parish apprentices. It was not, however, alone. I have before me half a dozen cases of similar barbarity. Of these the worst is that of the Metyards.

These two women lived together, being mother and daughter, in Bruton Street, by no means so aristocratic a street as at present. They kept a small haberdasher's shop, and they made silk nets, purses, and mittens. They also took parish prentices, of whom they had five. These five children were treated in the most barbarous manner; they had insufficient food; they were made to work all day long in a tiny room; they were only allowed out once a fortnight; and they were cruelly beaten both by the mother, who was a woman of a fiendish temper, and the daughter. The weakest and most sickly of these children was one Anne Naylor; she, driven to desperation by hunger and ill-treatment, ran away. She was, however, caught, beaten, and treated worse than ever, while the greatest care was taken lest she should run away again.

She did, however, run away again, but was stopped by the milkman and brought back to the house, where she was thrown on a bed, and while the old woman held her down she was beaten about the body by the daughter. They then hauled her upstairs and tied her fast to the door by a rope round her waist, so that she could neither lie down nor sit down. She was kept thus for three days. On the third day she was so feeble that she sank down hanging by the rope round her waist. The children were frightened and called out "Miss Sally! Miss Sally! Nanny does not move." The girl ran up crying that she would soon make her move. Accordingly she beat the poor dead child about the head with the heel of her shoe; but finding that she really did not move, she called her mother.

First they sent the children downstairs; then they took the body into the garret; they left it there for two months; it became then necessary to get it out of the house. The old woman, therefore, carried the body all the way from Bruton Street to Chick Lane, West Smithfield, where there was a gully hole by which the kennel water ran into the Fleet. She intended to throw the body, which she had cut up, through the gully hole, but could not, on account of the grating. She therefore left the remains in the mud before the grating and went home. The body was found one night by the watchman and carried to the workhouse, where the case was put into the hands of the coroner. He supposed that it was a body lately used for dissection by a surgeon, and ordered it to be buried without inquiry. So far, therefore, the murderer seemed safe. Now, although the daughter, was by this time past nineteen years of age, the mother used to beat her as if she had been a child. The daughter, in order to terrify her into milder behaviour, threatened to accuse her mother of murder and to become evidence against her. This threat rendered their animosities more bitter and their life more miserable.

After some time they took into the house a lodger, one Rooker, a tea dealer. He, observing the daughter was shamefully and cruelly treated, left the house, took another in Hill Street, and carried away the daughter with him, as his mistress or his servant. Probably the former, as she is described as a girl of remarkable personal attractions. They were followed by the old woman, who came every day to abuse Rooker and her daughter, and to create a disturbance. To get her out of the way Rooker took a house in the country but was speedily found out and again assailed by the old woman, who seems to have become mad with ungoverned rage, so that the girl went in terror of her life. At last, thinking that her evidence would be accepted, she communicated to Rooker the whole story of the murder. Rooker wrote down what he had been told, and communicated the facts to the parish of Tottenham High Cross, by which the girl had been put out as apprentice.

The next step was the arrest of the woman and the evidence of two of the girls who had been her apprentices; the daughter was also examined and dismissed. On further evidence, however, she was arrested and taken to the Gatehouse, Westminster. At the trial her mother declared that the girl had had a fit and run away. The daughter related the whole truth, only laying the whole blame upon her mother. The girls, however, showed that she had been as active as her mother in the ill-treatment of the child; finally they were both convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

Even then their hatred towards each other was so great that they had to be separated. The evening before their execution the mother fell into some kind of fit or convulsions, and remained unconscious to the end. The daughter, who was present, took no notice, and continued to talk with a friend who had come to say farewell to her. She continued to the last to declare her innocence.

There are always, in every great town, places by common consent given over to the haunts of criminals. Turnmill Street and the vicinity of Fleet Ditch; the Seven Dials; parts of Westminster; the Mint, Southwark; the eastern side of Tower Hill; have all, in their turn, been notorious as the refuge and residence of criminals. When the executive is strong the herding together of criminals presents the advantage that they can easily be found when they are wanted. The disadvantage is that robberies are concerted and designed with the greater ease when rogues meet together. Among the more notorious of these places in the last century was the tavern called the Red Lion, near Saffron Hill, of which Timbs gives a description which may be quoted as an example of a rogues' haunt:—

> "The most notorious house here was that long known as the Red Lion Tavern; but for the century preceding its destruction in 1844, it had been used as a low lodging-house and was the resort of thieves. It was on the north-west side of the Fleet Ditch, a few houses from Saffron Hill. From its remarkable adaptation as a hiding-place, with its various means of escape, it was a strange place. Its dark closets, trap-floors, sliding panels, and secret recesses, rendered it one of the most secure places for robbery and murder. It was here that a chimney sweep, named Jones, who escaped out of Newgate about three years before the destruction of the house, was so securely hidden for about six weeks, that although it was repeatedly searched by the police, he was never discovered until his hiding-place was divulged by one of its inmates. Jones was concealed by parting off a portion of a cellar with brickwork, well besmeared with soot and dirt, to prevent detection. This cell, or den, was about four feet wide by nine in depth; and Jones had food conveyed to him through a small aperture by a brick or two being left out next to the rafters. Part of a butcher's steel was found here, the handle marked, Benjamin Turle, July 19, 1781. It is said to have belonged to a butcher, a man of bad character, who, about that period, or somewhat later, suffered the last penalty of the law. One room, which was used as a chandler's shop, by way of blind, was provided with a trap-door, through which both thief and booty could immediately be lowered to a cellar beneath, and might thence pass by a plank over Fleet Ditch and gain a refuge in some of the alleys inhabited by other "family people," as they are termed, which communicate with Cow-Cross. It was here that a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked through an aperture in the wall into the Fleet, for which crime two men and a woman were transported. A skull and numerous bones were found in the cellars. The wretched place was said to have been the rendezvous of Jonathan Wild, and often the hiding-place of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw. Many a foul deed had doubtless been there planned and decided on. On one occasion the police had surrounded the house to take a thief, whom they knew to be there, but he made his escape in their actual presence. Another escape was made by a trap-door beneath a bed. In this house a gang of coiners carried on their nefarious work. There was a private still, communicating with the sewer; and in a garret was a secret door which led to the roof of the next house."

Let us attend a sitting of the Court known as the Old Bailey in the year 1730, or thereabouts. This court is held about eight times a year, so that, at the worst, a prisoner committed by a magistrate cannot have more than six weeks to wait before his case comes on. The jury, before the Court commences, are sworn, one after the other, on the filthy binding of a great leather-cased Bible chained to their box—the leather is black with countless lips. They take their seats and wait the arrival of the judges. The witnesses called for the cases down on the list are standing about the doors waiting to give their evidence; they mostly show that unforgiving face which is to be expected of those who have been robbed, and probably kicked, cuffed, hustled, tied up, and perhaps slashed with knives, while their purses and watches were taken from them. The counsel are fluttering papers and talking to each other; the gallery assigned to the general public is crammed with the people who always attend to hear the capital charges—nearly all the cases are capital—and to gaze upon the prisoner with the curiosity naturally attaching to a man who will before long be sentenced to hanging. How does he take it? Snivelling? Like a man? With a laugh? With a white face and trembling limbs? But so far the dock is empty; it is garnished and decorated with sprigs of rue—not at all in honour of the prisoners, but in order to diminish the danger of gaol fever to the

Court; for the infection of gaol fever is said to be carried about in the clothes, the hair, the very breath of every prisoner brought up from the fetid courts and noisome cells of the prison hard by.

The judges enter in their robes; the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and the sheriffs, with the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. They take their seats, bowing to the counsel. The clerk calls the name of the first prisoner, who is brought out and placed in the dock. Then the clerk reads the indictment.

In the eighteenth century we are accustomed to see misery and squalor; they assume worse forms and greater contrasts than will be possible later on. Thus, in a time when men went clean shaven, when some wore wigs and some wore their own hair, most carefully tied back and powdered, the poor wretch in the dock appeared with a three weeks' beard growing over chin and lips; his long hair, which should have been light, even yellow, hung over his shoulders in lank locks, matted, uncombed, in rats'-tails, filthy; his face was ghastly white under the dirt which covered most of it; his lips trembled and his teeth chattered; his eyes were unnaturally bright. His frame—a strong and stalwart frame six feet high and three feet broad—shivered and shook; he caught hold of the spikes in front of him for support. He looked round him as one who, in spite of his bright eyes, really heard and understood nothing.

As for his clothes, they consisted of a shirt, or perhaps it was once a jacket, hanging upon him in rags, and a pair of leathern breeches tied with a thong,—nothing else. The man was stricken with an attack of gaol fever, which made him foolish as well as cold; his mind was wandering; he brought into the court with him a most dreadful reek or stench of the place whence he had been taken. It was the feverish breath of the gaol which spoke through him, crying, "This is the air that your prisoners have to breathe. In this they have to live as long as your hangman lets them live. This is the deadly breath of Newgate." As it rolled in invisible waves about the court; as it crept like a November fog from bench to bench and covered, now the barristers, now the clerks, and lastly the bench, everyone in turn shivered and shuddered. Some smelt at bottles containing vinegar; some opened the lid of the pomander containing aromatic herbs; some held a lump of camphor in their hands, which they kept smelling; some crushed sprigs of rue between their fingers. All recognised that reek and stench for the breath of gaol fever—infectious, mortal; the wretch whose life was to be taken away by force of law might console himself with the thought that he would not die unavenged; for the smell of him was charged with pestilence, and those who looked upon him in life to-day might stand beside him in the other world to-morrow, hurried away by the reek of prison.

The rags of the prisoner had been presented to him by the other prisoners; he had no money for garnish, either for turnkeys or prisoners; he was therefore thrust into the very worst part of the prison; he had no money to buy food or drink, so he was compelled to live on what crumbs came to him from the doles and charities of the prison; he had no bed, no blanket, therefore he lay upon the bare floor; he had no friends outside who could help him—being only a poor forlorn country-bred rogue; the fever had seized him and had most unhappily spared him so far, as if anxious that justice might not be balked of its own, so far as trial at least, and sentence, were concerned. His case attracted no attention, being, indeed, a very common one of highway robbery, and the prisoner did not belong to any of the London gangs, and was in no way distinguished or famous or interesting. Merely a common rogue. He pleaded "Not Guilty." The prisoner was inaudible, in fact he said nothing because he understood nothing. But the turnkey spoke for him. The trial went on. There was no defence. The prisoner seemed to listen stupidly, holding on to the spikes and sometimes reeling for weakness; but he neither heard nor understood; he was quite a common, ignorant man; through the fever and the starvation and misery of prison he had ceased to care for anything; none of the witnesses were cross-examined—how could he examine them? There was no counsel for the defence. Indeed, had there been any counsel, he would not have been allowed to address the jury in defence of the prisoner.

It is hardly credible that this most wonderful disability actually existed, and was only abolished by the Prisoners' Defence Act in the year 1820, within the memory of living men. Sydney Smith it was who first preached against this wicked and cruel law. He pointed out that, while in any court where property was concerned, counsel was heard on both sides, in that court where human life was concerned, counsel were forbidden to speak. He showed how a prisoner, ignorant, unable to speak, unaccustomed to marshal facts, to weigh evidence, or to consider probabilities, was perfectly incapable of defending himself against counsel for the prosecution, whose sole purpose, for his own reputation, was to win the case. Sydney Smith's words were eloquent, but they availed nothing for a time.

In this case the man was wholly inarticulate; he could say nothing; he might have pleaded poverty and destitution and starving children, but the plea would have availed him nothing; he was found guilty; in fact, there was never any doubt about his case at all. The judge put on the black cap. When he came to the words, "That you be hanged by the neck until you are dead—dead—dead"—the turnkey slipped a string over the prisoner's thumb and tightened it, thereby illustrating the meaning of the words, and showing that as he tightened the loop of string over the prisoner's thumb, so should the rope round his neck be tightened at Tyburn Tree.

The prisoner made no sign, shivering and trembling all the time with the fever that consumed him. The judge obeyed the law of the land, but there was another Judge with a more merciful law, who would call that prisoner away by a less shameful death, that very night.

He was succeeded by another fellow—a strapping vigorous young fellow—who stepped briskly into the dock and brought with him another and a fuller breath of the prison. He was charged with shop-lifting; he had stolen something from a counter, valued at 5s.—a capital offence. However, the jury were unwilling to hang so fine a lad for so small an offence. Therefore, in the teeth of the evidence, they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." He stepped down jauntily and made for the door, but the turnkey laid his hands upon him. "Stay," he said, "where are your dues"? "How can I pay your dues? I have no money." "Then you must wait till you can get some. Go back to the prison—pay me my dues. You will stay there till you do." So with a woeful countenance the poor wretch went back to prison. The gates closed upon him; gaol fever very soon carried him off. As for the turnkey, that injured officer never got his dues at all, and the world outside saw no more of that man who was acquitted. I believe that he was in truth a rogue in grain as much as the fellow condemned to die. Yet, being acquitted, surely he ought to have been allowed to go.

This monstrous cruelty was finally stopped by Alderman Brown, Lord Mayor in 1733. His biographer thus relates the Act, which indeed was a notable Act, and worthy of preservation in our records.

> "Before we divest him of his office (Lord Mayor, 1733) 'twould be as injurious as anything could be to his memory, not to let him put in his claim, as principal, in an act of mercy, which arose wholly from himself, for which multitudes of miserable wretches have been obliged to him, and have had cause to bless his name, and whilst the state of wickedness in London and Middlesex continues in the like situation it has been in, or is at present, much greater numbers will undoubtedly have reason to bless his name, and remember his conduct upon that account with great thankfulness and gratitude.
>
> This was the well-known regulations of the Sessions house at the Old Bailey, which proceeded from his own just way of thinking and the tender sentiments of a compassionate heart, for the distressed and unhappy. When an accused person was upon trial at the Old Bailey and acquitted, he was obliged to pay the fees of Newgate or to go back for want of money, where many poor souls perished in prison for no other crime perhaps but poverty.
>
> To put a stop to such terrible cruelty, he procured it to be established by order of the Court, an order which, as we are in a Christian country, 'twould be a shame to us, should not prevail all over the kingdom, that when any accused persons were acquitted by their country, they should instantly be discharged in court, without paying any fees upon any account whatever, and it has been strictly adhered to ever since."

CHAPTER III

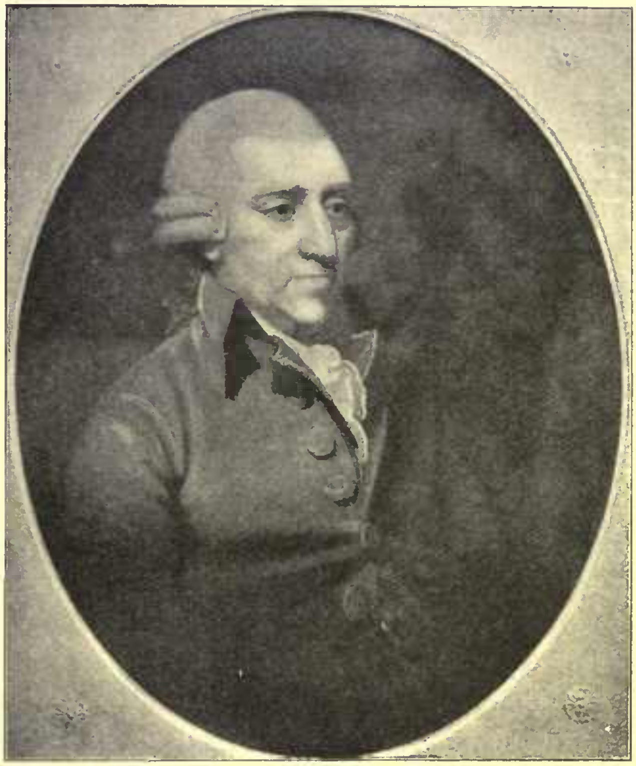
THE LONDON PRISONS

THE condition of the prisons all over Great Britain was proved by Howard to be shameful to the country and incredibly cruel to the prisoners. They lay in noisome cells, on the bare floor, without bedding, without blankets, almost without clothes, without work, without the means of getting work, and almost without food. In some Bridewells (*i.e.* Houses of Correction) there were no allowances for food at all; in others there were allowances of bread alone, and not too much of that. The prisoners were committed to hard labour, but there was no work for them; there were no materials, no tools, no one to put them to work.

Many of the prisons were infected with smallpox; others had gaol fever always lingering about their foul cells and unventilated wards. Gaol fever, indeed, was no new thing. It hovered about our prisons for many centuries, and was a most terrible scourge. In the year 1414 Newgate was relieved of sixty-four prisoners, its keeper, and many turnkeys, by an outbreak of gaol fever. In 1573-1579 a hundred prisoners died of gaol fever in the King's Bench alone. Lord Bacon says that the "most pernicious infection, next the plague, is the smell of a gaol where the prisoners have been long and nastily kept." In 1750, while the fever was raging in Newgate, some of them being brought out for trial, infected the court, so that the Lord Mayor; one of the aldermen, Sir Thomas Abney; the Chief Justice of Common Pleas; Mr. Brown, clerk; Mr. Cox, under sheriff; many of the counsel, jury, and spectators,—all died of the fever.

Deserters apprehended and afterwards taken to their regiments from prison infected the barracks and killed hundreds; sailors put on board ship from prison communicated the disease to the crew. One of the fleets sent to America at the beginning of the war with the States lost 2000 men from this cause. Yet, in spite of the repeated lessons and warnings, nothing was done to check the evil, until Howard pointed out the gravity of the case.

The extortions to which prisoners were subject will be made apparent later on, when I speak of the Fleet Prison. These extortions were practised universally in every prison in the country; they were perhaps a little more shameless, and a little more disgraceful in the Fleet than in other prisons. There is, however, one hardship which belongs to a later period. It is this. The Act (32 George II.) for the Relief of Debtors provided that every debtor could obtain from his detaining creditor the sum of 4d. a day. The law was intended benevolently. It is only another of those cases in which there was no provision made for the enforcement of the law. The unfortunate debtor, if he wanted his 4d.—his "groats" they were called—had to sue for it; where could he find the money for lawyers and fees? Howard found in one of his journeys over 600 prisoners for debt, none of whom owed more than £20; not one among them all could get "their groats."



Walker and Cockerell.

JOHN HOWARD

From the painting by Mather Brown in the National Portrait Gallery, London

In all England he found no more than twelve debtors who got the money due to them by their detaining creditors. The debtors, therefore, but for the assistance they received from those in the prison who were possessed of some means, and for the alms of charitable persons, would have starved. In Newgate the case was better. There the felons received daily a penny loaf. But what is a "penny" loaf? Howard says that in 1557 a penny loaf weighed 20 oz.; but in 1782 only 9 oz. However, through the help of the penny loaf they were only half starved, not wholly.

In many prisons there was actually no water; the inmates were restricted to any allowance of water that the gaoler chose to make them. In one prison they were allowed three pints a day for drinking and all purposes of washing—whether of floors which never were washed, or of their persons, which were like the floors in that respect, or of their linen, of which most of them had none.

The air in all prisons was close and confined. If one visits Newgate at the present day, it becomes apparent that if the prison was crowded, there would be something of the same closeness of exhausted air that was found a hundred years ago. Not so much, because ventilators have been put up. The walls were high and the space was narrow. The courts were small; the air below remained unchanged. So fetid were those courts when Howard visited the prisons, that on coming out of them he could not bear to sit in a post-chaise with the windows up, and found it necessary to travel on horseback for the better ventilation of his clothes; nay, he says that the very leaves of his memorandum book were often so tainted that he had to lay it before the fire, while the vinegar itself which he carried became intolerably tainted. In a word, the stench of the prison was indescribable, and, at the present day, inconceivable.

Now the prisoners were confined in close cells, breathing this horrible air and that of the narrow courts, all day and all night; in some of these cells the floor was the bare earth, unpaved, and damp; the bedding or the straw had to be laid upon this damp floor. Often the prisoners were kept in their rooms all day, as well as all night, because the wall outside was ruinous, or because there was no court, or because the gaoler wanted the court for himself. There was no allowance made for straw or for bedding. Consequently, unless the keeper provided it at his own expense, the prisoners slept on the floor.

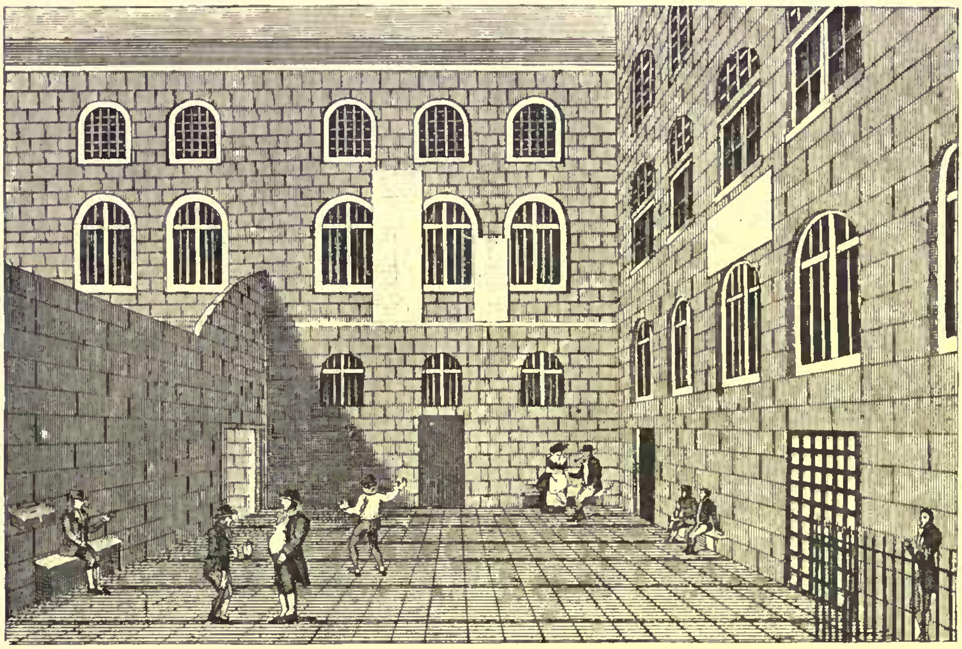
The prisoners were all put together, without the least attempt at separating the debtors from the criminals, the young from the old. The women and the men were together all day, and were only separated at night. In some, the insane were put in the cells with those who were sound of mind. The result of this promiscuous intercourse was the utter ruin of the young. Who could expect a lad or a girl, innocent at first, to herd with habitual criminals of the most depraved kind without themselves becoming depraved?

The demand for "garnish" gave rise to a most extensive system of robbery. "Garnish" was a fee demanded on entrance; if the prisoner had no money, they took some of his clothes. In 1730 four gaolers were found guilty of robbing a certain prisoner under pretence of garnish. To deter others, they were hanged, but it does not seem that they were worse than the rest of their tribe.

The prisoners committed for trial had to walk, sometimes ten or fifteen miles, to the assize town. A gaol delivery occurred generally but once a year. At

Hull it was once in seven years. A certain murderer, named Peacock, was in prison waiting trial for three years. Then the principal witness died and he was released.

Perhaps the most amazing fact is that already noticed, that, even after the prisoner was acquitted, he was detained until he had paid certain fees. The gaoler used to demand his fees; when he was forbidden to detain the prisoner on account of his fees, the Clerks of Assize and the Clerks of Peace continued to be entitled to demand their fees. The following is the table of fees for the Home Circuit (Howard, p. 475):—



NEWGATE, INNER COURT

From a contemporary print.

	s.	*d.*
Burnt in the hand	4	8
Whipped	4	8
Acquitted	8	4
Discharged by proclamation	8	4
Recording every felony	6	4

The place of Clerk of Assize was bought sometimes for as much as £2500. Debtors crowded the prisons by bringing in their wives and children, and, in many cases, women who were not their wives. There were sometimes as many as ten or twelve people crowded into one room.

The total number of persons in England and Wales confined in the various prisons in the year 1776 is set down at 4084. For our purpose it is sufficient to note that there were confined in London, Westminster, and Southwark 228 felons, 194 petty offenders, and 1274 debtors—a total of 1696 out of a population of about 900,000.

In a word, the prison system during the last century was radically inhuman and vicious; the laws made for the benefit of the prisoners were neglected; the prisoners were hardened and instructed and perfected in crime, and their places of confinement were so insanitary that they died like rotten sheep.

Let us now consider Newgate Prison itself, and Bridewell.

Why Newgate was so called, is quite unknown. The old story that it was first opened in the wall to relieve the traffic through Ludgate, is quite easily refuted by considering the nature of the site. Thus, it will be seen that Ludgate opened upon the bed of a broad, tidal stream with a marsh beyond; there could have been no reason at all for constructing a gate at such a point in early times. Ludgate (the "Postern") was not constructed until houses began to be built along the river west of the Fleet. On the other hand, Newgate opens upon a shallow valley, with a stream navigable for barges, yet fordable at low tide, with rising ground in front, and the great Northern road only a mile or so distant along a ridge or upland way.

Every gate was used on occasion as a prison. Newgate, for some reason now unknown, began very early to be used, not occasionally, but always, as a prison. Henry III. ordered the sheriffs of London and Middlesex to keep the prison of Newgate in repair. Whittington left money for repairs so extensive as to mean rebuilding. On this gate was carved a bas relief of his cat—the cat which began his fortune. It was twice repaired before the fire of 1666 destroyed it. It was rebuilt in 1672; the gate was taken down in 1767; the Gordon rioters set fire to the prison in 1780. The present structure, however, had already been commenced, and was finished in 1784.

Of the prison as it stood in 1754, Strype speaks in words of the strongest condemnation. Maitland so far agrees with him, that he copies word for word, and, probably to give greater weight to his opinion, without acknowledgment:—

> "It is a large prison and made very strong, the better to secure such sort of criminals which too much fill it. It is a dismal place within. The prisoners are sometimes packed so close together, and the air so corrupted by their stench and nastiness, that it occasions a disease called the Jail Distemper, of which they die by dozens, and cartloads of them are carried out and thrown into a pit in the churchyard of Christ's Church, without ceremony; and so infectious is this distemper, that several judges, jurymen, and lawyers, etc., have taken it off the prisoners when they have been brought to the Old Bailey to be tried, and died soon after, of which we have an instance within these seven years. And to this wretched place innocent people are sometimes sent, and loaded with irons before their trial, not to secure them, but to extort money from them by a merciless jailor; for, if they have money to bribe him, they may have the irons as light as they please. The City have been so good lately as to introduce a ventilator on the top of Newgate, to expel the foul air and to introduce fresh, to preserve the prisoners' health, and the prisoners are many of

> them kept in distant and more airy prisons, till within a few days before their trials. Sweet herbs, also, are strewed in the court and the passages of it, to prevent infection; and the snuffing up vinegar, it is said, is the most likely way to preserve the healths of those that are obliged to attend such trials."

The regulations of the prison were gradually improved, but there was little attempt made to reform the prisoners or to maintain order. Towards the end of the century there were sometimes as many as 800 prisoners here, of whom a large number were still debtors; among them were more than a hundred women. These, it is true, had their own side, but when Mrs. Fry visited them she found them "swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, drinking, and dressing up in men's clothes." On the men's side there was no interference to prevent them from gambling and drinking. The Press Yard preserves the memory of the *peine forte et dure* inflicted on prisoners who refused to plead. They refused because they could not be tried without pleading; because they could not therefore be found guilty; therefore their goods could not be confiscated.

In earlier times those who refused to plead were treated as those whom the judgment of God had condemned through an ordeal; they were hanged. They then instituted penance, *i.e.* solitary imprisonment in a cell and starvation.

It is hinted, however, that the keepers sometimes took pity on a prisoner and gave him food, so that a miracle was proclaimed and the happy prisoner, sustained miraculously through a fast of forty days, was released. Some doubt having arisen as to the genuineness of these miracles, the *peine forte et dure* was substituted. In this terrible torture the victim lay on his back, and heavy weights were placed upon his chest until he expired. It is not known how many cases of this punishment took place. One Major Strangeways, early in the last century, chose to die in this way rather than by the gallows, and so saved his fortune for his children.

The pressing of William Spiggot and Thomas Phillips is thus described (*Place Collection*):—

> "William Spiggot and Thomas Phillips were brought to the Bar to be arraigned, when they both declared they would not plead, till the Court had ordered the horses, furniture, and money and other things (which were taken from them when they were apprehended) to be returned. The Court informed them that what they desired was more than could be granted. But notwithstanding this, the prisoners still refused to plead, and the Court gave orders that the judgment should be read, appointed for such prisoners as shall stand mute, or refuse to plead:—
>
> 'That the prisoner shall be sent to the prison from whence he came, and put into a mean room stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering, and without any garment about him, except something to hide his privy members. He shall lie upon his back, his head shall be covered, and his feet shall be bare. One of his arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side of the room, and his legs shall be served in like manner. Then there shall be laid upon his body as much iron or stone as he can bear or more, and the first day after he shall have three morsels of barley bread, without any drink; and the

second day he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can at three times, of the water that is next the prison door, except running water, without any bread; and this shall be his diet till he dies; and he against whom this judgment shall be given, forfeits his goods to the King.'

This having no effect on the prisoners, the executioner (as is usual in such cases) was ordered to tie their thumbs together, and draw the cord as tight as he was able, which was immediately done, but neither this nor all the admonition of the Court, being sufficient to bring them to plead, they were sentenced to be pressed to death. Pursuant to this judgment they were carried back to Newgate. As soon as they entered the press room, Phillips desired that he might return to the Bar and plead, but Spiggot continued obstinate and was put under the press. He bore 350 pounds weight for half an hour, but then 50 pounds more being added he begged that he might be carried back to plead, which favour was granted him.

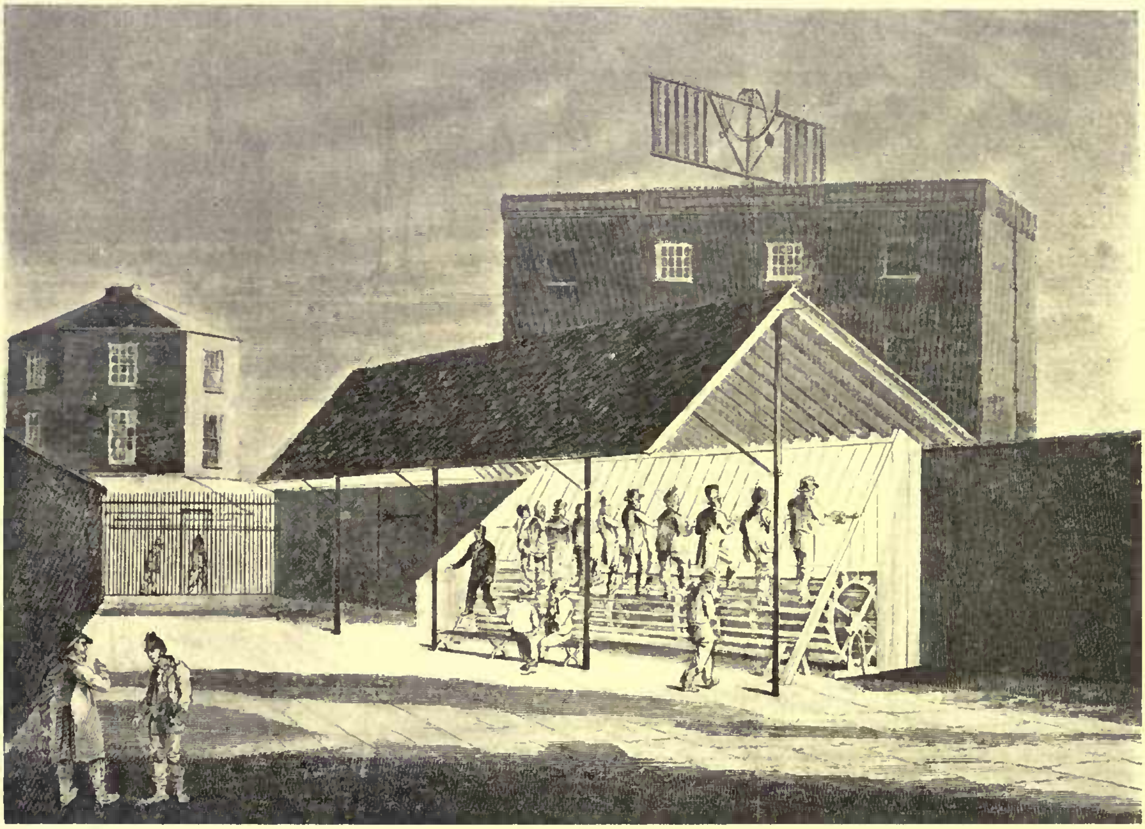
While he was lying in the vault upon the bare ground, with 350 pounds upon his breast, the chaplain went and prayed by him and advised him not to hazard his soul by such an obstinate kind of self-murder. But all the answer he made was, "Pray for me, pray for me!" He sometimes lay silent under the pressure as if insensible of pain, and then again would fetch his breath very quick and short. Several times he complained of the cruel weight they had laid upon his face, though it was covered with nothing but a thin cloth, which was afterwards removed and laid more light and hollow, yet he still complained of the prodigious weight upon his face which might be caused by the blood being forced up thither. When he had remained half an hour under this load and 50 pounds more were laid on, being in all 400 pounds weight, he told those that attended him that he would plead. Immediately the weight was at once taken off, the cords cut asunder, and he was raised up by two men, and some brandy was put into his mouth to revive him, and so he was carried to his trial. He was very faint, and almost speechless for two days, and then he seemed to recover strength for a little time, but then he grew worse, and desired to receive the Sacrament as thinking he should not live to execution day. But before that time he again recovered strength. He said that he did not desire to live for he could hardly fetch his breath, and could only be a weak and unhealthy man. He was hanged at Tyburn, 8th February 1720, in the 30th year of his age."

When Howard visited the prison in the year 1782 he found the governor or gaoler no longer dependent on the fees which he could extort from the prisoners Yet the abominable system of fees had not entirely departed.

Debtors to pay on leaving	8s. 10d.
Felons	18s. 10d.
Misdemeanour or fines	14s. 10d.
Transports	14s. 10d.

Besides these fees there was "garnish" for entrance—for debtors, 5s. 6d.; for felons, 2s. 6d.; the gaoler had a licence for beer but not for spirits. These, however, were brought into the gaol freely by friends who came to visit the prisoners. Access to the prison was quite free to the friends of the prisoners, and there was apparently no limit to the amount of drinking, gambling, etc., that went on every day and all day long. There was a small allowance of food—for debtors one penny loaf of bread weighing in 1782 9 oz., and for felons a three-halfpenny loaf. As for the numbers on the 18th of December 1781 there were only three debtors and 291 felons. Why there were so few debtors in that year is not explained; the year after, in 1782, there were 113 debtors. The chaplain read prayers daily with the condemned, held two services on Sunday, and he administered the Sacrament once a month; the surgeon received £100 a year and attended on all the prisoners. The prison was destroyed by the Gordon rioters in 1780, but it had already been condemned. Of the 291 felons in 1782 66 were women; 100 were transported; 89 were fined; and 21 condemned to death.

There were fifteen condemned cells; they were all vaulted, 9 feet high to the crown, and were 9 feet by 6 in area. The doors were 4 inches thick; the stone walls were lined with planks studded with broad-headed nails; there was a small window high up; a barrack bed formed the greater part of the furniture.



THE TREADMILL

From a contemporary print.

For the debtors there were certain legacies, amounting on the whole to £52:5:8 a year, together with other gifts in food, etc. Under the old system the women's side contained sometimes as many as 100 crowded together in three or four rooms,—many of them young girls, just commencing their career of vice, many old and hardened and ready to corrupt the younger sort. The mixture of young and old was also followed on the men's side. The men's infirmary had only seven bedsteads. These were all occupied, and other sick men lay on the floor naked, in a miserable condition, covered with sores and sheltered from the cold by a single rug. The women's infirmary was only 15½ feet by 12; there were no bedsteads; there was but one window; four sick women lay on the floor; the sewers were most offensive.

In every prison there was formerly a taproom. When that was taken away from Newgate a public-house outside had the privilege of sending in beer; it sold a butt of beer, and sometimes two, every day to the prison. The gaoler had a fee for every gallon taken in. In 1730 the Ordinary, then the Rev. James Guthrie, relates without comment, and as an occurrence of quite an ordinary character, that he had been to visit a person named John Bennett, twenty-seven years of age, and found him unable to move by reason of a swelling in his legs and feet caused by the irons on his feet and the extreme cold. The man died a day or two afterwards.

Among the bequests to Newgate is a gift of £1:6:5 a year for the bellman or sexton of St. Sepulchre's for pronouncing solemnly two exhortations to the condemned prisoners, the night before their execution and on the day of execution.

The prison is only now used for persons about to be tried, or for persons condemned to capital punishment. It is a place of singular interest to the visitor: he will see the irons with which prisoners were formerly loaded, the condemned cells, the old exercising grounds and yards, the gallows, the instrument in which a man is placed when he is about to be flogged, the way to and from the Old Bailey, which is also the burial place of the poor creatures hanged within and without the prison; their initials alone mark the place where they lie together, murderers all. A dreadful place!

An incident in the history of Newgate occurs under the date of 1726. There were lying in gaol, under sentence of death, certain malefactors, a circumstance that was always happening in Newgate. These men, considering that they had to die, and that they could not get out except for the purpose of being hanged, resolved to keep their turnkeys and warders out. They therefore barricaded the doors, and being provided with arms of some kind, they stood upon their defence. It was a hopeless undertaking, because at the worst their warders could starve them into submission. However, the sheriff was sent for. He addressed the prisoners from the first floor,—the chapel floor,—exhorting them to submission, and then, finding his words produced no effect, he caused them to be fired upon from above. They then submitted. On their way to Tyburn it must have been some consolation to feel that they had done something to mitigate the monotony of prison. Moreover, even if the sheriff had given word to fire upon them—whereby some lay in the fatal cart with bandaged arms and legs—they died revenged, because the breath of the prison went up to him as he stood over them and sent him home with gaol fever, so that he, too, though not by the cart and the gallows tree, was bound for the same bourne as themselves.

There was a more successful mutiny in 1748. Seven prisoners were in Newgate on a charge of smuggling; they were confined in a cell together. One evening, after dark, when the turnkeys opened their door, they all rushed out together, armed with pistols and clubs—where did they get them?—and made for the gate, which they got through, and so out into the street. Five were taken in the adjacent streets, known, one naturally supposes, by their fetters; the other two escaped and—one cannot help expressing some satisfaction—were not caught, though high rewards were offered for their apprehension.

Those who to-day for curiosity visit Newgate and walk about its deserted courts, can with difficulty realise its crowded condition during the whole of the eighteenth century. Thus, for the year 1772 there is given a classified enumeration of the occupants during that one year. They are divided into felons, sheriff's debtors, County Court debtors, and Excise debtors. Felons are subdivided into four classes: those charged with felony and awaiting trial; those already condemned and waiting for the day of execution to be named; and those sentenced to be transported. The list is as follows:—

Felons	1475
Sheriff's debtors	138
County Court debtors	115
Excise debtors	7
Total	1735

Of this total, thirty-two died in prison during the year and about fifty were hanged.

We have already learned that the number of those actually hanged was by no means the number sentenced to be hanged. The executions had become, shortly before this date, so numerous, that public opinion was awakened. For instance, in 1776 there were 223 persons hanged; the practice of respiting the less hardened criminals began about that time and increased every year; so that sometimes juries would not convict of the lighter charges which carried a capital sentence, and sometimes those who were condemned knew that they would get off.

In 1772 there were tried and sentenced at the Old Bailey as follows:—Sentenced to death 87 (the list, however, is apparently incomplete); sentenced to transportation, 210 (again the list appears incomplete); to be branded 11; to be whipped, a number uncertain.

One of the cases brought into the courts this year was an action against the keeper of a private madhouse for confining two women perfectly sane, brought there by their husbands. This case opens out a field of wickedness which could be carried on almost with perfect safety. In this case, however, the thing was happily brought home to the keeper, who was fined £50 for each detention.

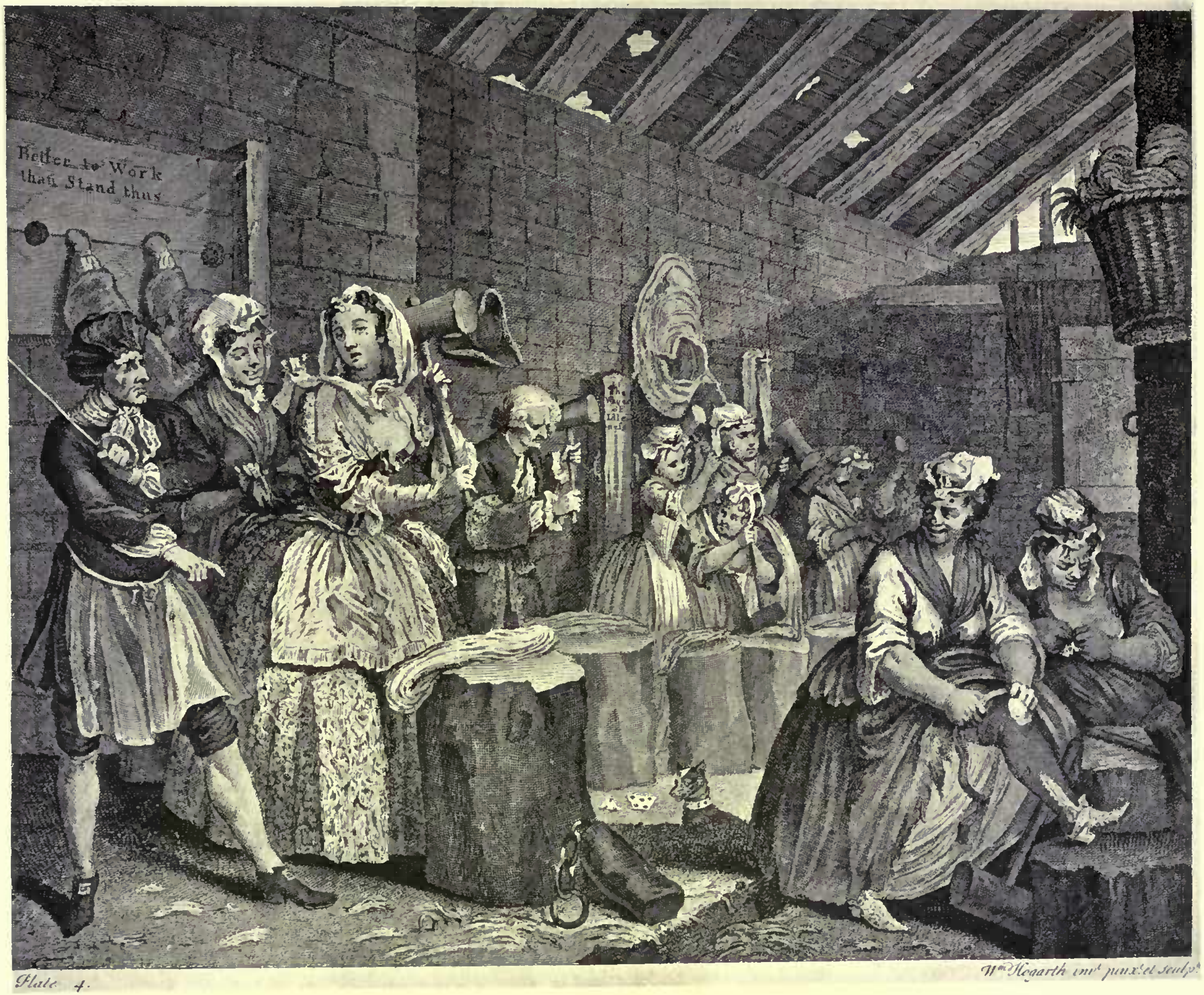
The old palace of Bridewell—the history of which will be found in another place — formerly consisted of two square courts running back from the bank of the river. After the fire, which destroyed the two courts, Bridewell was rebuilt but not on the same foundations. The new Bridewell was completed in the year 1668, partly as a school for trades to which poor boys were apprenticed, and partly as a prison for vagrants, masterless men, prostitutes, and disorderly persons of all kinds. Bethlehem and Bridewell were under the same Board of Governors.

The second Bridewell consisted of one large quadrangle, one side of which was occupied by the hall; another side by the chapel and offices; and the third and fourth side, by the prison. When the City prison of Holloway was completed, Bridewell ceased to be a House of Correction, and the prison was cleared away. All that now remains is a part of the hall, a very fine room, and a part of the Governor's house. There are cells beneath in which are imprisoned from time to time refractory apprentices. So few trades in London now take apprentices that these young prisoners are generally printers. The School of Arts and Trades was removed by the governors to the back of the New Bethlehem. Here 200 poor boys and girls are still taught useful callings. In 1750 the hospital was used as a place "where all strumpets, night walkers, pickpockets, vagrants, and idle persons that are taken up for their ill tricks, as also incorrigible and disobedient servants, are committed by the Mayor and aldermen, and being so committed, are forced to beat hemp in public view with due correction of whipping according to their offence for such a time as the president and court shall see cause."

Earlier in the century the flogging of the women in Bridewell was one of the sights of London to which anyone could go. The alderman present held a hammer in his hand and the flogging was continued until the hammer fell. "Knock, good Sir Robert, knock," cried the wretched woman.

The School of Arts and Trades taught poor boys the making of gloves, the dressing of flax, weaving, and other trades. After they had served their apprenticeship they received £10 each to enable them to start in the world. These lads were known in the City by their dress of blue doublets and breeches. As regards the prisoners it was long a reproach to the City that no woman was brought to this place except those who could not afford to bribe the watchmen; they were therefore only the lowest, poorest, and most wretched, but by no means the most vicious or the most mischievous. Pennant thus speaks of the place:—

> "The first time I visited the place, there was not a single male prisoner, and about twenty female. They were confined on a ground-floor, and employed in beating of hemp. When the door was opened by


Better to Work
than Stand thus
Plate 4.
Wm Hogarth inv. pinx. et sculp.

BEATING HEMP IN BRIDEWELL PRISON

From Hogarth's engraving, "Scene in Bridewell" (*The Harlot's Progress*).

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the keeper they ran towards it like so many hounds in kennel, and presented a most moving sight; about twenty young creatures, the eldest not exceeding sixteen, many of them with angelic faces, divested of every angelic expression, and featured with impudence, impenitency, and profligacy; and cloathed in the silken tatters of squalid finery."

The Women's Ward, larger than the men's, contained a day-room on the ground floor apart from the day-room of the men. In Hogarth's picture the men and women are beating hemp in the same room. The women had two night-rooms above their day-room. There was an infirmary in the prison, and the room was provided with a ventilator. The fault of the prison was that the inmates were never let out into the open air, which made them unhealthy and the rooms offensive. Apart from the flogging, the treatment of the prisoners was far more humane than at other prisons. They worked from eight till four in winter and from six to six in summer. On four days in the week they were allowed a penny loaf, ten ounces of dressed beef without bone, broth, and three pints of beer. On the other days, a penny loaf (8½ ounces, 1783), four ounces of cheese, a pint of milk pottage, and three pints of beer. The rations were served at twelve o'clock. All the night-rooms were supplied with rye straw; in winter, the women, not the men, were allowed some firing.

Bridewell also performed a more pleasing function in relieving the distressed by charitable gifts. In this work, however, it was found necessary to proceed with caution, as the knowledge of such doles brought vagrants to London.

The "Bridewell Boys," already spoken of, sometimes gave trouble. They had the privilege of going to fires in order to help with the buckets and to work the Bridewell engine. They behaved with so much disorder at the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, that the governors in 1755 took up the matter seriously. The boys were deprived of their uniform, put more closely to work under trade masters, kept within the hospital, and in other ways curtailed in their privileges.

CHAPTER IV

THE MARCH TO TYBURN

When sentence of death was passed, the unfortunate man was taken back to prison, where he lay with the others, sentenced or waiting for trial, until the day appointed for his execution. There were long delays between sentence and execution; there were frequent respites; the uncertainty of a capital sentence caused the thing itself to lose most of its terrors. The condemned prisoners were not till late in the century separated from the rest; their friends could visit them as much as they pleased. They were, of course, heavily fettered with irons, which can still be seen in Newgate.

Here is a fact which proves the incredible licence allowed to condemned criminals. It was in the year 1746. One Henry Simms, a notorious thief, was committed for trial, tried, and sentenced to death. We are told that "he behaved very undauntedly, especially before he was certain of death. He quarrelled with Mary Allen, another convict, and beat her very much." So that a woman condemned to death was allowed on the same side as the men condemned to death; and the discipline of the prison was such that one convict was allowed to beat "very much" another convict—and a woman!

The service in chapel, the day before the execution, was the last occasion but one of exhibiting their courage and their carelessness. They sat in the condemned pew, round the coffin in the middle, with a show of recklessness. They were encouraged by the other prisoners who sat in two galleries, the men in one and the women in the other, opposite to each other. These prisoners, not yet sentenced, called upon them to hold up their heads and kick off their shoes at the gallows—a thing which was actually done when the cart moved away and the hanging began.

They were allowed what they chose to pay for. Jonathan Wild, for instance, the night before the execution, offers the Ordinary a bottle of wine when he expected a bowl of punch. Visitors were allowed into the Yard where the prisoners took their exercise; ladies of fashion crowded to see a famous highwayman; artists came to paint their portraits; the prisoners dressed themselves as finely as they could, sometimes in silk with powdered wigs and rings. There was so much curiosity, bustle, admiration, pity, encouragement from the visitors, that the gallant robber's head was turned with vanity, and he marched out of Newgate, when his hour arrived, with all the glory of a conquering hero.

At one o'clock on Sunday, chapel over, the friends of those about to die were allowed to see them for the last time. They brought with them the materials for making a decent and a creditable show—there seems to have been as little feeling of shame among the family of the hanged man as there was of pity among the spectators. The last gifts consisted—it was the right thing in all such cases—of a white cap with black ribbons, a prayer-book, a nosegay to stick in his waistcoat, and an orange to hold in his hand. Why an orange I know not, but it doubtless had some symbolical meaning.

On Sunday night the sexton, or beadle, of St. Sepulchre's church stood in the street or in the gateway of the prison, and read or spoke the following exhortation in hearing of the prisoners:—

> "You prisoners within, who for your wickedness and sin, after many mercies showed you, are now appointed to be executed to death to-morrow in the forenoon. Give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the great bell of St. Sepulchre's parish shall toll for you from six till ten, in order and manner of a passing-bell, which used to be tolled for those which lie at the point of death, to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up to hearty prayer to God to bestow His grace and mercy upon you, whilst you yet live. Seeing the prayers of others will do you no good, unless you turn to God, in true sorrow for your sins, and pray with them for yourselves also, I beseech you all, and every one of you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and hearty prayer to God for the salvation of your own souls, whilst there is yet time and place for mercy, as knowing that to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torment for your sins committed against Him, unless upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance you obtain mercy, through the merits and death and passion of Jesus Christ, your only Mediator and Redeemer, who came into the world to save sinners, and now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for you, if you penitently return to Him. So, Lord have mercy upon you, Lord have mercy upon you all."

On the Monday morning the prisoners were all brought out into the room adjoining the gate. Here, one after the other, their irons were knocked off, the rope placed round their necks, and their elbows pinioned, leaving the hands free. Meanwhile the chaplain went about from one to the other exhorting them to repentance. Most of them scoffed openly; some "snivelled," as it was delicately put—one hopes that such poor-spirited creatures were few in number; the sheriffs, with a large number of visitors, looked on—it seems as if anybody could go in by "tipping" a turnkey. The prisoners, when all were ready, were then led out and placed in the cart or carts, the Ordinary going with them.

The procession consisted of the sheriffs, in a carriage, or perhaps a deputy sheriff, who led the way. He was followed by the cart or carts in which the criminals sat beside their coffins; with them sat the chaplain, exhorting. When, as generally happened, there were many persons taken out for execution, the chaplain either went in the sheriff's carriage or chose one of the carts. I quote the following from the *Place Collection*:—

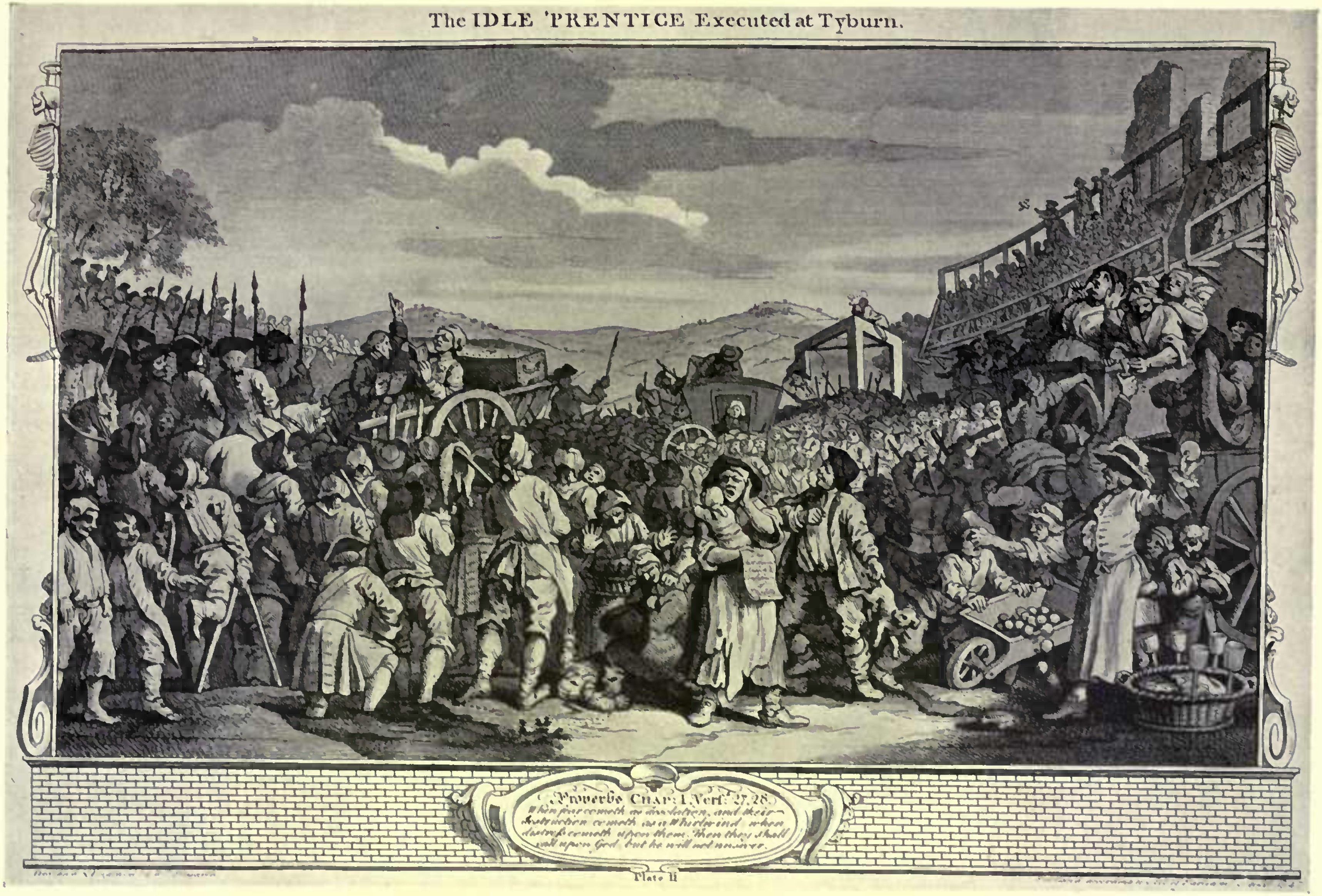
> "It required some address in Mr. Akerman, or the master of the ceremonies, to place his departing customers in the cart in due order of precedence. An highwayman formerly was entitled to the pre-eminent seat; but robbers of the mail now enjoy that distinction. The difficulty of regulating these points is when both sorts of culprits are travelling to Tyburn. I remember having seen two gentlemen taking their last journey on this road in a two-wheeled vehicle hung with solemn sable, who quarrelled as they went along on the question of precedence."

Outside, on the steps of St. Sepulchre's, the friends of the *morituri* waited with nosegays to stick in their waistcoats. Here, too, the sexton, or beadle, pronounced another exhortation to the prisoners:—

> "All good people, pray heartily to God for these poor sinners going to their deaths, and for whom this great bell doth toll; and you that are condemned to die, repent yourselves with lamentable tears, and ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the mercies, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, your only Mediator and Redeemer, who came into the world to save sinners, and now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for you, if you heartily return to Him. So, Lord have mercy upon you, Lord have mercy upon you all."

A number of constables walked beside the carts or rode after them. The journey lasted over half an hour; during the whole way the road was lined with a crowd of all the scum and riff-raff of London. There were barrows or stands where gin was dispensed at the cheap rates of which we have heard; there were stalls for gingerbread, nuts, and apples; there were ballad-mongers bawling the latest song on the most interesting of the criminals; there were boys crying the last dying speech and confession; the following is also from the *Place Collection*:—

> "Formerly every ragged man, woman, and child bawled dying speeches about the streets. Some blowed horns during the morning, and indeed till the middle of the afternoon. They all used the same words and the same tone in chanting them; they were the following:—'Here's all the right and true last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of the three or six or ten unfortunate malefactors who were executed this morning at Tyburn' or, 'this morning opposite the Debtors' door in the Old Bailey.'
>
> Frequently—'also a copy of the letter which the noted —— sent to his sweetheart or wife—the night before his execution.'
>
> These speeches were printed before the execution took place, and were cried in distant parts of the town before the criminals were actually executed. The sale of speeches, at a halfpenny each, must have been very great, for the number of those who hawked them about was enormous; no one can form a conception either of their number or the discordant chant and noise they made. Their number was indeed so great that, in going along the streets, there was no cessation, no interval when the ear was relieved from the sound of their voices."


The IDLE 'PRENTICE Executed at Tyburn.
Proverbs Chap: 1. Verſ: 27.28.
When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a Whirlwind, when distress cometh upon them. Then they shall call upon God, but he will not answer.
Plate II

ON THE ROAD TO TYBURN

From Hogarth's engraving, "The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn" (*Industry and Idleness*).

There were fellows fighting in extemporised rings and women applauding; and when the carts passed with the crowd of young fellows following and shouting, the spectators applauded or hissed, loudly praised or loudly cursed, the principal actor in the scene. He was generally a highwayman, young of course, sometimes a handsome ruffian with an impudent swagger and a very fair assumption of recklessness. With his elbows tied fast it was difficult for the most interesting highwayman to be perfectly easy; still, he could hold the prayer-book in his hand with a negligent grace which showed that he had no connection with the snivellers beside him; he could shake hands with the lads who shouted and ran beside the cart; he could bow gracefully to the ladies; while the black strings of his cap were like the pirate's flag of defiance.

Beside him, in the same cart, perhaps, sat a young girl on her coffin; she was bent and crouched down; in her arms she clasped a baby. Alas! Alas! it was for her baby's sake that she became a shoplifter; and now her baby would be given over to the cold mercies of the parish; she felt no shame; she was thinking of her baby. "Repent, woman!" cried the Ordinary, "repent while there is still time left!" She could not repent; she was thinking of her baby, not of her soul; she was thinking of her baby, not of the fearful wrench from life that awaited her at the end of this dreadful journey; it was with a shriek of agony unspeakable that she suffered her child to be taken from her; it was an insensible form that hung from the rope when the cart moved slowly away.

Who were the others in the cart? None that the crowd cared about. The forger had been a respectable tradesman; his face was white; he could not pray for the misery of the thing; he could not pray for thinking of the folly and madness of it. The young fellow who tried to laugh was a convict returned before his time; the others were murderers, footpads, and common thieves.

When they arrived at the gallows, which stood opposite the Marble Arch, the crowd was dense; stands were erected as at Epsom races; there was more drinking of gin, more fighting, more bawling of ballads. The cart drew up under the gallows; the caps were pulled down; the highwayman kept the smile upon his lovely face to the end, yet, I think that when the cap was down, he smiled no longer; the ropes were adjusted; and the cart moved slowly away, leaving them, without a drop, to dangle and be slowly choked. The highwayman, game to the last, kicked off his shoes. Thus every great man should die.

Then friends of the wretches made haste to hang on by the legs so as to bring their sufferings to a speedy end. Women in black moved about to claim as near relations the bodies of those who had no friends; they were resurrection women, who carried off the bodies to the dissection rooms.

It was considered that a man might hang for twenty minutes or half an hour before he died. His friends could have the body if they pleased at the expiration of one hour. But many of the gallows birds found their way to the surgeons.

Here is a contemporary account:—

"With much difficulty I forc'd my way up the Stone Stairs which lead to the *Hall*, where these unhappy Travellers have their *St. Pulchre's Boots*, as they are call'd, taken off before they set out upon their journey. I had here no sooner recover'd the use of my Arms and Hands, but found myself in the state of a stript Bankrupt, before the Commissioners in the *Irish Chamber;* my *Watch*, *Keys* and *Tobacco Box*. Having made the tour of my Pockets, however, finding Means to pacify and pass the *Cerberus*, posted at the great Iron Door, I was no sooner enter'd but fancy'd myself at a *Tennis Court* or the *Tilt-Yard* Guard-room, from the delightful Conversation that pass'd between the good Company, waiting to see the Ceremony of the *Investiture* of the *Halter*.

A *Turnkey* kept jostling me to take notice of the Behaviour of a little rough-fac'd *Sailor*, with a speckled Handkerchief, hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches. That Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree, and do Honour to our Execution; observe how negligently he *palms* his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how steadfast are his Eyes on his *Mawks*, and how regardless of the Minister. *Ah!* adds he with a deep sigh, *what a fine thing it is to* die well, *and what would I not give to be certain of making* so good an End.

A *Butcher*, who seem'd to be as busy about the Place, as a Bailiff at a Horse-Race, or an Adjutant at an Exercise, threw himself into the most violent Agony I ever beheld a Man, to find that his *dear Friend Joe*, who was going to suffer for about a score of Robberies on the Highway, should, after all his boasted Courage, snivel to the Ordinary, and die a Dunghill at last.

A Fellow of a genteel Deportment, who was most deplor'd by the better sort of the Spectators, complained grievously of the Verdict that had pass'd against him, saying, that had it been given for £40,000 instead of 40s., in the room of passing in a dirty Vehicle to *Tyburn*, he had been flying in his Coach and Six to *Bath* or *Tunbridge* to receive the Compliments of the *Beau Monde*.

But a *Youth* that had receiv'd the Benefit of some School-Learning, appear'd to be under a deep Melancholly, because, as he said, he apprehended their Sufferings were not to terminate with the Execution; and when he express'd himself in this Manner, I observ'd his Eyes were pretty earnestly fix'd upon the Writer of the *Dying-Speech* Paper.

Two *Street-Robbers* received much comfort, in the Assurances given them, by one of their Doxys, that she had engaged a sufficient Number of her Friends from the *third Regiment*, to secure their Carcases from being *Atomis'd*. . . .

A *Printer's* Boy was grovelling behind me, and muttering out, that the *Men stood still for Copy;* upon which I perceived a *slender Gentleman* address himself to one of the *Criminals* in a low tone to the Effect, That he would *tip him* as handsome a Coffin, as a Man need desire if he would *come down* but half-a-dozen more Pages of *Confession*. The Prisoner mighty elate at the Proposal, answered with an audible Voice, *Sir, strike me as stiff as an Alderman's Wife in a Church Pew, if I don't oblige you.*

On a sudden, a Fellow like a *Prize-fighter*, proclaim'd with a bloody Oath, that a Reprieve and free Pardon for one of the Prisoners was just arriv'd. In an Instant a Spirit of Joy and Geneva diffused itself over the Place; but a *Serjeant* of the *Foot Guards* appear'd to be under great Anxiety, saying it was little matter of Joy to him, in that his *Kinsman* had discover'd such a pusillanimous Behaviour under his Condemnation, as had already render'd him the Jest of all the *Geneva* Shops in *St. Giles's*, and that he would never be able to shew his Head again, on the *Parade* or at *Stokes's* Amphitheatre: What, says he, to refuse a *Dram* for the sake of Drelincourt, and sink an Oath to oblige the *Ordinary!* He was going on in this manner, when a *Smithfield Horse-Courser* interfer'd in behalf of the *Delinquent*, and said, he could no longer bear to hear poor *Jemmy* abus'd in such a manner; and offer'd to rap an Affidavit, that being one day in the Cells with him, he actually heard him outswear a Captain of a Fourth-Rate Man of War, or a Company of drunken Bailiffs in a Tavern Kitchen. This was acknowledg'd by one of the *Myrmidons*, or *Runners* of the Jail to be true; but then indeed, the Man cou'dn't deny but that it was a full Fortnight before the Dead Warrant came down. Next, a *Brandy Smuggler, a good sort of a Man*, used his kind Offices for composing the Difference, and reconciling the Relations to one another; he own'd *Jemmy* had been highly to blame, in bringing a *Slur* upon himself and Family, by his timorous Conduct, but hoped that as he had now seen his *Error*, he would neither want Sense nor Leisure, to *Repent* of his *Repentance*.

Two *elderly Women* decently dress'd in *Black Crape*, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman of Quality, when she drives by the Door of her *Mercer*, were curs'd like a Box and Dice at a Hazard Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a Surgeon; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a *Welch* Dean and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the *Gallows* to do their Duty. A pretty corpulant Man that stood near me, whose *Plate Button Coat* denoted him the Master of some *publick House*, was so kind as to inform me that these *Gentlewomen* were the Agents of the *Surgeons*, who gave them pretty good wages, for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors; for which purpose they attended in Hackney Coaches, as constantly at every Execution, as *Rain* at a *Review*, or *Ladies* at a *Rape-Trial*, and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies, for the use of their Masters the Gentlemen of the Faculty; while the real Mothers, who have waited near the Tree, with scarce any Cloaths at all on their Backs, have not only had the mortification to see the Remains of their unhappy Children carried off in Triumph for Dissection, but also run a risque of being massacred by the Mob, on a false Suspicion of their being in the Interest and Pay of the Surgeons.

At last out set the Criminals, and with them a Torrent of Mob, bursting through the Gate, like a *West Country* Barge with a *Flash of Thames* Water at her Tail. Thousands are pressing to mind the Looks of them. Their *quondam* Companions more eager than others, break through all Obstacles to take Leave; And here you see young Villains, that are proud of being so (if they know any of them) tear the Cloaths off their Backs by squeezing and creeping thro' the Legs of Men and Horses to shake Hands with them; and not to lose before so much Company the Reputation there is, in having had so valuable an Acquaintance. All the way from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, is one continu'd Fair. Here the most abandoned Rascals may light on Women as shameless. Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness; where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is nowhere very thin, the Rabble is the rudest; and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his companion in the Kennel, and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire. No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them Weather-beaten Fellows, that had misspent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig actually putrify'd, squeezed up in a Corner, recommends a Dram of it to the Goers-by. There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock; with several Bottles in a Basket, stirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity; and further off you may see the Head of a Third, who has ventur'd in the middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in the irregular Stream. Whilst higher up, an old decrepid Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her in a Soldier's Coat, her termagant Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch. It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion, all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows; and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sheriffs Officers, Constables, and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other; the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swinging Sticks and Blood that fly about, the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all, the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seem to be tired, and glad it is over." (*A Trip through the Town*, pp. 26-31.)

The following is an account of a State Execution, but not of a noble lord. The writer early in the morning found a young woman beside Rosamund's Pond about to drown herself, because her husband was to be shot that morning for fighting under the enemy's flag. The writer did his best to dissuade her:—

"Thus we chatted till about eight o'clock, when I perceived a great Party of the Guards, under Arms, moving slowly towards us. I requested to know where I could see her again; 'To oblige you, Sir,' answered she, 'you may see me To-morrow morning at *Islington* Church.' By this time she plainly saw the Guards, followed by a prodigious Croud of People; then her Outcries and Lamentations were affecting beyond Expression, frequently saying, 'My dear, dear *William* is the Occasion of that Croud, they are now going to tear him from me for ever.' She instantly ran to them, and I kept as close to her as possible till we came up to the Croud.

To give you a Description of this melancholy Sight, the Guards were taking five Prisoners to Execution to *Hyde-Park* to be shot, who were dressed in white and attended by Chaplains, unbraced, and Mourning Drums dismally beating; Sadness appeared in every Part of this Scene; not all the Pageantry used at great Funerals can for Sorrow equal this, where unfortunate Men behold their own Obsequies; they moved a slow and solemn Pace, when my Morning Acquaintance threw herself at the Feet of her beloved *William*, and distractedly cried, '*William*, my Dear, my Husband, where are you going? they are leading you to Destruction; you shall not go with them; sure they do not mean to shoot my *William*. The King has not such a Man in his Army.' The Guards halted a little, *William* had a fine Person; he stoop'd and kiss'd his Wife, who was still at his Feet, and desired her to bear all with Patience. They were ordered to march; he bade her adieu, and she was gently taken away, piercing the Hearts of her Hearers with her Cries, saying, '*William! William!* are you going to leave me?' and then made an outcry of 'Murder! Murder!' these were the last Words I ever heard her speak.

I walked with the Guards to the fatal spot, which was close to *Hyde-Park* Wall; there were five Graves and five Coffins ready prepared; they were to be shot at the End of their Graves. The five who were to suffer spoke above twenty Minutes to different Persons; after they prayed half an Hour they were put on their Knees, and their Caps drawn down on their Faces; the youngest Men were draughted out of the Party of the Guards who came with them, for the Execution; they had Orders to proceed by a Signal, which was a white Handkerchief tied to a Halbert; the first Motion of it in the Air was for them to make ready, the second to present, and the third to fire. The Prisoners prayed with great Fervency in this Situation, till they heard the well-known noise of Soldiers, within four Yards of them, preparing to fire; all in the Assembly round them were as silent as the Dead; then, I believe, they could be heard as far as ever human Voices were, invoking God for

Mercy, till the last fatal Signal was given, the hasty Forerunner of ending their Miseries in this Life: Their Faces and Breasts were all tore to Pieces by the Balls, and all dead before they fell.

What makes me so particular about this Execution, is, because they were the first who suffered this way on account of the Rebellion.

Next morning I went to *Islington* Church, to meet poor *William's* Wife, according to her Promise to me; I walked a considerable Time in and about the Church-yard, but could not see her; I perceived greater numbers going more hastily into this Church than common, which roused my Curiosity, and made me also go in; there, in a Shell (a Thing made like a Coffin, but larger, kept on purpose for sudden Deaths) did I see the Corps of the unfortunate but constant Wife of *William*, who, two Hours before, had been taken out of the *New River*."

The horrible procession to Tyburn was abolished in the year 1783, after which, until execution began to be conducted within the walls, capital sentences were carried out in front of Newgate.

There were other places occasionally used for execution. That most in use after Tyburn was Kennington Common, then a neglected waste, now a pretty little park. Among others executed there were two wretched youths named Salmon and Mills in 1739. They had robbed a man named Harvey on the high road, taking from him a handkerchief and a few trifles worth altogether a few shillings. The robbery and the sentence present nothing remarkable, except that the man Harvey was allowed to ride after the cart, jeering and insulting the unfortunate criminals on their way to execution.

Of state executions the eighteenth century saw happily but few, though there were two revolutions, and materials enough for hundreds of executions had Henry VIII. been on the throne. The only persons who were beheaded on Tower Hill were Lords Derwentwater and Kenmuir after the '15 rebellion; Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, on the 8th of August 1746; Charles Ratcliffe, brother to Lord Derwentwater, on the 8th of December 1746; and Lord Lovat on the 9th of April 1747. These executions belong to the history of the country. Of crimes the century possesses a long and interesting roll, most of which are very well known. The case of Lord Ferrers is the most celebrated; the others may be left to the Newgate Calendar.

Here is an episode of the war. One Thomas Rounce, able seaman, was found on the capture of a Spanish privateer, with the crew, fighting against his own countrymen. The particulars of the case are not given, nor those of his trial. All we can see is the end of this traitor; an end carefully prepared for the edification of that quarter where sailors mostly resided. It was, in fact, a show designed to emphasise both the enormity of the crime and the horror of the punishment, a sight of which the London mob had not enjoyed for more than thirty years. The criminal was placed on a hurdle and dragged by four horses adorned with ribbons, showing the triumph of Justice and the gladsome gratitude of Man. One of the sheriff's officers marched in front carrying a silver oar. Behind him, also on the hurdle, sat Jack Ketch, dressed in a white frock, with a knife and steel by his side, as the Butcher of the Law, and a drawn scimitar in his hand. The wretched man was hung for fifteen minutes—ten minutes less than were commonly thought necessary to destroy life—he was then cut down; and with one or two excepted details, was treated after the manner of Henry the Eighth's favourite medicine for traitors.

I am indebted to Mr. Austin Dobson's charming *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* for the meaning of the tall lean figure with the lank hair who sits in the cart with the condemned criminal, exhorting him to repentance, while the chaplain lolls in his carriage prepared to read the funeral service at the gallows. The lank hair denotes the dissenting preacher; the figure, as is always the case with Hogarth, is a portrait; the man was Silas Todd, formerly a sailor. He occupied himself for many years with attending the malefactors of Newgate; he prayed with them and exhorted them in prison; he climbed into the cart and went with them to Tyburn. Among others, he took care of the dreadful Elizabeth Brownrigg, whom he led contrite and penitent to the gallows. Nor did he confine himself to Newgate; he visited all the London prisons and all the workhouses. This remarkable man died in 1778. John Wesley's *Journal* laments his departure—

"I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Todd. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate, without fee or reward; and, I suppose, no man for this hundred years has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it; and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith."

In 1784 an event of the very greatest importance to the morals of London took place, when, for the first time was held outside Newgate, instead of Tyburn, an execution. There was a vast crowd, of course; instead of the cart and the coffin and the chaplain rolling about along the uneven road, the astonished crowd beheld a quiet and solemn procession, consisting of the chaplain reading the funeral service, followed by the criminals, pale and serious,—there was no orange in one hand and prayer-book in the other; there was no kicking off of shoes as the cart went off; there was no cart; awestruck, the crowd looked on; nor was it till the wretched man was swinging that the crowd recovered its ribaldry. And, for the first time, the people went home with a shudder. An execution, of which the crowd saw, so to speak, no more than the end, leaving the rest mysterious, was no longer a thing to laugh at.

Seventy years later it was wisely determined to make even the end itself mysterious. The people now, who only know of an execution from the papers, have ceased altogether to regard the hanging of a man as otherwise than horrible, terrible, awful. Therefore the crime which led up to this awful punishment is itself horrible and terrible. The lesson taught by the unseen and the mysterious, is deeper than that which was taught by the open and public exhibition of a gallows and a doing unto death.

There were, of course, other punishments besides that of hanging. There was transportation for a term of years, or for life, with execution if the convict returned before his time. There was pillory; there was imprisonment; there was branding with a hot iron; there was flogging; in the case of women there was even burning alive.

The method of procedure with the convicts lying for transportation before the American War, was as follows:—They were handed over to a contractor who was under obligation to produce vouchers for their safe arrival in certain colonies of North America—the Carolinas, Maryland, Virginia—and for their sale to the planters for the whole time of their transportation, which was seven years, fourteen years, or for life. The contractor received £5 a head for their passage and their food, while at sea. Their diet was strictly prescribed. So far, the Government showed humanity, in the interests of the unfortunate convicts. It cannot be called luxurious, but it can be proved that those convicts who happened to have friends, or money, or the command of money, could procure additions and improvements. The convicts were divided into messes of six each: for every mess was provided every day 4 lbs. of bread; 3 lbs. of pork on Sunday, and 4 lbs. of beef on Thursday; 3 lbs. of peas were served Sunday and Thursday; on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, 2 lbs. of oatmeal and 1½ lb. of molasses; 1 lb. of cheese was served out on four days in the week; and on Saturday there was allowed, for each mess, 2 gills of gin. Of cocoa, coffee, tea, or beer, there is no mention whatever.

On their arrival in Virginia they were taken to some public place and put up for sale, exactly like the negroes, generally realising at the rate of £2 : 1s. each, and 1½ lb. of tobacco. Their work in the fields was neither better nor worse than that of the black slaves; they were under the lash; they were scantily fed and roughly housed; those of them who could escape, did so, at the risk of being executed for returning before their time. I have no means of learning—Defoe, of course, only speaks at second hand—how they fared; whether the work proved healthy or not; whether they worked well or ill; whether they settled down and became the ancestors of many Virginians of the present day. We may form our own conclusions, however, from what knowledge of the convicts we do possess. First, it is certain that there were very few white women, and that white women of any social consideration would not marry the convicts; next, there were thousands continually escaping and getting back to London; thirdly, their sentences were for seven or for fourteen years; fourthly, they were a wretched lot at all times, their constitutions ruined with drink and disease. The open-air life may have restored them to strength, but we must remember that they were mostly the scum of the London streets; men and women who had never learned a trade; that they could not use their hands; that they had never been accustomed to work and could not work; that they were mostly like those brute beasts and wild creatures who find their food day by day by prey and violence; and that for months before they were placed on board ship they had been confined in a fetid crowded prison, their vital powers lowered by bad food, bad drink, bad air, and no exercise.

It is certain, from these considerations alone, that they went on board the convict ship in a condition most unfit for a rough voyage or for work in the fields. I have before me the lists of three ships belonging to 1740 or 1741 which took out convicts. On board one of them were placed 153 convicts; the voyage to America generally lasted two months or thereabouts; during this short voyage 61 out of the 153 died, and 8 were landed sick; the remaining 84 were put up for sale. One would like a picture of this auction; one would like to see the poor wretches, ragged, filthy, cowed, cowering together, fetid and foul and dangerous with the gaol fever they took on board with them.

On the second ship 108 were put on board; of these 37 died on the voyage.

On the third ship 50 were put on board; and 15 died on the voyage.

We have seen what their diet was,—low, but sufficient; it was not to the contractors' interest that they should die, but quite the reverse. The normal condition of the average convict was pretty clearly shown when the hulks were established. Most of them, it was found, had never done any work in their lives. In fact, they could not do any work.

We have, I have said, very little information as to the history of the convicts of Virginia. We do not know how many of them wasted away and died under the hot sun and the hard work and the lash of the driver. One can only hope, that as they were clearly unfit for work in the sun, they were spared the lash that was so liberally bestowed upon their negro comrades.

In the year 1776 a new mode of punishment was devised and attempted. The country, and especially the City, was greatly distressed and alarmed at the increase of robberies, and acts of violence; and this in spite of the wholesale executions and the cruel floggings. Mere imprisonment, it was understood, was useless as a preventive or a deterrent; moreover, it was costly. It was thought that some new mode of punishment should be attempted which would at once frighten and deter criminals and utilise their time and labour for the public benefit.

Transportation to the American Colonies had been stopped by the War of Independence. It was then proposed that the convicts should be neither flogged nor imprisoned, but should be set to hard labour on the hulks. A vessel was fitted for the purpose, with sleeping accommodation for the convicts and their guards ; the men were dressed in a coarse and squalid uniform ; they were fed on coarse food. They were not allowed to receive any visits or any gifts. The work they were set to do was dredging—hard, laborious, ungrateful kind of work. In this employment the convicts of the hulks continued for a great many years.

The convicts were at first astonished at the prospect before them. Imprisonment had always been a time of idleness ; a time of purposeless waiting in the yard of Newgate—until the procession to Tyburn or the release. Now they were called upon to work. At first they could not understand that henceforth imprisonment was actually intended to mean being chained to another man and to work under penalty of the lash at the most monotonous and most disagreeable job that could be found for them. They could not work ; their muscles were flabby ; the spade was too heavy for them ; they could not lift a spadeful of earth ; they laid down the instrument and refused to work. They were stripped, tied up, and lashed into obedience. They ran away ; they were caught and lashed again into terrified submission ; they rose on their keepers and killed one or two, and were hanged. Those who were not hanged were lashed again. We are not told how many were killed by this sharp discipline. Finally, it was noised abroad among the criminals of London that convict labour was more grievous than any form of honesty ; less to be desired than the worst kind of work outside ; and, for the first time, punishment became terrible—therefore deterrent. At the same time an honest life remained impossible ; therefore the criminal found himself between the "Devil and the Deep Sea." Here he has ever since remained. For if he did not rob he starved ; and if he did rob, he was in danger of the most awful life—the most terrible life—that his imagination could conceive—a regular life ; hard work all day ; poor food ; obedience ; and the continual ringing of the lash in the ears of the poor wretches working in the mud. Did they form parties—those professionals who were "out"—and go down the river in order to gaze from a distance upon their brothers—their brothers who were "in," clad in hideous garb, working subdued and meek, down in the mud and filth of the dredges ?

We know that the pillory was a favourite form of punishment in the thirteenth and following centuries for petty cheats and thieveries ; in the seventeenth century it played an important part in awakening and maintaining the popular hatred of the Star Chamber, Laud, and King Charles himself ; it taught the advocates of free speech and free thought that the shortest way to convince the people was to stand before them all in that place of shame with undaunted brow and smiling face.

We hear little of minor offenders—rogues and cheats—in pillory in these later times; but the punishment continued; and, when the popular indignation was fierce against the crime or the criminal, it was sometimes as fatal as the gallows, and far more terrible. On the other hand, it might be a time of triumph. Titus Oates was taken down on his first day of pillory, nearly dead. Defoe, standing in the Temple, was pelted with flowers instead of stones. Four thief-takers in 1756 were taken down nearly dead after an hour of pillory. In 1763 a man was killed at Bow while in pillory; in 1780 another man was killed in the same way by the stones thrown at him, in Southwark.

It seems incredible that so late as 1814, Lord Cochrane, charged with Stock Exchange frauds, was actually sentenced to pillory. He was saved from it by Sir Francis Burdett, who told the Government that if Cochrane were put in pillory he would stand beside him. The punishment of pillory was only abolished in 1837.

Whipping, either in public or in private, was the most common of all punishments. The vagabond was whipped through the town; the cheat was whipped at the cart's-tail for a hundred years, two hundred years, or more; women were whipped as well as men. It has been mentioned that it was one of the sights of London to visit Bridewell on whipping days, when the women, stripped to the waist, were flogged in the presence of an alderman. The law ordering that women should be flogged for certain offences was formally enacted, 4 George I. c. 57. It had been, however, a practice long before. Thus Shadwell in his play, *The Woman Captain*—1680—says, speaking of disorderly women, "There are none but such as are poor and beat hemp, and are whipped by rogues in blue."

This whipping of prostitutes was in force all through the eighteenth century. Fielding in his *Coffee-House Politician* says, "If you are not a woman of virtue you will be whipped," and in his *Grub Street Opera*, "Smaller misses for their kisses are in Bridewell banged." Edward Ward in his *London Spy* (*circa* 1730) describes how women were flogged in Bridewell.

The whipping was also for other offences than prostitution. There is an entry in the *Public Ledger* of 1764 to the effect that a woman, who was an old offender, was conveyed from Clerkenwell Bridewell to Enfield, where she was publicly whipped at the cart's-tail by the common hangman, for cutting wood in Enfield Chase. "She is to undergo the same discipline twice more," says the report.

"This degrading punishment was continued in England until early in the present century; and doubtless there are readers of *Notes and Queries* who have witnessed its infliction. I remember (written in 1852) when young, that the servants went to see such a spectacle, and related all its disgusting particulars after their return. It was abolished by Act of Parliament 1 George IV. cap. 57, 15th July 1820. This Act is usually called "General Thornton's Act." (*Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol. vi. p. 281.) . . . "Women were liable by law to be whipped, both publicly and privately, till the year 1817; when, by stat. 57, George III. c. 75, the public infliction of that punishment was abolished. It was not till 1820 that the exemption from their being privately whipped was enacted by stat. 1 George IV. My father told me that Sir John Perring, when he was sheriff of London (in 1800, I believe) was so shocked at the sentence for private whipping being pronounced on a female prisoner, that he took the cat from the executioner and, with his own hands, laid it gently over the back of the culprit once, saying, "Now I have executed the sentence." (*Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. xi. p. 477.)

The punishment of flogging went out of use in our courts of criminal law, and would have disappeared altogether but for its revival in cases of garrotting and robbery with violence. Since garrotting disappeared at once with the renewed application of the lash, and since it has been found that there is nothing a robber dreads more than a flogging, it has been retained. The floggings ordered at the Old Bailey are administered at Newgate, where the instrument can be seen. The malefactor stands in a small semicircular pew stripped to the waist and his hands tied up. The effect of the scanty number of lashes now administered is such that one cannot choose but marvel how men endured the hundreds of lashes inflicted in some cases.

Another punishment which went out of use towards the end of the eighteenth century was branding. Whenever the prisoner could find money to bribe the executioner, the iron was cold. Probably the knowledge of this—Ben Jonson could have revealed the ease with which the sentence was evaded—caused the abolition of the practice.

The use of the stocks was continued much longer. In country villages and county towns the stocks were standing until well on into the nineteenth century. Those of Rugby remained till 1865. In London the stocks were like the pillory. They might become a place of execution or a bed of roses. Given an unpopular criminal, or one whose crime was odious to the people, and stones took the place of dead cats. The last stocks standing in London were those of St. Clement Danes, which were taken away in 1821. I myself can remember a man put in the stocks about the year 1848 in a certain country town. Nobody threw dead cats at him, or anything else; he was a hardened villain, and instead of weeping, or hanging his head, he looked round and laughed cheerfully during the whole time of his incarceration.

Imprisonment, as formerly carried out in Newgate, when it did not mean death by gaol fever, might be made tolerably comfortable. If the prisoner had money, he could enjoy a cell sufficiently furnished, with a fire for cooking and for warmth, not more than half a dozen messmates, and plenty of visitors to relieve the tediousness of captivity. Wine and beer might be brought in, but not spirits. They were introduced by women, in flat bottles concealed about their persons. Debtors, criminals under sentence, and prisoners committed for trial, were all mixed up together. Those who could pay had little to complain of except the confined air of the narrow courts ; those who could not pay were thrown into a part of the prison where they had no comforts at all, and nothing to live upon but the charities and doles of the prison.

Later in the century it was understood that debtors ought not to be imprisoned with criminals, and that those under sentence of imprisonment should be kept in a prison by themselves. Cold Bath Fields House of Correction was a step in this direction.

CHAPTER V

DEBTORS' PRISONS

The system of imprisonment for debt was attacked over and over again long before it was at length abolished. The same arguments were repeated year after year, generation after generation; they failed because the injuries inflicted on every class of society by those who incur debts which they cannot pay are so great that it seems as if imprisonment is the least and lightest form of punishment that should be inflicted on the debtor. The landlord whose tenants cannot or will not pay, the professional man who cannot get his fees, the merchant who will be ruined if his tradesman breaks, the tradesman who must break if his customers do not pay,—all alike go mad with resentment against the man whose extravagance, or folly, or misfortunes will not allow him to pay his debts.

The law gave them the power of revenge, full, and terrible, and lifelong. The law said to the debtor, "Whether you have wilfully incurred these debts or not, whether you are innocent or guilty, you shall be deprived of pure air; you shall lose your means of subsistence; you shall have no allowance of food; you shall have no bed; you shall have no fire; you shall have to sleep upon the boards unless you can buy bedding; you shall be forced to horde with a promiscuous crowd unless you can afford to pay a high rent for separation; you shall enjoy every possible chance of catching gaol fever, smallpox, rheumatism, and every other disease or ailment to which confinement and starvation expose you." And whereas the criminal gets off with a short sentence of two or three years, the law says to the debtor, "You shall be imprisoned for life."

Now read the following utterance of Defoe on Debtors' Prisons (*Life*, etc., by William Lee, p. 11):—

> "For debt only, men are condemned to languish in perpetual imprisonment, and to starve without mercy, redeemed only by the grave. Kings show mercy to traytors, to murtherers, and thieves; and general pardons are often passed to deliver criminals of the worst kinds, and give them an opportunity to retrieve their characters, and show themselves honest for the future; but in debt, and we are lost for this world. We cannot obtain the favour of being hanged or transported, but our lives must linger within the walls till released by the grave; our youth wastes away inactive, grey hairs cover us, and we languish in

all the agonies of misery and want, while our wives and children perish for mere hunger, and our creditors themselves see themselves paid by death and time; and oftentimes the posterity of those very creditors receive the just retaliation of their father's cruelty, and perish in the same prison; nay, as it may be prov'd, have perished in the very same chambers where their haughty, unrelenting ancestors had caused a miserable debtor to starve before them. Tell me, what nation condemns poor, incapable debtors to perpetual imprisonment, for no offence but not being able to pay what they owe?"

Neild, in his *Observations on the Law of Civil Imprisonment* (p. 24), says:—

"Suppose that an unfortunate man, unable even to pay a debt of 10s., is arrested on the eve of a law term, and thrown into prison for his inability; and that, in the same number of days as he owes pounds, he will be involved in a fresh debt, of equal or greater amount, for the costs of his detainer in prison; what will be the exclamation of the voice of Reason? But, carry the inquiry a little further, and let us suppose that his attachment by one creditor alarms the rest (nor is it unnatural that it should do so), and that he has ten detainers laid against him for debts of the same amount; what will then be his situation? Why, he will in a few days be encumbered with additional debts put together, at the very time that he is immured in prison, without subsistence, or the means of earning any for himself, or the wretched dependents on his affections, and, without having done a single act to occasion the expenses, which he is wholly unable to prevent. And what then will be the exclamation? and where, as the law now stands, is he to look for mercy? The Bankrupt Laws, which, to the fair trader who has had the good fortune to deal with humane creditors, afford relief, are not open to his assistance; he has been too modest in all his transactions in trade to have ventured sufficiently to come within their purview; his debts are not of the required amount to entitle him to their relief; his creditors—most probably of the same class in life with himself, and who can but ill afford to pay the expenses that have been incurred—will they commiserate his sufferings and restore him to liberty? or will they not rather be acted upon in the fulness of their resentments at the loss of their debts, and having, as they unfortunately experience, thrown away good money after bad, and (apprehensive if they liberate the prisoner, they can have no pretence for suspending the payment of their attorney's costs) be more likely to continue his confinement, and endeavour to throw the odium of the expenses being incurred upon the pretended obstinacy of the unfortunate victim, for whom no one considers it his interests, or feels any incitement to drop a word of kindness or mitigation? And yet, in a country boastful of its laws and its freedom, these are the persons who are to pronounce on this imprisonment of their fellow-subjects, perhaps for the period of their lives, without the right of appeal to their country or the hope of relief. Power in the hands of man is always subject to abuse; but what is to be expected from him, when he is suffered to judge his own cause, under the influence of conceived injuries and agitated by resentment?"

He then appends a table of the allowed and ordinary Bills of Fees for arrests of £10 (p. 27):—

"IN THE CASE OF AN ARREST, WHERE THE DEFENDANT IS TAKEN TO PRISON

Hilary Vacation

19th April.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Instructions and warrant to sue	0	12	1
Affidavit of debt	0	7	2
Drawing precipe for original fol. 25	1	5	0
Copy for the cursitor	0	12	6
Paid for original	0	5	6
Fee thereon	0	6	8
Carried forward	3	8	11

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	3	8	11
Paid the King's fine and attending to compound it	0	10	0
Returning and filing original	0	2	4
Capias and fee	0	16	0
Warrant and messenger	0	2	4
Attending to instruct officer	0	3	4
Paid officer for arrest	0	10	6
Letters and messengers	0	2	0
23rd April.			
Motion for a rule to return the writ	0	3	4
Paid for the rule	0	6	6
Copy and service	0	2	0
Instructions for declaration	0	6	8
Drawing same, fol. 25	0	16	8
Entering on the roll, and paid prothonotary	1	5	0
Copy declaration on stamps to deliver to defendant and duty	0	9	8
Attending to deliver same	0	3	4
Affidavit of service, duty and oath	0	7	2
Copy declaration to annex to affidavit and duty	0	9	8
Copy affidavit and declaration and stamps	0	13	4
29th April.			
Paid filing affidavit and declaration	0	2	0
Attending to file same	0	3	4
Term fee, letters and messengers	0	12	0
	11	15	8

And in the country, if the arrest is made at a considerable distance from the county gaol, they will perhaps amount to £20 in the same period of time."

But the creditor was bound to pay something—fourpence a day—towards the support of his prisoner. This was by the "Lords' Act." How did it work out? The plaintiff was allowed five terms to proceed against his debtor. The attorney took care to spin out the case for the whole time, during which the prisoner might languish in semi-starvation with nothing but the doles of prison food, where there were any (see also pp. 535 and 540).

There was a society established with the laudable object of relieving persons imprisoned for small debts. In January 1778 the quarterly court of this society met to have a report of relief effected during the last three months; it appeared that 218 debtors had been discharged by the society; of these 113 were married men with 382 children. The debts of these persons amounted in all to no more than £399 : 19 : 3, which is just over £1 : 10 : 0 for each debtor. For such wretched, paltry debts a man might be shut up for life. This society afterwards became one for the release of poor prisoners. In 1808 it expended £2000 a year upon them and released 800 prisoners.

As for the number of prisoners, in 1792 there were 1957 prisoners for debt in the different gaols of the kingdom. Of these 1251 were "a mesne process." *i.e.* no judgment obtained; 326 on demands under £20; 392 on demand upon £20 to £50; 215 on demand from £50 to £100. Many of the men had large families with them in the prison. In the King's Bench of 520 prisoners, 340 had wives and children. Among the whole number there were 1300 wives and 4088 children. The larger number of prisoners were quite humble persons—handicraftsmen and journeymen.

An Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors was passed on the 23rd of May 1776. It was not an Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt by any means, but an Act, apparently, for the clearance of the prisons. It is said that 8000 debtors were ready to get their discharge in accordance with this Act.

It exempted all debtors who owed more than £1000 to one man; it admitted to discharge all those who were arrested, imprisoned, fugitives, or bankrupts on or before the 22nd day of January 1776; but fugitives and bankrupts were to surrender. The only condition is that every debtor shall give in a complete list of all his possessions at the time, and that his release does not make him free from liability for the old debts should he inherit an estate or money in the funds. If a creditor opposed a prisoner's discharge he had to pay him 3s. 6d. or 4s. a week for maintenance, in default of which for a fortnight the prisoner may obtain a discharge.

Great care was taken to prevent fraudulent returns as to property. The main point, however, to note in this Act, whose operation was to cease on the first day of August 1778, is that it was essentially a gaol delivery. Thanks to this Act the number of prisoners was greatly reduced. Twenty years earlier, in the year 1759, a writer in the *Idler* estimates there were 20,000 prisoners for debt in Great Britain and Ireland. The heaviness of sorrow, the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise and sometimes of food, the contagion of disease, the severity of tyrants, and all the complicated horrors of a prison, killed yearly one in four in these prisons. Again, the misfortunes of the father affect his family. Every prisoner for debt represents the ruin of a whole family, or part of a family. The loss of his labour at a shilling a day means £300,000 a year. The misery of gaols does not lie in their confinement alone, but in the horrid corruption of morals and the profligacy that goes on openly at every prison. The writer was before his time; there were eighty years more of debtors' prisons before they were finally swept away.

> "It is but too common a saying with creditors, that they expect no benefit or interest from throwing their unhappy fellow-creatures into a gaol, but they do it by way of punishment, and that they will at least have that satisfaction."

This, no doubt, was the chief motive which actuated the detaining creditor.

One must make every allowance for a tradesman. A few such defaulters and he is ruined; but, says the writer:—

> "The law might surely interpose to limit the extent and duration of that punishment which, as things stand, is now left to the creditors, who will suffer their debtors to languish out their lives in a gaol, while every day's imprisonment lessens the prospect of their payment by increasing their disability."

In order to mitigate in some degree the penalties of debt, courts were instituted, anciently denominated Courts of Request (Neild's *Account of Debtors*, p. 550):—

> "They had their origin in 1518, when the Common Council of the City of London issued an Act for the recovery of debts under forty shillings due to citizens, by a court to be called a Court of Conscience, and to be held in Guildhall; those debtors who failed to obey the award of that court were to be imprisoned in one of the City Compters until they complied with such award, even though it were *durante vitâ*. In 1605 (the third year of James I.) the powers of the court so formed in 1518 by the Common Council of London were established by Act of Parliament. In 1750 Alderman Dickenson brought in a Bill for extending similar powers to the whole county of Middlesex; but with this difference, that all persons refusing to submit to the decision or award of the court were rendered liable to imprisonment in Newgate for three calendar months, which cancelled the debt."

The unfair and iniquitous condition of the law in the year 1808 was further shown by Neild, in a table which proved that a man who owed 1s. only immediately on arrest had that amount run up to a sum varying, according to the place, from 14s. 11d. to £1 : 5 : 7. If he could not pay this whole amount—a man who could not pay 1s. certainly could not pay 14s.—he was either detained for life, or for forty days, or for three calendar months. The following is the table (Neild, p. 552):—

"At the City Compters in Wood Street and the Poultry—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Debt of 1s.	0	1	0
Expenses to recover it as above	0	8	11
Fees exacted by the gaoler when cleared	0	15	8
	1	5	7

which the debtor must pay or be imprisoned for life with felons.

At the Borough Compter, Southwark—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Debt as above	0	1	0
Expenses ditto	0	8	11
Fees exacted by the gaoler when cleared	0	7	0
	0	16	11

which the debtor must discharge or incur imprisonment for life with felons.

At Newgate, the County Gaol—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Debt	0	1	0
Expenses	0	8	11
Fees exacted by the gaoler when cleared	0	8	10
	0	18	9

which the debtor must pay or be imprisoned with felons for three calendar months.

At Clerkenwell—

	£	s.	d.
Debt	0	1	0
Expenses	0	8	11
Fees exacted by the gaoler when cleared	0	5	0
	0	14	11

which the debtor must pay or be imprisoned with felons forty days.

At Tothill Fields—

	£	s.	d.
Debt	0	1	0
Expenses	0	8	11
Fees exacted by the gaoler when cleared	0	5	0
	0	14	11

which the debtor must pay or be forty days imprisoned with felons."

If prison was miserable and degrading, even the release from prison could be shameful and equally degrading. Thus, it was no unusual thing in the last century to meet men and women marching along the road escorted by constables, the men in irons. They were on the way from the town where they had been confined, to the town where they were to be tried; it was no small part of the ignominy of their trial, and perhaps punishment, that they had to undergo this open disgrace, this kind of prolonged pillory along the high road. Perhaps to some it was a relief after the confinement; irons did not gall some, nor did the character of the company oppress them. The danger to those whom they passed, or to any house in which they rested, was that they carried about with them the breath of the prison, and scattered gaol fever around them wherever they went. When they reached the place of trial there was very often no prison for them. Thus at Reigate, whither sixteen were marched from Kingston, there was no prison, and they were all crammed into a single small room where they were nearly suffocated. In this case they were not only marched from Kingston to Reigate, but also back again.

In the year 1766 a very remarkable procession started from the King's Bench Prison and the Marshalsea for Reigate, thirty miles distant. They were going to attend the Sessions there and to obtain their discharge, according to the last Insolvent Debtors' Act. The procession was six hundred in number; they were not in irons because, if they wished to escape, they could only anticipate their discharge by a few hours. They were escorted by officers; they were mostly poor prisoners; they were bare-footed and bare-headed; the clothing of all was in rags, and in many cases so bad as to be kept together by skewers instead of buttons. We find it difficult to understand the rags of the eighteenth century; they were, indeed, appalling; they were never changed; they were full of vermin; they were useless for the sake of keeping off the cold and almost useless for any other purpose. These poor wretches had a starved and hungry look; their eyes were wolfish; their hair was long and uncombed; their beards were, to use the language of the day, horrid; they were weak from insufficient food, cold, and bad air; many of them were old men who had been confined for many years; they looked forward to liberty with no joy, because liberty would only take them out of semi-starvation to complete starvation; they had long since forgotten their handicraft; what remained for them but to beg their bread? For one of the worst effects of a debtors' prison was that it deprived a man of his power of work; it kept him idle so long that his sleight of hand left him; it made him incapable of work. Then again, these people had been so long accustomed to the flags and smooth boards of the prison that the roughness of the road made them footsore; presently they limped along; they sat down by the wayside; they dropped out of the ranks; only the youngest and the strongest covered the distance of thirty miles in two days; the rest kept dropping in, day after day, till all were at last arrived and all were set at liberty. But what afterwards became of them, this great army of martyrs, history sayeth not.

I have put together a few leading cases to illustrate the abuse of the law of debt and the imprisonment of debtors. A certain lady, in the year 1780, discovered that her husband was engaged in courting another woman, pretending to be unmarried. She naturally resented this treatment and stopped the courtship. The husband, in revenge, found a scoundrelly attorney who showed him how to get his wife locked up by swearing a pretended debt of £70 against her in her maiden name. When she was taken to the spunging-house, this worthy limb of the law brought her a paper which he wanted her to sign as a condition of discharge. In this paper the woman was made to renounce all claim to her husband. She absolutely refused. After a confinement of twelve days she made a representation of the business to a certain captain, at whose house her husband lived. He found an honest attorney, bailed the action, and applied to the Court for relief. The Court granted relief, released the lady, expressed indignation, hoped that the attorney would be punished, and said nothing as to the conspiracy of husband and attorney.

The next is the case of another lady; she lived in Clerkenwell, and was about forty years of age, unmarried, and with a fortune of about £1000, which, considering the class of neighbourhood in which she resided, was a considerable sum of money. She was also totally blind. The next house to her own was occupied by a shoemaker who had an apprentice. This lady, sitting with her window open, or in her doorway, listening to the sounds of the street, became aware of a steady and continuous hammering of the shoemaker's apprentice while he sat at his work. She argued from this steadiness that the young man must be industrious and of a good disposition. When, therefore, his apprenticeship came to an end she sent for him and made him a present of a new suit of clothes, a silver watch, and £10 in gold.

He thanked her very much, and two or three days afterwards came to say that he had heard from his friends in Leicestershire, and that he was encouraged by them to go down to his native place and there open a shoemaker's shop. He assured her he would, at the earliest opportunity, repay her the money she had so kindly advanced him. He then left her, but next day he was stopped from continuing his preparations for going into the country by being arrested for debt at the suit of the lady, the amount of the debt being not only 10 guineas advanced, but also the attorney's bill and the cost of admission, or what was called "garnish," to the lock-up house to which they took him. The unfortunate young man, who could not possibly pay the money then, received a visit from the lady. She told him that he might do one of three things. Either pay the whole of the money immediately; or go to the debtors' prison, and stay there for the rest of his natural life; or marry her.

It is needless to say that the young man chose the last of the three courses. He was, however, kept in the spunging-house until such time as arrangements for the marriage could take place, when the officer who served him with the writ escorted him to the church, and would not let him go until he was fairly married to the lady who had played him this trick.

The third case shows the ease with which frauds could be perpetrated. There was no Charity Organisation Society in 1761, otherwise the following trick would not be possible:—

A clergyman in charge of a London parish, in which there was a debtors' prison, received a letter from a certain physician in the country, asking for an account of the number and circumstances of the prisoners in the gaol. The clergyman replied that there were sometimes thirteen, sometimes fifteen, the number varying, but said the sums for which they were imprisoned were very small, and that the whole number might be set free for a comparatively small amount. The physician replied that he was acting for a noble lady who would not like anyone but himself to move in the matter. A few days after he wrote to say that he had been to the prison and had released the whole, five-and-thirty in number.

The clergyman then learned that it was by no means the first time that the worthy physician had been there on a similar errand; that the gaoler had always notice of the doctor's coming in order to get the discharges ready; that the honest gaoler, on the mornings of his arrival, got twenty and thirty poor neighbours to be locked up as prisoners; these received their discharge with the rest, their liabilities being placed at anything the gaoler pleased; these prisoners got a crown a piece for their trouble; and the gaoler's wife was always one of these fictitious prisoners.

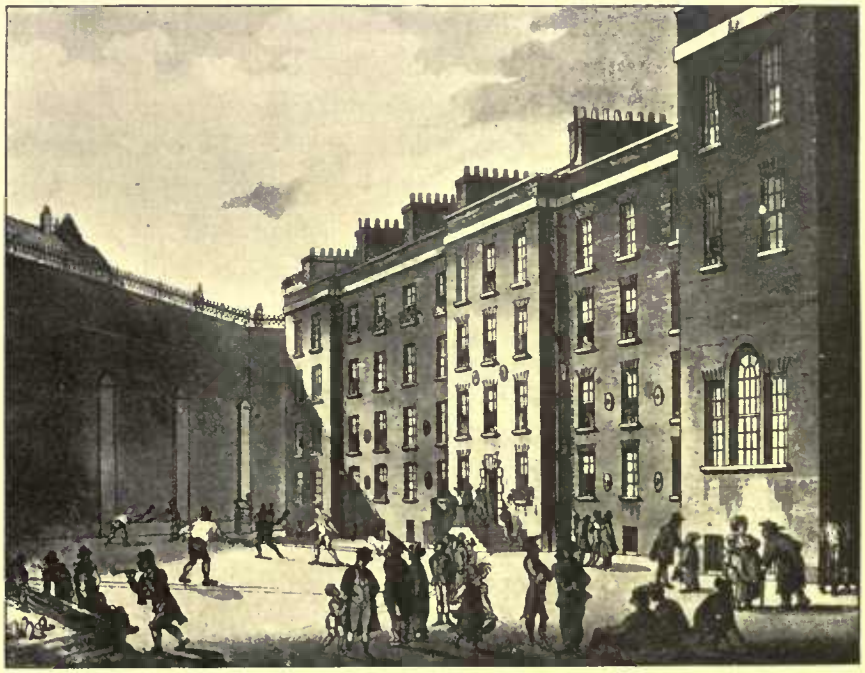
Another case is that of a lady hopelessly in debt. To avoid imprisonment she went to Newgate and found a man under sentence of execution. In return for certain allowances during the few days left to him the man consented to marry the lady, and, in so doing, he took over all her debts. Then followed complications: for the man was respited and his sentence commuted into transportation for life. However, he could not be arrested for debt, and was duly carried across seas to Virginia. After a time he was either pardoned or he escaped and returned to London. Naturally he looked about for his wife and presently found her, but she was married to another man. The story breaks off here. I commend it to any novelist in search of a plot; he can furnish his own conclusion.

The joys of a debtors' prison are suggested by the history of one John Hutchinson in the year 1771. He was a poor prisoner lying hopelessly in the Castle of Leeds for a debt to the Crown. He had to take his turn with the rest of the common side, in begging at the grate; and one day, having attracted the attention of a gentleman's servant, he picked his pocket of a watch and concealed it so quickly that although it had been seen in his hand it could not be found. In a day or two he wrote to the servant offering to give back his watch and to pay any charges, not if the servant would keep silence, but if the servant would prosecute him. He was prosecuted, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He received his sentence "with the greatest joy." Better far to be a slave on a Virginian plantation than to enjoy the liberties of Old England as a prisoner for debt on the poor side.

Of course no person could be carried off to prison without the proper forms; but there were abuses, as will be seen presently. There were cases in which persons were arrested and taken to prison simply by asking a constable to take them there. Thus on Saturday evening, 2nd March 1809, a maidservant, named Hannah Dunn, was carrying some crockery in a basket for her mistress, on Ludgate Hill. The ground being frosty and slippery she fell, and with her basket broke a window in the shop of one Louis, combmaker. The girl and her mistress went into the shop and offered to send a glazier, leaving, meantime, the basket as security. Louis refused the offer, and said that the girl must instantly pay him 4s. 6d. or he would send her to the Compter, and, as a constable was passing by, he called on the man and ordered him to take the girl to the Compter. He obeyed, against the law. On her way she met her master, who went to the man Louis and offered, as he had no small money, to leave his watch for security. Louis again refused; then the constable who, though a fool, was a person of humanity, got up a little collection outside the shop. It amounted to 2s., which was not enough. Therefore the girl was taken to the Compter and kept there till nine o'clock that evening, locked up with the most degraded creatures of the town.

The gaoler of the Compter, considering her story, bailed her out. On Monday she appeared before Alderman Boydell, who severely reprimanded the combmaker and advised the friends of the girl to bring an action. The action was brought and the girl got £150 damages. Further, the constable was discharged from his office.

The pitiful story—I do not know one more pitiful—of Richard Smith, is one of the tragedies of the Debtors' Prison. He was a bookbinder by trade—has a mere bookbinder the right to have a tragic story?—and he resided within the Rules of the King's Bench with his wife and their infant child. But the man and his wife were young; they were industrious; they bore an excellent character; they were temperate and sober; but they were prisoners for debt, and they were under the disadvantage—a very grievous disadvantage in such a trade as bookbinding, which is carried on in workshops by division of the work—of being unable to leave the place where they lived. One day this hapless couple was found hanging in their bedroom; in another room was their child—murdered. A letter lay on the table in which they gave the reasons for this terrible murder and suicide. The letter professed their belief in the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God; they believed that He could not take pleasure in witnessing the misery of His children; that He would consider with mercy the reasons why they had done this thing; they declared themselves willing to submit to whatever the Lord might order for them in the next world; they said that poverty and misery, want, cold, hunger, were inevitable, and



FLEET PRISON 1807

From a drawing by Pugin and Rowlandson.

that they simply withdrew from these evils; but it was less miserable to kill their child than to leave her to the wretchedness of destitution, and they called their neighbours to witness that they had done everything possible to earn an honest livelihood.

Attempts to escape were very rare, probably because the debtor had no other place which would receive him, and no money. If he had money he could live in the Rules, where he was quite free from annoyance by his creditors. There is one incident in the history of the prison in which the debtors tried to effect an escape. They might, one would think, have marched out of the gates if they were strong enough in number and resolution. These persons, however, preferred to blow up the wall. They were caught in the attempt, arrested, and tried. Four were imprisoned in Newgate for four years, six in the Surrey Bridewell for two years, and three in the House of Correction for the same time.

Lord Cochrane, however, added to his long list of achievements an escape from the King's Bench. He was imprisoned on the charge, afterwards proved to have been false, of being concerned with certain Stock Exchange transactions of a fraudulent character. He had been imprisoned about eight months. In the interval he was re-elected for Westminster. He managed to escape by means of a rope introduced in short lengths, which he threw from his window to the spikes of the prison wall, letting himself down on the other side. He fell, however, when half way down and nearly killed himself. He recovered consciousness and took refuge with an old servant, and the next day appeared in his place in the House of Commons. Of course he was arrested and taken back to prison. Four months afterwards he was released.

There were five principal Debtors' Prisons: the Fleet, the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, Ludgate—for freemen of the City, and later, Whitecross Street. Besides these, there were the two City Compters, the Southwark Compter, Tothill Fields Bridewell, and small prisons in the Whitechapel Road, Stepney; at Well Close Square; and at St. Katherine's Precinct.

The Debtors' Prison was a favourite subject for writers, and one sure to arrest attention and interest so long as it lasted. The life there, so full of contrasts, so full of pity, so full of contempt, invited the hand of the novelist. Dickens was never tired of it; he laid one set of scenes in the Fleet, another in the Rules of the King's Bench, another in the Marshalsea. There is an extraordinary mass of material about the Debtors' Prison in literature. The number of litterateurs themselves who have been confined in a Debtors' Prison is surprising. Indeed, to the Bohemian poet the prison was a place of residence which one could look forward to with tolerable certainty, either as an episode of life, or as the fitting and natural residence for the evening of life.

Of all these prisons the Fleet has been made the subject of by far the greatest amount of literary illustration. We are able to learn, from the literature of two hundred years, exactly how a prisoner lived. For those who had money it was a very expensive and most uncomfortable hotel. Those who were poor were maintained by bequests, doles, small endowments, weekly gifts from the Mayor and certain companies, by baskets of broken victuals, and by the alms of the passers-by, who were solicited by a man at a grille: "Pity the poor debtors, think of the poor debtors!" All the doles and gifts together made but a poor provision when the prison was full. It seems as if those who were better off must have been called upon every day to help the prisoners on the common side.

The Fleet Prison—the old prison which was burned down in the Great Fire of 1666, not that built in 1781—is said to have contained the prison proper, with a kind of small precinct or close walled round. In the close were messuages like those in the Temple, divided into chambers, and let out at so much a week to those who could afford to pay the high rent demanded. Some prisoners lived in suites of rooms, like a flat. Some had their wives and families with them; some, like Howell, carried on their literary work here. In fact, if one could get over the inconvenience of never changing the air, of never going abroad, and of being cut off from active participation in affairs, there was very little hardship in living within the walls of the Fleet, provided one could live on the Master's side. Many of the residents in this part of the prison were bankrupts, who took care to turn all their effects into money before their bankruptcy was declared; in this way they secured the means of living in comfort within the inevitable Fleet or King's Bench. Nor does it appear that there was any stigma or disgrace attached to residence in the place; the disgrace—the irretrievable disgrace—for a man in trade was bankruptcy, not the Debtors' Prison.

On the common side, if one had nothing at all, the misery of the place was intolerable. For instance, if a man had a bed and bedding he could bring them into the prison; if he had none he must pay twopence a night for a bed, or a penny for half a bed. If he had no money he must lie on the floor; one prison in London, and only one, provided dry straw for bedding. There were, however, many little offices to be done in the prison by which money could be made. Some trades, such as cobbling, mending, and repairing, could be carried on; actual starvation was extremely rare, though many were underfed and suffered from low vitality and liability to sickness.

The prisoners on the common side were often as well off in the way of food, drink, and lodging, in the prison as they had been outside. The place, it is true, was noisy; there were continual brawls and continual fights; but outside the prison these people were well accustomed to noise, brawling, fighting, and drunkenness. They were accustomed also to sleep two or more in a bed; they were accustomed to dirt, vermin, and unwashedness of things. Thus the prison was no worse than their own houses. To be sure, when a prisoner of this kind—of the twopenny ward—happened to be a scholar or a gentleman there was no doubt a great deal of suffering. But we do not hear of many scholars or gentlemen in the twopenny ward.

On the common side, lower than the twopenny ward, was the Beggars' Ward, in which there were no beds, no blankets, no fire in winter, not even the means of getting drunk. One knows not how many as a rule inhabited the Beggars' Ward; we hope but few. In a word, it must be admitted that while for the better sort the Debtors' Prison must have been a noisome, unclean, and miserable place, we must not judge of the seventeenth or even the eighteenth century with the eyes and feelings of the twentieth. The people who occupied the poor side were far less sensitive than ourselves to cold, dirt, hunger, confined air, unwashed clothes, and stinking surroundings; they were in all respects far harder. What to our own people of all classes would be misery intolerable, was to them only part of the general unpleasantness of this episode in their earthly pilgrimage.

The history of the Fleet Prison is a long record of complaints against the tyranny and oppression of the wardens, or the persons by whom the care of the prisoners was farmed. One of the most interesting of the Camden Society's publications is a book called the *Economy of the Fleet*, in which the prisoner's hard case is set forth very clearly. It is proved that every form of exaction was practised upon the unfortunate residents. Other pamphlets from time to time exposed, but mostly in vain, the cruelties and the extortion of the wardens. It took a hundred years of complaint before action was taken, viz., from 1597 to 1696. In the latter year a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the management of the Fleet. Their Report showed that the warden underlet or farmed out the prison for £1500 a year, a sum which the sub-warden had to raise out of the prisoners before he received any profit for himself. Part of the money was raised by allowing certain prisoners to live in the Rules; part by allowing prisoners to escape.

It has never been the custom in a trading city to extend much sympathy towards persons who fail to meet their liabilities. Still, the facts brought out by the Report startled some people; it began to be whispered that even a debtor has rights, and that the law which imprisoned defaulters did not order them to be fined, over-charged, robbed, laid in irons, clapped into dark and noisome cells, and treated with systematic cruelty, not in the interests of justice, or by order of judges, but solely in order that the farmer of the prison might receive his enormous rent and speedily get rich. The whole system was shameful to any civilised country. The debtor, on being arrested, was carried to a "spunging-house" belonging to the warden or farmer of the Fleet, and kept for him by one of the tipstaffs. Here he was charged the most exorbitant sums for everything; if he demanded to be transferred to the prison he was told that he must pay a fee for permission; if he refused to pay he was put into a cellar or garret until he gave in and paid the fee. He was then taken to the Fleet and there presented with the bill of fees for admission. There was a fee payable for every action or detainer against the prisoner. If there were four, the following was the bill which the poor man had to pay for the privilege of being a prisoner.

	£	s.	d.
For four surrenders at the Judge's chambers to his clerks	9	11	6
To the tipstaff, four fees	2	2	0
To the warden, ,,	16	12	0
The previous fee for turning into the house	10	10	0
Fee for occasional "liberty" to leave the spunging-house	6	6	0
	45	1	6

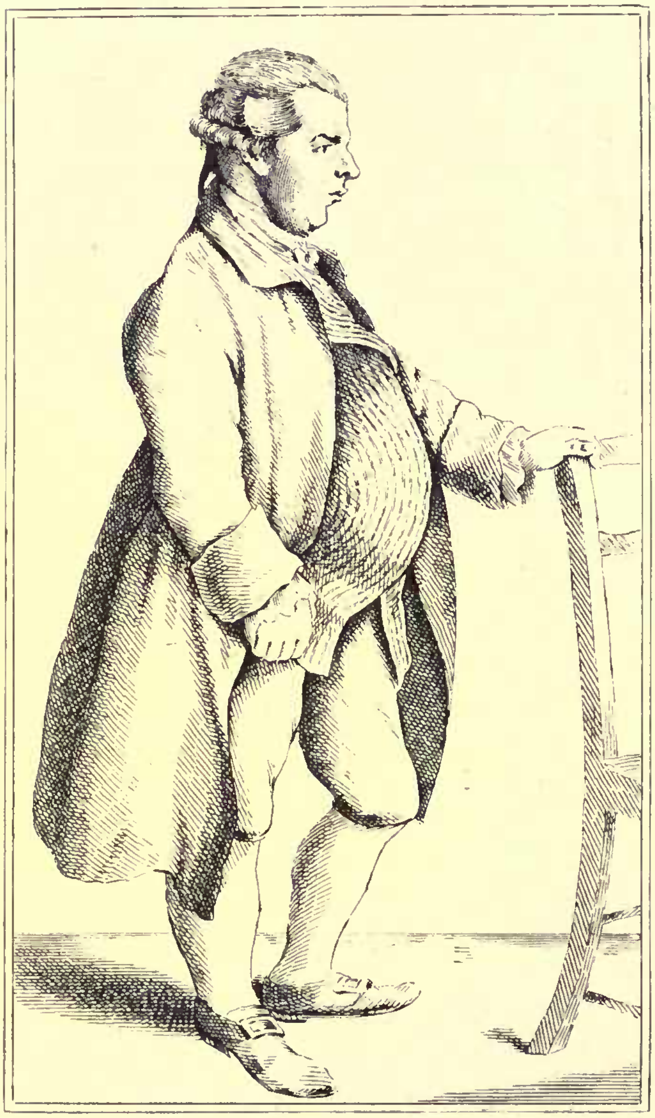
In 1727, another committee, made immortal by Hogarth, sat to investigate the conduct of the Fleet. They found that the above fees were charged and had to be paid. Moreover, the prisoners who had paid so much were continually reminded that a present to the warden would be acceptable. In the case of a certain Roger Castell, an architect and artist, this demand made over and over again was at last refused. He was then transferred to a spunging-house where smallpox was raging. The warden, Bambridge, refused to receive him back, and the poor man caught the disease and died, leaving a wife and family in the utmost distress.

Another method of extortion was to keep on the books prisoners who were entitled to a legal discharge. The method of working this trick was simple. The men had been living in the Rules; being discharged they went away; the warden, however, having them still on his books, was able to declare that they had made an escape. He therefore arrested them, clapped them in the spunging-house, and got these fees out of them before they could prove that they were legally free. In one year the sum of £2828 : 17 : 4 was extorted from prisoners in this way.

Another method of making money was simply to let them go. Bambridge actually cut a door through the prison wall and suffered those to escape who could pay. Probably inquiry was seldom made about any prisoner; if it was, it would be easy to say that he was dead.

The case of Thomas Darnay shows what could be done, and was done by these officers of the law. He was a prisoner in the Fleet. He made interest, however, with the warden, and was allowed out, not to live in the Rules, but to carry on his trade of importer of French wines; he made three voyages to Bordeaux, and paid for the wine he bought by drawing bills on Richard Bishop, a tipstaff to the prison. These bills were accepted and paid. Darnay then bought more and again tendered bills on Richard Bishop. He sold his wine and returned to the Fleet. But Richard Bishop refused to accept the bills, and, as they could not prove a conspiracy, the creditors had no redress.

As for the poor side, the prisoners there were treated with the greatest barbarities—thrown into dungeons, manacled, ironed, starved; it would seem as if the man chiefly concerned was confident that no one would interfere or examine into his conduct. Bambridge kept, for the unfortunate poor debtors, a dungeon called the "Strong Room"—a prison within a prison. Here he threw those who would not, or could not, pay his extortions. The room had no



BAMBRIDGE, DEPUTY-WARDEN OF THE FLEET PRISON

From a contemporary print.

fireplace and no window, with only such light as could struggle through a hole in the wall eight inches square; it was neither paved nor boarded; and it lay close to the sewer and the stinking sink into which everything was thrown. "The vault," says one, "is like those in which the dead are interred; and wherein the bodies of persons dying are deposited till the coroner's inquest hath passed them."

The result of the Committee's report was the trial of Bambridge and Huggins. Unfortunately, they were acquitted. Twenty years later, however, Bambridge cut his throat. The prison was burned down in 1666, rebuilt four years later, destroyed in the Gordon Riots of 1780, rebuilt in 1781, and finally taken down in 1844.

On Howard's visits in 1776 he found the prison governed by a warden and two sub-wardens. The fees payable by the prisoners were £1 : 6 : 8 to the warden, and 2s. to the turnkey; there was also 2s. for garnish. There was a taproom with a licence for beer and wine. Admission was freely granted to any one; some of the butchers and people in the neighbourhood used the court as a public racquet-court and the taproom as belonging to an ordinary public-house. There were 243 prisoners, many of whom had with them their wives and children; of these, thirty only were on the common side. If a prisoner swore that he was not worth £5 and had no means of subsistence, he was put on the common side, where he paid no rent and received what doles of food and money came into the prison. The wives and children were 475 in all, so that the prison contained 718 without counting the officers. Howard gives an exact account of the buildings and disposition of the chambers:—

> "At the front is a narrow court. At each end of the building there is a small projection or wing. There are four floors; they call them galleries, besides the cellar-floor, called Bartholomew Fair. Each gallery consists of a passage in the middle, the whole length of the prison, 66 yards; and rooms on each side of it about 14½ feet by 129 and 9½ high. A chimney and window in every room. The passages are narrow (not seven feet wide) and darkish, having only a window at each end. On the first floor, the hall gallery, to which you ascend by eight steps, are a chapel, a taproom, a coffee-room (made out of two rooms for debtors), a room for the turnkey, another for the watchman, and eighteen rooms for prisoners. Besides the coffee-room and taproom two of those eighteen rooms, and all the cellar-floor, except a lock-up room to confine the disorderly, and another room for the turnkey, were held by the tapster, John Cartwright, who bought the remainder of the lease at public auction in 1775. The cellar-floor is sixteen steps below the hall gallery. It consists of two rooms just now mentioned, the tapster's kitchen, his four large beer and wine cellars, and fifteen rooms for prisoners. These fifteen, and the two before-mentioned on the hall gallery, the tapster lets to prisoners for from four to eight shillings a week.
>
> On the first gallery (that next above the hall gallery) are twenty-five rooms for prisoners. On the second gallery twenty-seven; one of them, fronting the staircase, is their committee-room. A room at one end is an infirmary. At the other end, in a large room over the chapel, is a dirty billiard table, kept by the prisoner who sleeps in that room. On the highest storey are twenty-seven rooms. Some of these upper rooms, viz., those in the wings, are larger than the rest, being over the chapel, the taproom, etc. All the rooms I have mentioned are for Master's side debtors. The weekly rent of those not held by the tapster is 1s. 3d. unfurnished. They fall to the prisoners in succession, thus:—when a room becomes vacant,

the first prisoner upon the list of such as have paid their entrance-fees, takes possession of it. When the prison was built the warden gave each prisoner his choice of a room according to his seniority as prisoner. If all the rooms be occupied a new comer must hire of some tenant a part of his room; or shift as he can. Prisoners are excluded from all right of succession to the rooms held by the tapster, and let at the high rents aforesaid. The apartments for common-side debtors are only part of the right wing of the prison. Besides the cellar (which was intended for their kitchen, but is occupied with lumber, and shut up) there are four floors. On each floor is a room about 24 or 25 feet square with a fireplace; and on the sides, seven closets or cabins to sleep in."

The prison, however, was not entirely given over to Bambridge and misery. There was another side, alluded to with pity by Howard, the side of clubs, merriment, drinking, and singing. It is of this side that the author of *The Humours of the Fleet* speaks in that sprightly poem. His name was William Paget: he is described as a comedian; he says that his father was a well-known architect and mason, whose principal work was Guy's Hospital; that he himself received an education such as was then "usual for reputable tradesmen to give their children"—an architect, observe, was at that time reckoned a tradesman. He served his apprenticeship; married a girl with some fortune; and embarked in trade. In a few years he had lost all; he therefore went to Ireland and became an actor. After a time he again engaged in trade, with the same disastrous result—bankruptcy and arrest. He was first taken to the spunging-house:—

"Then seized and hurried to a spunging-house,
Where, when they've fleec'd your purse of ev'ry souce,
You're dragg'd remorseless to some dismal place,
Where never cleanliness displays its face;
Where beds of musty straw o'erspread the floor,
Through gaping chasms blasting vapours pour;
Where vermin crawl, and pining sickness dwells;
A state unrivall'd, but in Newgate cells.
This must your unavoided portion be,
Unless your friendly pocket sets you free;
A recipe that's seldom known to fail,
'Twill bring a Habeas, and you chose your jail.

. . . . . .

Near this commodious market's miry verge,
The Prince of Prisons stands, compact and large,
Where, by the jigger's more than magick charm,
Kept from the pow'r of doing good,—or harm,
Relenting captives inly ruminate
Misconduct past, and curse their present state.
Tho' sorely grieved, few are so void of grace,
As not to wear a seeming cheerful face,
Therefore, cabals engage of various sorts,
To walk, to drink, or play at different sports.
Here on the oblong table's verdant plain,
The ivory ball bounds and rebounds again:
There at backgammon two sit *tête-à-tête*,
And curse alternately their adverse fate;
These are at cribbage, those at whist engag'd,
And as they lose, by turns become enrag'd;
Some of a more sedentry temper, read
Chance-medley books, which duller dulness breeds;

On politicks in coffee-room, some pore
The papers and advertisements thrice o'er;
Warm'd with the alderman, some sit up late
To fix th' Insolvent Bill, and Nation's fate;
Hence, knotty points at different tables rise,
And either party's wond'rous, wond'rous wise;
Some of low taste, ring hand-bells, direful noise,
And interrupt their fellows' harmless joys;
Disputes more noisy now a quarrel breeds,
And fools on both sides fall to loggerheads;
'Till wearied with persuasive thumps and blows
They drink as friends, as tho' they ne'er were foes.
Without distinction, intermix'd is seen,
A squire quite dirty, a mechanick clean;
The spendthrift heir, who in his chariot roll'd,
All his possessions gone, reversions sold,
Now, mean, as once profuse, the stupid sot
Sits by a runner's side, and shules a pot.
Some sots ill-manner'd, drunk, a harmless flight
Rant noisy thro' the galleries all night;
For which, if justice had been done of late,
The pump had been three pretty masters' fate.
With stomachs empty, and heads full of care,
Some wretches swill the pump and walk the Bare:
Within whose ample oval is a court,
Where the more active and robust resort,
And glowing exercise a manly sport.
(Strong exercise with mod'rate food is good,
It drives in sprightful streams the circling blood),
While these with rackets strike the flying ball,
Some plan at nine-pins, wrestlers take a fall.
Beneath a tent some drink, and some above
Are slily in their chambers making love;
Venus and Bacchus each keeps here a shrine,
And many vot'ries have both love and wine."

But to arrive at this Paradise requires money. Your Habeas costs four guineas; you have to pay the Master's fee in addition to that; next, you must tip the turnkey, who, on receipt of half a guinea, suits you with a good room which you may have to share with another collegian.

The prisoners had access to the "Hall," a public place free to all the collegians; there were billiard-tables and a tennis- or racquet-court; the upper floors were accounted the best, "for the same reason as they are at Edinburgh," *i.e.* because there is no danger of things being thrown out of the window above (the suggestion makes one shudder in thinking of the condition of the courts and pavements); the rent of a room, with a chum, was 1s. 3d. a week. There were always messengers waiting to go on errands; they were called runners. When a messenger or a friend brought money, it was said that the ship had arrived. The stairs were crusted with dirt so old and so immovable that it was "knotted." The costume of those prisoners who had been long in the prison was ragged and slovenly to the last degree. The poem is illustrated by a picture of the Fleet in which we see the new comer, the old collegian, the tapster, the turnkey, the cook, and the players at racquets; in the foreground the filth and dirt of the place are indicated by the two kites—then London's best scavengers—tearing at a piece of offal. The old prisoner wears a beard of a month's growth; his stockings are in holes; his shoes are worn out; the buttons are mostly gone from his ragged coat; he has no waistcoat; and his breeches are kept in place by a skewer instead of a button or a belt. The faces of the four figures are most clearly portraits; the date of the poem and the drawing is 1749.

The prison had its own slang. The gate was the "Jigg"; the open court was "the Bare"; fine ale sold at the tap was called "an Alderman" because brewed by Alderman Parsons; "to tip" bore the same meaning as now; a guinea is "half a piece"; a shilling is "a hog"—it is also a "twelver"; the prison itself was the "Place"—it was also the "College"; the cellar, where were tables for dining, was called "Bartholomew Fair"; one set of rooms was "Mount Scoundrel"; to spend money was to "kick it down"; to "cole it" is to have money; to "shule" a pot is to beg one; to "raise a Yaffle" was to provide a meal; a halfpenny was "half a win"; a "Flitch" was sixpence; to call for "a dozen" was to call for two quarts of beer; a "dram of bob" was a glass of gin; many of these terms may be found in the poem.

At half-past nine the watchmen prisoners begin crying, "Who goes out? who goes out?" to warn visitors. At the last stroke of ten by St. Paul's clock they cry, "All told!" and the gates are locked for the night.

We have spoken of the Rules of the Fleet. They were bounded by the Old Bailey on the right; Ludgate Hill on the south; Fleet Lane on the north, and down that lane by Fleet Market southward to Ludgate Hill. The Fleet marriages, described elsewhere, originated in the chapel of the Fleet, at which, for a time, clergymen who were prisoners for debt made a little money by marrying without banns or licence.

The prison was sometimes used as a place of concealment for "run" goods. On August 9, 1778, some Custom-house officers, with a file of musqueteers, entered the Fleet Prison and began to search for certain goods. There was some resistance offered by the prisoners, but after the soldiers had knocked down two or three there was no further opposition. They found, conveniently stowed away, 2491 lbs. of tea, 1874 lbs. of coffee, 1020 lbs. of chocolate, and £1500 worth of lace—a very considerable haul. The contraband goods, they found, had been lowered into the prison from the outside, while the prisoners received money from the smugglers for storage.

A pamphlet—on the title-page of which is written in ink the date 1710—entitled, *The Present State of the Prison of Ludgate in London*, provides us with an excellent account of the place of that time, if this date be correct. The type and the paper both belong to the early part of the eighteenth century, when the commoner kinds of type and printing were execrable. The prison, the writer explains, was first assigned as a prison for freemen of the City, for debts, trespasses, accounts, and contempts, in the year 1377, Nicholas Brembre then being Mayor. This Act was confirmed by the Common Council in the year 1382. In the year 1464 the prison was enlarged by certain buildings on the south side of the gate, given to the City by Dame Agnes Forster (see p. 586) on condition that the prisoners should henceforward pay nothing for lodging or for water. Dame Agnes's part of the prison was called the Common Side; the roof was flat and covered with lead, on which the prisoners could walk for fresh air. The prison was entered by a postern on the south side. Here was a small room where prisoners were received on entering. Within this place was a large room "for people to drink in"—such was the humanity of an eighteenth-century prison—formerly free to all the prisoners, where there was a good fire kept all the winter through; but the deputy-keeper curtailed that privilege by charging an extra halfpenny a pot for beer called for in that room. This halfpenny was a perquisite of the turnkey, who also was allowed to sell spirits in "unsealed" measures, *i.e.* in any measure he pleased. By this arrangement the turnkey was enabled to buy his place from the deputy-keeper, who formerly had to pay him wages. Any prisoner, therefore, who could call for drink might use this room, and might further have the opportunity, if he was a good customer, of standing below at the outer door and conversing with the people in the street.

The hatch which led into the prison itself was always attended by a turnkey; on entering, one found a large room called the "Lumbry," at the window of which stood one of the prisoners all day begging money of those who passed in Blackfriars. Three times a day the steward took account of the money collected. At another grating which opened under the gate, another prisoner begged of those who passed. Of course, the number of passengers through Ludgate was very much greater than that of the Blackfriars window. On the first floor was a large room called the White Room, furnished with a table and benches. Every Sunday a broth was made here of beef; of this broth the prisoners were all entitled to a portion. This room served also as a council-chamber or chapter-house. Here the prisoners elected their own steward and his assistants from their own body once a month. And here was hung up the table of fees. These were moderate enough, but why there should be any fees at all for debtors who came to the prison very much against their will, and only because they were bankrupt, no one ventured to ask.

On admission the prisoners paid 1s. to the turnkey; to the officer who brought him, 2d.; on discharge, 2s.; for all actions and writs, 1s. each; for sheets, if the prisoner chose, 8d. a month; for beds and blankets, 3d. a night for the best lodging, and 2d. for the second best; when the prisoner found his own bed and bedding, 3d. a week; if the prisoner could not afford a bed, 1d. a week for chamber room; 1d. a week for lamps and candles. So that the prisoner had to pay 2d. a week at least for chamber room and light. How if he could pay nothing, not even the penny a week for chamber room? You shall see.

On the same floor was a room called the Lower Ward, wherein were a fireplace and a chimney. This room was furnished with six bedsteads, but the beds and bedding were at the time of writing well-nigh worn out. It was, however, accounted the best ward in the place.

On the second floor was the Chapel Ward, so called from being near the chapel. This room was also furnished with six bedsteads, the bedding quite worn out. On the same floor was a smaller room, called the "Odd Men's Room," with three beds and a window looking into Ludgate Street. The chapel was on this floor. This is described as lofty and capacious, furnished with all things suitable; and, which is very curious and interesting, "beautified by the present churchwarden with greens and flowers according to the season." This is the only mention that I can remember of flowers in a church at that period. Prayers were read twice a day by one of the laymen in the house, if there was no clergyman; the reader had a salary of 4d. a day allowed him out of the boxes; every Sunday a clergyman appointed by the Lord Mayor preached a sermon to the prisoners.

On the next floor was a Charity Ward, because here slept the men who could pay nothing. It was their duty to stand at the windows over the boxes, begging the charity of the passers-by. These poor men had no chimney, and were therefore allowed to draw their provisions in the White Room. They had half a bushel of coals allowed them once a week in the winter. An agreeable fiction was kept up in this room concerning an imaginary Monsieur Shawney, who demanded a fee of 1s. 6d. The "flooridge" of every new prisoner was the money to be expended among the others. If the prisoner refused to pay either his footing or other fines imposed for petty offences, he found his hat or his coat kept from him till he procured from somebody the money for the deputy of Monsieur Shawney.

A small dark room stood next. It was formerly called the Chamberlain's Storeroom, but as there was nothing left to store—no sheets or blankets or bedding—it was let as a bedroom to two men who slept on rags. "Should they live to obtain their liberty," says my author, "the keeper will exact 14d. a week from each of them for their lodging." That is to say, he will be able to keep them in prison until they have paid his dues as well as their debts.

On the top floor is the Women's Ward. They have a bushel of coals allowed them every week and one candle every night. There is another ward called the Upper Ward, but it is not stated whether it is kept for the women or not. The top of the house was flat, covered with leads, and on the leads oaken planks where the prisoners could take the air, and look down upon the City, contemplate the distant hills of Hampstead on the north and Norwood on the south, and play at ninepins.

The "Master's Side" was that part of the prison which was over the gate. Here there were four rooms on the floor immediately above the gate and six on the second floor, making ten rooms in all; there was also formerly a large room where the prisoners could work at their trades, but this room had been taken from them by the under keeper.

The official protector of all the freemen of the City was the Lord Mayor; he was therefore the master of this prison. As he was too great a person to look after the prison himself, he appointed a keeper. Then the usual developments followed: the post being found lucrative, the keeper became too grand to look after it, and appointed a deputy-keeper; he in his turn appointed a turnkey; the turnkey appointed a deputy-turnkey; and they all lived upon the poor prisoners. The deputy-keeper bought his place and paid a yearly rent as well; he received the admission fees and the chamber and bed money; he also took upon himself to let out such of his prisoners as could pay him a guinea down, and two shillings a week, and find security besides. It is not stated how many of the prisoners enjoyed this privilege; that of living within the Rules was afterwards another form of the same enlargement. The custom was winked at, probably because if men cannot work they must always be fed, and the charges of finding food for a prison full of debtors would be extremely onerous. Therefore, it was better to let those out who could find work to do. Moreover, if a man is locked up without the means of work, his wife and children become chargeable to the parish. This relaxation shows that the City was beginning to understand how expensive and useless a thing it is to lock up a man for life because he cannot pay a debt. The deputy-keeper was supposed to make more than £500 a year by the many emoluments of his place. He found it necessary, however, to retain certain messengers who collected the weekly dues from the "Ludgate Pigeons," *i.e.* the prisoners out on security.

The house was nominally governed by its inmates. They chose once a month a steward, whose duty it was to administer the charities, gifts, and endowments of the prison; to receive, at stated hours, the contents of the boxes; to defend the prisoners from insults of the keeper; to relieve the poorer prisoners by a daily allowance of food given out at noon; and to provide mops, brooms, and pails for keeping the place clean. For his services he was allowed a shilling a day.

The steward had seven assistants, or constables, under him, one for each day in the week: their duty was to check the steward's accounts; to see the orders of the house executed; to put down uproars; to clap mutinous prisoners in the stocks, and, if need be, to call in charity men to assist him in keeping order.

The out-steward was appointed originally from among the prisoners; his duty was to collect the rents and endowments. The turnkey, however, took over the office.

The churchwarden looked after the chapel, made the scavenger ring a bell for prayers, and wound up the gate clock; for which he received 4d. a day and something on account of the clock.

The reader was appointed to read the prayers daily. The running assistant directed visitors to the prisoner they came to see; and he gave notice to the steward at the hours appointed to clear the boxes.

The kettle-pot man made the Sunday broth out of meat sent in by the Butchers' Company. In one place we read that the prisoners were entitled to this weekly dole of food; in another place it is said that the kettle-pot man sold it to the prisoners.

The scavenger swept and cleaned the wards; rang the prisoners to prayers; rang out visitors at eight in the evening; summoned the steward and assistants to their meetings; made proclamation about things lost; cleaned out the cistern of water; and was "Yeoman of the Nut Crackers," *i.e.* was in charge of the stocks, when any one had to be put in them. On the whole a useful and a well-paid office.

More useful still were the "Box Men." Eight of them were appointed from the charity men; their duty was to stand at the grating over the boxes, imploring the charity of the passer-by. There were, as we have seen, two boxes—one in the gate, the other in Blackfriars at the south of the prison. The boxman for the gate began at five in the morning; he of Blackfriars side at seven, because there were fewer passengers. If the man did not bawl loud enough and could not move the compassion of the people, he was turned out of the place, which, among the poorer side, was greatly envied. When the boxes were opened, the boxman of the gate received a fourth part, and he of Blackfriars, which contributed much less, three-fourths. It was reckoned that a boxman usually made a shilling a day; therefore, since there were six men employed every day, the average takings would be at the gate 24s. a day, and at the Blackfriars side 8s. a day. Sometimes a piece of gold would run up the day's takings. The whole amount thus received was about £600 a year.

The secretary kept the steward's books and wrote the petitions and the private letters for those unable to write. There were also two men whose duty it was to walk upon the leads all day in order to prevent the prisoners from escaping.

Such was the constitution of the Ludgate Prison. The freedom of election degenerated into a mere form: the steward went through the form of election, but was appointed over and over again for years; he exercised power almost absolute; he could put a prisoner in the stocks and keep him there for days—nay, he refused to let him out at all, until he had received a signed paper of submission; he claimed and exercised the power of flogging the prisoners; he always kept an account against the house showing the prisoners to be in his debt; if charitable gifts of money were sent to the prisoners he received them, put them in his pocket, and set the amount against the debt. Other charges are made against the deputy-keeper and the steward, the whole amounting to a system of turning the charities of the prison into the private advantage of the officers, and the assumption of arbitrary power in spite of a constitution meaning self-government.

Sometimes a wedding took place in the prison. When one prisoner married another, the woman was set free and became an assistant to the man in procuring him work or necessaries, while the man took upon himself his wife's debts and obligations. As his own were far beyond any means at his command, this made little difference. On such occasions the prisoners welcomed the bride with a concert upon frying-pans, tongs, gridirons, keys, etc., and after the serenade demanded half a crown in the name of Monsieur Shawney. They then went to the steward and demanded a fee of 4d., and visited each ward, asking 2d. per head of every prisoner who had not seen such a wedding before. The money thus collected they spent in drink, merry-making as long as the funds allowed. In case of a death, the body was conveyed to the Bethlehem burial-ground beside Moor Fields, at the cost of the prison stock.

Such was the life in Ludgate Prison in the year 1710. In the house we have described, there were always from seventy to a hundred prisoners. We have found a very small number of beds, not enough for the fourth part of the residents, unless two or more slept in the same bed, which was probably the custom. We see the prisoners in the receipt of doles in money and food; the Lord Mayor's basket goes to the prison every day; the beef comes on Sundays; bread was sent in by some of the companies; coals were provided by charity; the boxes waited all day long for the receipt of alms. What we have not seen, but may imagine, at Ludgate as well as all the other prisons, is the crowded bedroom, with the prisoners lying about in rags between the beds; the noisomeness of the prison; the dirt and the noise and the stench of it; the drinking wherever there was any money; the idleness; the frying and the boiling over the fire all day long; the wretchedness of some, the recklessness of others, the hopelessness of all; and for those who had neither money nor work, the pangs of hunger and the debility and low vitality of the half-starved.

When the gates were removed the old Ludgate Prison was demolished. A new prison, however, for freemen of the City, clergymen, proctors, and attorneys, was fitted up in Bishopsgate Street; it had been a bridewell to the workhouse there. It was quite a small place, and contained only eleven rooms for

Master's Side debtors, and two garrets for the Common Side; there was a very small court; no infirmary, no bath; the chapel common to the prison and the workhouse. The City allowed these prisoners 140 lbs. of beef every week, or 20 lbs. a day; a twopenny loaf, weighing 21 oz.—in the year 1783—every other day to each prisoner; the Lord Mayor and sheriffs sent coals every year; Messrs. Calvert and Co. sent every week two barrels of small-ale. There were also bequests amounting to about £140 a year. The fees in this prison were much more moderate than those in the Fleet. The number of prisoners, in seven visits paid by Howard, was 29, 31, 29, 13, 15, 20, and 15. On the average it was 22, so that by reference to the statement of charities it will be perceived that each prisoner ought, on an average, to receive daily a pound of beef, 10½ oz. of bread, three pints of small-ale, and about 4½d. in money. A luxurious prison.

In the year 1794 the Ludgate prisoners, as they were still called, were removed from Bishopsgate Street to a new prison adjoining to, and partly encircled by, the compter in Giltspur Street. The prisoners continued to be freemen of the City, clergymen, proctors, attorneys, and such other persons as the Lord Mayor and aldermen should send there. The fees on admission were: to the clerk of the compter, 2s. 6d. if in execution, and 1s. 4d. if in mesne process; to the sergeant-at-mace, 5s.; the prison fees were 1s. on admission and 3d. a week during confinement. A discharge cost 5s. 4d. if there was only one writ; more if there were several; to the clerk, 3s. 8d.; to the messenger, 1s.; to the prison, 2s. The number of prisoners averaged, from 1800-1807, nine to twenty-eight. This prison, alone among prisons, actually had a bathing-tub. There were many small legacies and charities, and something of the old order and discipline of the Ludgate Prison were maintained.

There was a tradition as regards Ludgate Prison which must not be forgotten. It is of one Stephen Forster, who was confined within its walls. He had to take his turn at the grate to beg for the poor prisoners. Stephen Forster attracted the attention of a wealthy widow, who asked him how much would be sufficient to set him free. Having ascertained that point, she paid the money, set him free, took him into her service, and married him. After this he prospered exceedingly, and became in the end Lord Mayor of London and received the honour of knighthood. In the midst of his prosperity Sir Stephen did not forget his old prison-house. His lady and himself (see p. 581), to enlarge the prison, caused several of the houses near the gate to be pulled down, and in their stead erected a strong square stone building, containing the following rooms, viz. the porch, the paper-house, the watch-hall, the upper and lower lumbries, the cellar, the long ward, and the chapel. In the chapel there was the following inscription:—

"This chapel was erected and ordained for the divine worship and service of God, by the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Forster, Knight, some time Lord Mayor of this honourable city, and by Dame Agnes his wife, for the use and goodly exercise of the prisoners of this prison of Ludgate. (Anno 1454.)

Devout soules that passe this way
For Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful domesday."

In Lamb's *Specimens* (Leigh Hunt, p. 70) is quoted a scene from a play by Rowley, in which there are introduced two brothers Forster, one rich and the other a prisoner in Ludgate. The latter has a son who is strictly forbidden by the rich man to relieve his father. In the following scene the father is begging at the grate:—

"*Forster.*—Bread, bread, one penny to buy a loaf of bread, for the tender mercy.
Rob.—O me! my shame! I know that voice full well;
I'll help thy wants, although thou curse me still.
(*He stands where he is unseen by his father*)
Forster.—Bread, bread, some Christian man send back
Your charity to a number of poor prisoners.
One penny for the tender mercy—
[*Robert puts in money.*
The hand of Heaven reward you, gentle sir.
Never may you want, never feel misery;
Let blessings in unnumbered measure grow,
And fall upon your head, where'er you go.
Rob.—Oh, happy comfort! curses to the ground
First struck me: now with blessings I am crowned.
Forster.—Bread, bread, for the tender mercy; one penny for a loaf of bread.
Rob.—I'll buy more blessings! take thou all my store;
I'll keep no coin and see my father poor.
Forster.—Good angels guard you, sir, my prayers shall be
That Heaven may bless you for this charity.
Rob.—If he knew me sure he would not say so:
Yet I have comfort, if by any means
I get a blessing from my father's hands."

There were two City compters, one in Wood Street and one in the Poultry. One sheriff had charge of the former; the other, of the latter; they received prisoners committed or sentenced by the Lord Mayor or the aldermen. They were, in fact, prisons for all who were arrested in the City. Stow's account of them is as follows (bk. iii. p. 51):—

"The charge of those prisons is committed to the sheriffs, who always enter into their office on the 28th of September, which is the eve of St. Michael the Archangel, and are accordingly sworn to the charge of the said office.

Under the sheriffs there are divers other officers belonging alike in both counters, who give security to the sheriffs for their true and faithful execution of their several offices:—

1. The first and principal officer next to the sheriff, is the secretary, whose office is to return writs, mark warrants, impanel juries for the courts both above and below, and also for the Sessions.

2. The clerk of the papers, whose office is to impanel juries for the sheriff's court; he enters up judgment and makes out all processes for the sheriff's court.

3. Four clerk sitters, who enter actions, take bails, receive verdicts after trials, etc.

4. Eighteen serjeants at mace; and every serjeant hath his yeoman. Their office is to arrest, execute all processes, serve writs and executions upon actions, and summons from above, as well as from the courts below. And each of these serjeants gives £400 security to the sheriff, for the due execution of their office. They wear blue coloured cloth gowns, which are allowed them by the sheriffs yearly, which they always wear upon their waiting days. Four of these serjeants, and as many yeomen out of each counter, wait upon their respective sheriff daily; and during the time of Sessions, double the number. At which time, in the mornings, they bring the prisoners down from Newgate to the Sessions-house, and put them in the dock; and wait there all day, and return the prisoners back to the gaol at night; and upon the execution days, see the condemned prisoners executed.

Unto each counter also belongs a master keeper; and under him, two turnkeys and other servitors."

The Wood Street Compter succeeded an earlier prison situated in Bread Street.

Stow affords very little information as to the condition of the prison in his time. From Strype's map, it seems to have been approached by a court or passage on the east side of Wood Street, south of Fryers Alley, and to have then consisted of a single court.

The Wood Street Compter served both for debtors and for felons. Latterly, it had become a most noisome and filthy place. The average number of debtors was about seventy; of felons about twenty-eight. The debtors had one room—12 feet high, 33 feet long, and 15 feet broad—for the men, which was at once their day-room, night-room, and kitchen; the place swarmed with vermin. The prisoners slept on shelves put up against the wall, the highest being reached by steps; no bedding or straw was allowed. Their victuals were dressed at a large fire in the same room, which had only one door and no other opening but the chimney. No provision was made for sickness—not even an apothecary attended them. The General Dispensary (established 1770 with 100 subscribers; in 1773, 600 subscribers) supplied these poor captives with medical attendance, which they could not otherwise have obtained.

This prison was closed in 1791, when the prisoners were transferred to the new compter of Giltspur Street, which was appropriated for debtors, felons, vagrants, and disorderly persons. The night charges of the City were all taken to Giltspur Street, and in the morning marched out to the Lord Mayor or one of the aldermen. The average number of debtors in this place between 1800 and 1807, both years inclusive, was thirty-six. The prison was a great improvement on any of the older places of confinement. There was plenty of water, and the rooms and wards were kept clean. The compter was pulled down in 1855.

The Poultry Compter stood between Grocers' Hall and the Poultry, between Nos. 31 and 32. This prison was of great antiquity. It possessed many small endowments, and the broken meats were sent daily from the sheriff's table. Neild complains (1803) of the ruinous condition into which the Poultry had been allowed to fall. It contained a separate ward for Jews; of whom in that year—1803—there were two, not felons, but debtors. In 1804, on account of its dangerous condition, the debtors were removed to Giltspur Street. Two years later, that place overflowing, the criminals were taken from Giltspur Street back to the Poultry. In 1815 the place was cleared out again, and in 1817 taken down. The new prison of Whitecross Street, which had been recently built, held 500 prisoners, and was closed and pulled down in 1870.

The uses of the compters appear very plainly in the mediæval pages of Riley and others. Thus, in the year 1377 (*Memorials*, p. 413) one John Roos, Esquier, was arrested on the charge first of debt and of conspiracy afterwards. He was brought before John of Northampton, one of the sheriffs of London, and committed to the "compter of the same sheriff in Milk Street," that is to say, to Wood Street Compter, having at that time an entrance by Milk Street as well as Wood Street. In the next year there was a dispute between one of the sheriffs and the Mayor regarding the compter belonging to the former. It was a very serious dispute, involving the authority of the Mayor, then Sir Nicholas Brembre (*Memorials*, p. 415):—

> "On Sunday, the feast of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas [7 March], in the first year, etc., before the hour of noon, a conflict arose in Westchepe, between certain persons of the trade of goldsmiths and others of the trade of pepperers, from a certain rancour that had existed between them; by reason of which conflict, no small affray arose throughout the whole city; and that, too, while the Bishop of Carlisle was preaching in St. Paul's Churchyard; in which place, because of such conflict, and the wounded fleeing thither with very great outcry, no little tumult and alarm ensued. Upon which, Nicholas Brembre, the then Mayor, being informed thereof, together with other aldermen, immediately went to Westchepe, to restore peace there, and to maintain it; and after he had so restored order, he convened his aldermen on this matter, to meet, after dinner on the same day, at the Guildhall.
>
> And when they had met there, as also Nicholas Twyford, one of the then sheriffs, at the mandate of the said Mayor, there came with the said sheriff one of his suite, John Worsele by name, who was publicly accused before the said Mayor, of being a principal mover of the strife; by reason whereof, the Mayor forthwith personally arrested him, and ordered him to be sent to the compter of Andrew Pykeman, the other sheriff. Upon which arrest being made, the said Nicholas, the sheriff, went to the serjeant-at-arms, who so had him in custody by precept of the Mayor, and said that he was to be taken to his own compter, in Mylk Street; alleging that he had been arrested by himself and his fellow sheriff. It was accordingly whispered to the Mayor, that the person who had been so arrested by him, could not be taken to the place named by him, as the said Nicholas, the sheriff, was opposed thereto; wherefore, the Mayor, going up to him, asked why the man so under arrest, was not taken to the compter of the said Andrew, the other sheriff, as he had ordered. Whereupon the said Nicholas answered him as above stated; for which reason the mayor there bodily arrested him. In consequence whereof, as also for other reasons which had arisen in quelling the said disturbance, and for having more mature deliberation thereon, and confirming the preservation of the peace for the future, the said Mayor caused a Common Council to be summoned,

together with the other wiser and more influential men of the City, to be on the Tuesday following at the Guildhall."

In the end the sheriff was dismissed his office, imprisoned, and all his goods and chattels sequestrated.

In the year 1388 the porter of one of the compters got into trouble for speaking evil of Adam Bamme, alderman. It is not stated which of the compters.

In 1390 the compter of John Fraunceys, sheriff, was in Wood Street. In 1413 the compter mentioned in the case of John Askwythe seems to have been Wood Street.

In 1382 it was ordered that common women of the town should wear hoods of ray only; and that any one wearing hoods of budge, perreil, or revers, should be committed to the compter, *i.e.* to either compter. In 1418 it was ordered that one William Michen, for offence to the Court, should be confined in "the compter," meaning the one which belonged to his sheriff.

In 1419 we learn that one John Selby was the clerk of "the compter," but it is not stated which.

Early in the reign of Henry VI. the following regulations were enacted on the treatment of prisoners in the compters (*Liber Albus*, p. 447):—

> "That the compters from henceforth shall not be to ferm let by any sheriff, or by any other person in their name, unto the porters of such compters, or unto any other officer of the sheriffs; but that the sheriffs shall be bound to bear the charge of the rent, candles, and other such costs as the porters of the compters have borne in time past, by reason of their ferm.
>
> That prisoners who are staying in the compters shall pay nothing for the customary fees unto the porters, or unto the sheriffs, for one night, by reason of their so staying in the said compter, save only for a bed, one penny the first night.
>
> And if such person shall wish in preference to stay in the compter rather than go to Newgate or to Ludgate, whether for debt, trespass, or any other cause, felony and treason excepted, in such case it shall be fully lawful for the said sheriffs to leave such prisoners in the compter, for their comfort, they paying to the use of the said sheriffs four pence, six pence, eight pence, or twelve pence, per week, each person towards the rent of the said house, without more; and this, by assessment of the clerks of the compter, who shall take into consideration their arrest and also their estate.
>
> That if a prisoner shall make such agreement with the sheriff or his clerks, to wait in the compter, as before stated, it shall be fully lawful for such prisoner to have his own bed there, if he has one; and if he had not, then it shall be fully lawful for the said porter to find him a bed, taking each night one penny for the same, as the manner is in all lodging-houses.
>
> That neither the porter nor any other officer of the said compter shall sell unto the prisoners bread, ale, charcoal, firewood, or any other provisions whatsoever, under pain of imprisonment and of paying a fine at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen—except by [due] measure, and at a reasonable price."

The Tun of Cornhill, according to the opinion of Neild, was the predecessor of the Bread Street Compter. But they existed at the same time. For in 7 Rich. II. it was ordained (*Liber Albus*, p. 396) that an incontinent priest should be taken to the "Tun on Cornhill, with Minstrels"; that a person impeached of adultery shall be taken, with minstrels, first to Newgate and then through Chepe to the Tun in Cornhill; any adulteress found with a priest or a married man was to be taken "to the compter of one of the sheriffs," and thence to the Tun, with minstrelsy; and a single woman found with a priest was to be taken in like manner to one of the compters, and thence to the Tun.

In the year 1425 the sheriffs were ordered to keep their compters in "a certain place," meaning, I suppose, that the prisons were not to be shifted about, *e.g.* that Wood Street Compter was not to be transferred to one of the City gates, or to a private house. It was also ordered, which I do not understand, that no bedel was to be porter of a compter.

I am possessed of a tract or pamphlet—said to be rare—printed in the year 1616, which affords a glimpse of the conduct of Wood Street Compter at that date. It is written by one William Fennor, a prisoner in that place. The style is something like that of the illustrious Tom Brown, with spirit, yet with extravagance and with a constant straining after effect, which is less noticeable in the successor of William Fennor a hundred years later. He was arrested by a brace of bandogs, belonging to one of the compters:—

> "The thought of my arrest did not so much affright me as the countenances of those peuter-buttoned, shoulder-clapping catch-poles that seazed on my body. The one had a face ten times worse than those Jewes that are pictured in Arras-hangings whipping Christ; his black hair hung dangling about his eares like elfelockes, that I cannot be persuaded but some succubus begot him on a witch; his nose was precious, richly rubified, and shined brighter than any Sumner's snout in Lancashire."

The indication of the pewter buttons is one of a hundred instances in which the writer affords information as to those mean matters which make up the life of a time, yet are so difficult to discover, because they are beneath the notice of writers, and, indeed, beneath their observation. How many living men could describe the ordinary costume of a cab-driver?

They conducted him first to a tavern, where they ate and drank at their prisoner's expense; they then led him to the compter, the gates of which instantly flew open at their arrival.

> "Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis."

His name entered, he was asked whether he chose the Master's Side, the Knights' Ward, or the Common Side. He chose the first—and the dearest. For this choice he paid one shilling; and was then led into a spacious room, beyond which was a hall decorated with the Story of the Prodigal Son. He was then made to pay two shillings garnish. This done, he was taken to his chamber and locked in for the night. In the morning he found that he had several chamber-fellows, among whom was an attorney. This benefactor to his kind endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to fleece him out of what he had, under pretence of doing him a service. Some of them began the morning with tobacco "to expel noisome savours." From all we learn about the noisome savours it would seem the best and safest thing to do. They then began to drink, and so passed the time till morning service, which they appear to have attended regularly. The other prisoners demanded garnish from the new-comer. It took the form of claret, which, we learn, then cost sixpence a quart.

After breakfast the new hand walked into the forerooms where the keepers and servants were taking their dinner. Again he had to pay garnish; and again he had to send for a quart of claret. A friend called upon him and gave him two angels, by the aid of which, and other gifts and loans, he rubbed along for three weeks. This kindness coming to an end, he was fain to leave the Master's Side, and to seek the cheaper hospitality of the Knights' Ward. Here he made acquaintance with the "Cellar," the drinking-place, where a goodly company made music all day long with cans of beer, and where the smoke of tobacco ascended unto the heavens, like incense. Here, too, he came across an old prisoner who entertained him with an account of the trickeries and cheateries practised not only on the unfortunates lying in the prison, but by the unfortunates themselves. Here are two or three of his cases:—

The young gentleman newly come to London. He is carried away by pleasures and amusements of the town; he longs to plunge into them: there are the women to be courted, as he thinks—to be bought, as he learns; there are the gallants of the tavern whose fine dress and swaggering speech he would imitate if he could. But he wants money. He goes to a shop in the City and tries to borrow. He fails. Then an honest broker—there is always an honest broker—calls upon him and says plainly that he can manage his affair. They go off together to the same tradesman who had refused before, but is now standing in with the broker. He will advance the money if the borrower will sign a deed and get some one to be bound for him. The broker kindly agrees—the money is advanced, in goods which have to be sold for what they will fetch, and the broker takes half for his share. When the time agreed upon in the deed arrives, the writ is issued and our young friend is clapped into the compter.

When the young gentleman leaves the compter, his education is so complete that he is generally able to set up for himself in the profession of hawk. The pursuit of the pigeon by the hawk is not unlike later histories to the same effect, except that the hawks of the seventeenth century hunted, like weasels, in companies.

Many of the prisoners were brought there by their own contrivance and wish. Thus, a tradesman, when he found himself secretly in difficulties, yet openly in credit, went round the town and bought a thousand pounds' worth of goods here, and another thousand pounds worth there; and so on. Then he sold the whole, not in his shop, but privately, and put the money in his pocket. He then shifted his lodging and sent round a private friend to his creditors, begging them to take the goods he left behind him in discharge of his liabilities. Perhaps they did, in which case he was clear, with all that money to the good. Perhaps they arrested him. It mattered little to him. He had got that money. After a year or two the creditors grew tired of waiting; they then took what they could get and let him go.

Another trick, practised this time by young gentlemen, was to get arrested for a pretended debt of five or six pounds. Their friends paid it; the prisoners came out, and received the money for which they had been put into prison.

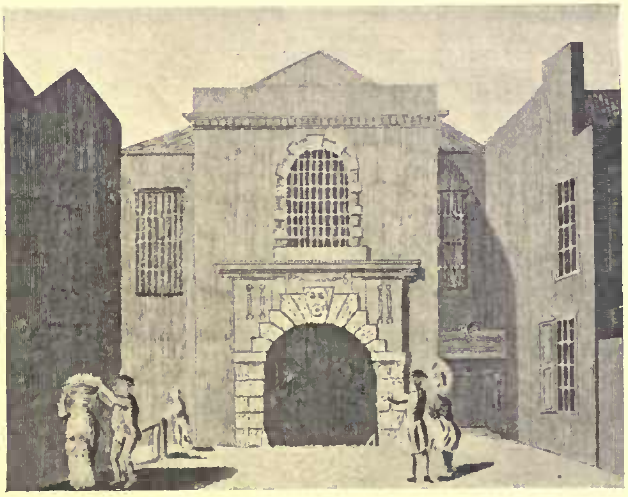
Another class of prisoners was those who got arrested a little before Easter or Christmas for a pretended debt of thirty shillings or so, and went into the common side, because at this time of year the legacies dropped in. It must be remembered that in the bequests of the time, it was as much the fashion to remember the poor debtors as it had been two hundred years before to remember the five orders of friars. They then came out with their share of the bequests.

A fourth class was that of the gallant gentlemen who were in request for some brave deed on Newmarket Heath, and contrived to be brought here, where no search was made, until the storm blew over.

As regards the legacies, the keepers made use of them to get their debts paid; for though the money was left for the poorer debtors only, they took some of it for the Knight's Ward, on the pretext that the residents there were in debt to them. Sometimes the keepers themselves were hoist by their own petard. For instance, they were liable for the custody of every prisoner to the full amount of the debts for which he was incarcerated. At the same time it was their custom to go abroad with the prisoners, one at a time, charging two shillings for a single walk; in order that the latter might call upon his friends and get money. Now on one occasion, a young fellow was brought in until he should find bail; it was a case of paternity and the parish wanted the father of the expected child to bear the burden. The man persuaded a keeper to take him out in order to look for bail; ran away; made good his escape; and left the keeper, with whom was associated the book-keeper, to settle matters with the parish. The event brought twins; it is pleasant to relate that the keeper had to pay for one child and the book-keeper for the other.

The New Prison, Clerkenwell, first built toward the end of the seventeenth century, was rebuilt in 1775, on the site of the older prison; again rebuilt in 1818 and in 1845. It was closed in 1877. Howard describes it as it was in the year 1776. The night-rooms were furnished with barrack beds; the day-room for the men in their ward—and also for the women in theirs—was a long low shed with a fireplace in it. The women slept in unventilated cabins or cupboards; the windows had no glass; there was plenty of water. The chapel was common to the prison, and the Bridewell stood beside it; there was no infirmary. In the keeper's house there was a bath. The tap-room was not open to prisoners, who took their drink at a wicket. The number of prisoners varied from fifty to ninety.

The Bridewell was a crowded and miserable place. In 1753 there were 191 prisoners, as many women as men. The women had to sleep in dark and unwholesome night-rooms; many of the prisoners were debtors committed for forty days by the Court of Conscience. In the men's infirmary in January one man was dying, with little or no covering; five more were sick; in the women's infirmary twelve were lying sick in their clothes, either on the bare barrack bed or on the floor. Many of them complained of sore feet, which had turned black.



NEW PRISON, CLERKENWELL
From a contemporary print.

The history of the Poultry Compter has already been given (p. 589), but I give here in addition some details as to its internal arrangements. It was for debtors and felons both. The number of felons (average in seven visits) about eight; the number of debtors about fifty-eight. There was a tap-room in the prison; there was an infirmary; there was abundance of water; the prison was kept quite clean. The prisoners were allowed to walk on the leads; the felons were kept separate from the debtors; they had a day-room for men and women both; and two sleeping-rooms for men and women separate. In 1776 there were 52 debtors who had their wives and 163 children with them in the prison. The prisoners had each a penny loaf a day; the sheriffs sent in 32 lbs. of beef every Saturday; and Messrs. Calvert and Co. sent in two barrels of small ale every week.

At the beginning of this century there were, on an average, about 33 debtors in this place beside the felons. On Neild's visits at that time he found living in the prison ten women, wives of the debtors, and fifteen children. Drink was flowing all day long. The leads were used, as in the old Ludgate prison, for exercise. The house, as has been said, was in a most ruinous condition in 1803; it was then shored up with props in many places, and in 1804 it became so dangerous that the prisoners were removed to the Giltspur Street Compter, while their own prison was put into repair. The criminals and felons, however, were soon sent back to their old quarters, of which a large part had been pulled down. In 1813 the building was finally taken down and the debtors removed to Whitecross Street, now also pulled down. Boyse, the poet, was a prisoner in this wretched place.

Whitechapel Prison was a debtors' prison for Stepney and Hackney. In it were confined persons whose debts were over £2 and under £5, all poor and miserable men; there were generally about twenty-five prisoners. They hung out a begging-box in front of the house, and this brought them in a few pence daily, but no one could share who had not paid the keeper's fee of half-a-crown. In 1777, out of twenty-seven persons, only three had paid this amount. By an act of Parliament 1782, it was ordered that no debtor should be confined to this prison for more than one week for every pound of debt. This act virtually closed the prison. In April and December 1782 there were no prisoners; in August and October 1783 there were no prisoners. The keeper had a licence, and used to allow men to come in from the outside, drink, and play skittles, in the court, as if he kept a common public-house.

In Well Close Square used to exist a most remarkable prison. It was a public-house kept by a Swede. The house contained a court-room for the Tower Hamlets; the garden of the house was converted into a prison-yard, 116 feet by 18, latticed overhead. The prison rooms consisted of a day-room (or closet, Howard adds) of the liberal dimensions of $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet "with a doorway." Overhead were three night-rooms. Allowance from a penny to twopence a day. No straw. Only an occasional prisoner was found here, and in 1782 the prison was ruinous.

Another small prison was that of St. Katherine's Precinct. It consisted of two rooms, one above and one below, but there were seldom any prisoners. The Savoy was a military prison.

Newgate prison belonged especially to the criminal side, but there were always a large number of debtors confined in it. Let us here consider only the debtors' side. Between 1800 and 1807 the average number of debtors was 201. By the Insolvent Act of 1793 some 25 to 50 per cent were year after year discharged. There were charities and doles to a considerable amount for the relief of the debtors. Many of the City Companies gave money and victuals. Writing in 1808 Neild gives a short list of debtors still in prison for debts of the most insignificant description. Thus:—

		Debt	Costs
		s. d.	s. d.
1797	John Allen	3 5	8 8
	William Gough	3 10	8 4
	Thomas Blackburn	2 0½	6 10
	Deloe	1 5	6 10
	Ann James	2 3	8 10
1798	Charles Burnet	3 10	8 10
	Thomas Blackburn	2 6	8 10
	Elizabeth Irvine	3 9	8 8
1799	Caleb Only	3 9	8 10
	T. Dobson	1 6	8 10
	John Hyder	3 10	8 8

Two of the eight separate wards were allotted to debtors: (1) the main yard 49 feet long by 32 feet wide, with three wards and a long room capable of accommodating ninety persons; (2) the women's yard with two wards capable of receiving twenty-two persons. There had been known to be 285 men and forty women on the debtors' side.

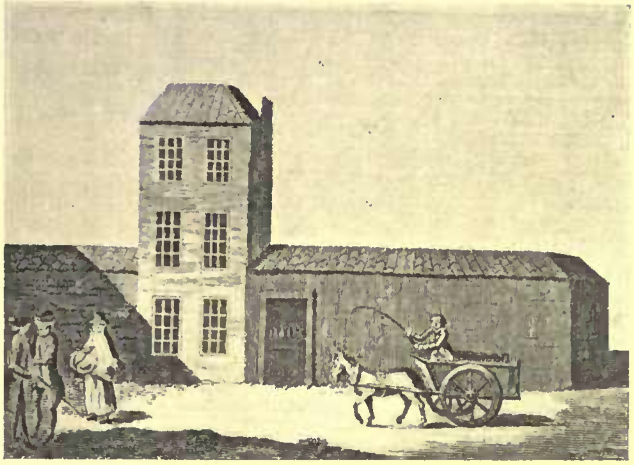
Tothill Fields Prison contained—1800-1808—on an average fifty-seven debtors. There were also wards for vagrants, for cases of assault and battery, and for the punishment of apprentices. The prison was well washed and cleaned with plenty of water. There was a male and a female infirmary. Tothill Fields Bridewell, contained a number of prisoners varying from thirty-eight in 1774 to ninety-two in 1783. The prison is well spoken of as clean, regularly washed, and airy; the prisoners themselves were made to wash. There was no infirmary for the women, and sick women were lying on the floor. Adjoining this Bridewell was another small prison appropriated to women, but originally put up in place of the old Gate House, Westminster.

Let us now cross over the river and visit the prisons of Southwark. Truly the Borough was liberally provided with prisons as with taverns. In the words of the Water Poet:—

> Five jayles or prisons are in Southwark placed;
> The Counter, once St. Margaret's Church defaced;
> The Marshalsea, the King's Bench, and White Lyon.
> Then there's the Clinke where handsome lodgings be;
> And much good may it do them all for me.

The King's Bench Prison, though a larger place than the Fleet, and perhaps as old, for there was a prison here from time immemorial, plays a less important part in history and literature than the Fleet. Why this should be so it is impossible to explain, except that the Fleet was at first considered as a part of the King's Houses of Westminster. We have seen that the warden of the prison was also warden of the gate of the palace, and that prisoners of the Star Chamber were taken to the Fleet. The King's Bench Prison stood in low and marshy ground, but had the advantage of open fields at the back; fields that were included in the Rules, so that those who enjoyed the liberty of the Rules could walk in the open country. It was possible, and a common practice, to exchange one prison for another, so that a debtor could get change of air and of companions by payment of certain fees.

The list of worthies who illustrate the annals of the King's Bench is meagre compared with that possessed by the Fleet. Tradition gave to the King's Bench Henry, Prince of Wales. History gives it John Bradford, the martyr; Edward Cocker, arithmetician; Lord Rushworth, Clerk of the Parliament, died in 1690; Christopher Smart, the poet, died here; Theodore, King of Corsica, was a prisoner here; Baxter was confined here; Smollett; Combe, author of *Dr. Syntax*, was confined here; here Wilkes was imprisoned for two years, and here were imprisoned Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald, Haydon, and William Hone. On this prison we find the following notes in Stow and Strype (1720), vol. ii. pp. 18, 19:—



TOTHILL FIELDS BRIDEWELL

> "The prisoners in this prison of the King's Bench were formerly not only restrained of their liberty but were further punished by reason of the straitness of room; there being a great many more about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, committed there than before, as well for debt, trespass as other causes by reason of which, straightening and pestering one another, great annoyances and inconveniences grew among the prisoners, that occasioned the death of many. So that within six years last past (it was now about the year 1579) well near an hundred persons died, and between Michaelmas and March about a dozen persons; besides others that had been extremely sick and hardly recovered; and some remained still sick and in danger of their lives, through a certain contagion, called the sickness of the house; which many times happened among them, engendering chiefly, or rather only of the small or few rooms, in respect of the many persons abiding in them; and there, by want of air, breathing in one another's faces as they lay, which could not but breed infection; especially when any infectious person was removed from other prisons, thither. And many times it so happened, namely, in the summer season, that through want of air, and to avoid smoldering, they were forced in the night-time to cry out to the marshal's servants to rise and open the doors of the wards, thereby to take air in the yard for their refreshing. Whereupon these prisoners, about March 1579, put up a petition to the Lords of the Queen's Privy Council, setting forth

all their lamentable condition; and beseeched them to take some order for the enlarging of the said rooms for preservation of their lives, that then remained there, as of others that should fortune to be committed there; and also for building of some chapel, or place of common prayer; they being driven to use for that purpose a certain room through which was a continual resort. And that they would the rather be moved hereunto, in that the same house or lands were the Queen's inheritance; and the marshal there answerable to Her Highness for a yearly rent therefore; and being also Her Highness's principal gaol.

For seconding this petition Sir Owen Hopton, Kt. Lieutenant of the Tower, Fleetwood and Recorder, and several Aldermen and Justices of the Peace, sent their letter to the Lords, testifying the truth of the above said complaint, and moreover assuring their honours, that there was not one convenience or several room in the whole house wherein they might sit, for the executing of the Queen's Majesty's Commission, but were forced to use a little low room, or parlour, adjoining to the street, where the prisoners daily dined or supped; so that were it not for the discharging of their duties that ways, and some pitiful remorse toward the help of some prisoners' hard cases they could be contented to tarry from thence, as well as some others of their colleagues did, for the inconveniency aforesaid."

At that time the King's Bench Prison was on the east side of the High Road where is now King's Bench Alley. On the north was the old Marshalsea; on the south the White Lyon Prison. In Rocque's map, 1745, there are open fields and gardens on the east of these prisons. In 1758 the prison was removed to the other side of the road, opposite the church. We must bear in mind in reading of this prison, this transference of site.

We have seen how the prisoners of the Fleet from time to time complained against their treatment by the wardens. The history of the King's Bench is not free from trouble. On one occasion the prisoners of this place, too, rose in mutiny; seized upon the prison, and kept the warden, Sir George Reinell, and the under-wardens, out of the place; the riot was put down by the High Sheriff and the Deputy Lieutenant of Surrey, who called out a *posse comitatus;* broke into the prison, seized upon the leaders and conveyed them to Newgate. Whereupon the rioters petitioned the Council to be heard as to the grievances which caused this tumult. Their principal complaint was that a window, by which they had been in the habit of receiving victuals from the street, had been shut up by Sir George Reinell, the warden, whereby they were obliged to obtain their food only from Sir George's servants "to their great charge and inconvenience, as being far dearer than that which they could buy abroad."

The warden got out of the charge by evading the point, apparently to the satisfaction of the Council. For he did not deny the closing of the window; but it was done, he declared, for the better safety of the prisoners; and, to show the tenderness of his heart, he declared that he had, himself, some years before, abolished a charge previously made, of 2d. on every joint of meat. Observe that he did not deny the real complaint, that by shutting up the window he was enabled to charge his prisoners what he pleased. However, the council seems not to have cross-examined him, and a private commission was appointed from which very little, one expects, resulted for the good of the prisoners.

Howard's notes on the place were taken in 1776. In that year the prison was so crowded that the prisoners had to lie two in a bed, and many could not obtain even a share of a bed, but slept on the floor of the chapel. The number of prisoners was 395; there were 279 wives, including the women who ought to have been married, but were not, and 725 children; a total of 1399 persons sleeping every night in the prison. The place was well supplied with water, but there was no infirmary; there was no surgeon; and there was no bath. Picture to yourself a population, including many of the better class, of 1399 without a single bath. There were bequests and gifts to the poor debtors amounting to £83 : 18s. a year, or about 32s. a week, which would not go far among the common side.

In the *Life, Adventures, and Opinions of Colonel George Hanger*, written by himself and published in 1801, there is an account of the King's Bench as he knew it, when he was a prisoner there in 1798. The daily life of the prisoners was very much the same in one prison as in another. We have already seen what it was in the Fleet. In the Bench, in Hanger's time, it was ordered that a detaining creditor should contribute 6d. a day towards the maintenance of his debtor. He had to lodge every Monday evening, before nine o'clock, 3s. 6d. in the hands of the doorkeeper for his prisoner, provided that the latter had taken oath that he was not worth £5, and had no means of making a livelihood.

It is, he says, the general opinion that the King's Bench is a place of festivity and mirth; that no prisoner is in want, and that those who surrender, only go there until an arrangement of their affairs can be made. This opinion, he shows, is entirely wrong. The prison "rivals the purlieus of Wapping, St. Giles, and St. James's, in vice, debauchery, and drunkenness." The general immorality was so great, that it was almost impossible for any man to escape contagion; his only chance was to live separate and apart, which was difficult; or resolve to consort only with the few who remained gentlemen of honour, which was equally difficult; otherwise, "he will quickly sink into dissipation; he will lose every sense of honour and dignity; every moral principle and virtuous disposition."

As for the women who find themselves there:—

> "No unhappy and unfortunate female ever did, nor do I believe ever will, quit this seat of contamination without the most degrading, if not fatal, effects of such a situation. Nay, if Diana and her nymphs, from not being able to pay the penalties for an accidental breach of the game-laws, were to be confined one twelvemonth in the Bench, unless they were locked up in the strong stone-room, they would be completely fitted for the associates or attendants on the Paphian Queen, and perhaps in a state to furnish a set of gamekeepers for the ladies of manors in that delightful island; for Messalina never stole from Claudius Caesar's bed to greater scenes of revelling than are practised and enjoyed within these wanton walls."

There were in Hanger's time from 350 to 500 prisoners; out of the whole number "there are seldom fifty who have any regular means of sustenance"; not that they starved to death; but they were underfed. Often they got no more than a single meal in two days; often they had not the means of buying a roll of bread for breakfast. For the poorest, even the creditor's 6d. a day was often withheld, on some technical plea, or some chicanery, or some cunning devilry of an attorney. How, again, could a man live on 6d. a day? At the present moment he certainly might, in an underfed, miserable way. Bread is cheap; fish, such as salt herring and haddock, is cheap; tea is cheap; it is easy to understand that a prisoner on 6d. a day would not do so badly. But in 1798 a pound of bread cost 4½d.; a pint of porter, 2d.; therefore a man could not buy so much as a pound of bread and a pint of porter. As for meat it was out of the question. A more monstrous grievance at this time was, that if a man was arrested for debt in the country he must surrender at London. Hanger mentions a case. A poor old man, between seventy and eighty, walked all the way from Cumberland to surrender at the King's Bench. Hanger saw him at the door, barefooted, carrying his clothes in a small bundle on a stick, over his shoulders; he had walked 350 miles rather than let his bail be "fixed," that is, made liable for the debt. The doorkeeper told him that forms had to be gone through; he sent a tipstaff with the old man to Chancery Lane, where he paid the fees which were demanded, and was handed over to the King's Bench in due form.

Again, humanity or expediency, as we have seen, established the Rules of the Debtors' Prison; a place where a prisoner might lie in greater quiet and decency than in the prison itself; where, too, he might follow his calling or craft. But in order to obtain the liberty of the Rules, there were fees to be paid. These fees were proportioned to the amount of the prisoners' debts. For the first £100 of debt a prisoner paid £10. For every additional £100 he paid £4; so that a man who was detained for £500 would have to pay £26 as a fee for permission to live in the Rules.

Again, if there were any writs against a prisoner, he would have to pay the same fees for every one, separately. Moreover, if a man had one writ against him in the Court of Common Pleas, he had to surrender to the Fleet; but if there were others against him in the Court of King's Bench, he would have to surrender at the King's Bench Prison. So he might be thrown backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock from one prison to the other, on each occasion, paying all the fees over again.

As regards the prison fees, if a debtor got his discharge from the court, he still had the fees to pay, otherwise he would be detained on account of them; and that, perhaps, for life.

Many of the prisoners—Hanger says at least the half—were detained by attorneys on account of their fees. Many hundreds were in confinement for sums of money which began by being £4 or £5 only, but, by the infamous practice of the period, were run up to £10, £20, and more, by the attorney's bill of costs. And though the creditors were often willing to take a part of the debt and release the debtor, the attorneys, with few exceptions, would not abate 1s. of their costs. They relied on the compassion of relations, which they thought would rise in time to the payment of the whole amount. Suppose the case of a poor prisoner who had nothing in the world. He had sworn to the fact—and was therefore entitled to claim his "groats"—so called because 4d. was the charge at first made upon the creditor. If the creditor did not pay, the prisoner could obtain it by demand at Westminster Hall. This was the most hollow mockery of justice ever offered. For the costs of the application would be as follows:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Fee for the tipstaff who went with the prisoner .	0	10	0
Fee for a "day rule," *i.e.* liberty to go out under supervision for a day . . .	0	4	0
To the attorney for attending at the King's Bench .	0	6	8
Do. for attending at Westminster . . .	0	6	8
	1	7	4

How was a pauper prisoner to command the sum of £1 : 7 : 4? It was too ludicrous. Hence an excellent and humane law was broken daily, openly, and with impunity. If the creditor did pay his 3s. 6d. a week, he generally did so through his attorney, who charged him 6s. 8d. for the job; so that the creditor was mulcted 10s. 2d. a week for the luxury of locking up his debtor, while the attorney had 6s. 8d. a week, or £17 a year, so long as the man was kept there. Why, an attorney in fair practice—with, say fifty debtors, scattered about the different prisons, would draw a handsome income of £850 a year from that source alone.

Hanger sums up:—

> "It is not possible for me at present to speak with certainty to the fact, not having as yet obtained an account of the number of prisoners who are confined in the various prisons in London for debts under £10. But I call God to witness that from the conversations I have held with various prisoners in the King's Bench (in the Fleet it is exactly the same), and the information I have acquired on the subject, I truly believe that I speak much within the compass, when I with horror inform you that above one-half of the prisoners in the King's Bench and the Fleet (aye, in most of the other jails in England), could be liberated, and would be liberated to-morrow, were it not for the costs that must be paid to the attorney before they can be discharged."

Neild (in 1806) gives details concerning the prison, from which we extract certain parts not touched upon by Hanger. The marshal received from fees and emoluments about £2300 a year (in a note he says that another account shows an income of £7900 a year). The deputy received £210. The average number of prisoners was from 500 to 600. There were from 70 to 100 living in the Rules. There was no prison surgeon; the chaplain received a salary of £100 a year, but very few debtors attended service. The marshal was required to reside in the prison or within the Rules; to keep the place in repair; and to pay the servants. By the Act 32 G. II. the Courts were required to settle the table of fees to be paid by the debtors. This list of fees, even after revision by a merciful Court, shows that it was an expensive business getting into the King's Bench or out of it.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To the marshal	0	4	8
To the turnkey on the marshal's side	0	1	6
To the deputy-marshal	0	1	0
To the clerk of the papers	0	1	0
To the deputy-marshal on surrender	0	1	0
To the clerk of the papers	0	1	0
To the four tipstaffs 2s. 6d. each	0	10	0
To the tipstaffs for carrying the prisoner from the court	0	6	0
	1	6	2

The rent of a bed and bedding was 3d. a night or 1s. 9d. a week, unless the prisoner found his own, when he was charged 1s. a week for the place to put it. On discharge the debtor paid 7s. 4d. to the marshal; 4s. to the deputy-marshal, to the clerk of the papers 3s. for the first action, and 4d. each for every other action.

The "Rules" lay in a circle of nearly three miles round the prison. There were also Day Rules, by which every prisoner would get three days in every term. The reason of this indulgence was, perhaps, an idea that the prisoner would look up his friends or visit his creditors, and compound with them. This description of the prison is from Neild (1808 edition, p. 290):—

> "It is situated at the top of Blackman Street, in the borough of Southwark. The entrance to it from St. George's Fields is by a handsome courtyard, where there are three good houses. The largest of them is the proper residence of the marshal; one for the clerk of the papers with his office on the ground-floor; and the third is generally let to persons of rank and fortune, who are committed by the Court for challenges, libels, or other misdemeanors. From this courtyard the ascent is by a few stone steps into a lobby, which has a good room on the right hand, and over it several good apartments, which, I was informed, usually let at five guineas a week; also two rooms called Strong Rooms, to secure those who have attempted to escape. These strong rooms are about 12 feet by eight; one of them has a flagged floor, and is occasionally used as a coal-hole; the other has a boarded floor. No fireplace in either; no casements, or shutters, to keep out the weather.

From the lobby is a descent by a few stone steps, into a small square yard, where there is a pair of great gates and a small door, with a lodge for the turnkeys and a room over it, generally let at one guinea a week. On the right hand of this gate, on entering the inner part of the prison, there is a brick building called the "State House" containing eight large handsome rooms, let at 2s. 6d. each per week to those who have interest to procure one. Opposite to the State House is the tap-room, where from twelve to twenty-four butts of beer are drawn weekly. In this tap-room is a bar; and on one side is a very neat small parlour, belonging to the person who keeps the tap. On the other side is a room on a larger scale, called the Wine-room, where prisoners and their friends occasionally resort. The residence of the prisoners is in a large brick building, about 120 yards long, with a wing at each end, and a neat uniform chapel in the centre. There is a space of ground in front of the building, of about forty yards, including a parade of about three yards paved with broad flag-stones. In the space between the building and the wall are three pumps, well supplied with spring and river water; also another pump, at the side of the further wing, with a spring of very fine water. Part of the ground next the wall is appropriated for playing at rackets and fives; and there are also, in different parts, frames of wood, with nine holes in each frame, called Bumble-puppy grounds, where the prisoners amuse themselves with trying to bowl small iron balls into the holes marked with the highest numbers.

The building is divided into sixteen staircases, with stone steps and iron railings. No, 1, at the further wing, contains twenty-one rooms; and on each staircase the ranges of rooms are divided by a passage, or gallery, about two yards wide. In the staircases, Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, there are four rooms on each floor, making sixteen in each staircase, separated from each other by a passage of about a yard wide. The staircase No. 6 contains twelve rooms, besides two small cabins. Nos. 7, 8, and 9 contain eight rooms each. No. 10 contains thirty rooms, separated from each other by a passage, about twenty yards long and two wide. The staircases, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, have eight rooms each, and are at the back of the building, but separated from the wall by a space of about eight yards. Each staircase has eight rooms with a passage of about a yard wide. No. 16 is also in the further wing, at the back of the building; has a spacious wide staircase, with passages or galleries on each floor, four yards wide; and contains, on the whole, twenty rooms.

The whole number of rooms, including the eight state rooms, is 224; the size of them, in general, is 15 to 16 feet by 12 to 13 feet; some few are on a little larger scale. In each room is a strong iron range, and on each side a recess, either for a bed or a cupboard. All the rooms that were destroyed by the fire, some years ago, are now arched with brick, to prevent in future any fire from extending beyond a single room. In the passage from the entrance to the back of the building is a coffee-house where there was formerly an ordinary every day, at 2s. per head, with a pint of porter included. The marshal, I am told, receives an annual rent of £105 from the person who keeps it.

Beyond the coffee-room is a bakehouse, which pays also a rent of 36 guineas per annum. And on the opposite side of the way is the public kitchen, where the prisoners may have their meat roasted and boiled gratis, before one o'clock. After that time the cook charges 2d. or 3d. for each joint, according to the size of it. Between the coffee-house and the public kitchen, there are generally two or three butchers' stalls, a green-market, and persons selling fish; and in the further wing is a large tap-room, called the Brace, from its having once been kept by two brothers, whose names were Partridge. Over this tap-room is another room of the same size, occupied by a prisoner, where the newspapers may be read, and tea, coffee, etc., may be had; but the man having been detected in selling spirituous liquors, the marshal turned him out, and gave the room to another prisoner. The lower rooms on the parade are, many of them, converted into chandlers' shops, kept by prisoners.

The management and government of this prison is in the hands of a marshal, who has under him a deputy-marshal, a clerk of the papers, several clerks, three turnkeys, and their assistants. As the marshal, deputy-marshal, and clerk of the papers, I am informed, seldom come into the prison, every complaint must be made by letter, or by a personal application at the office of the clerk of the papers. If it relates to any quarrel or disturbance, it is generally settled in a summary way. The marshal is a magistrate, and also armed with a rule of Court, authorising him to commit any person to the new gaol for riotous or dis-

> orderly conduct,—one month for the first offence, and three months for the second; but the prisoner may appeal either to the Court, or to a judge out of term.
>
> No spirituous liquors are allowed to be sold within the prison; and, by a rule of Court, no women or children ought to stay in the prison after ten o'clock. At half-past nine, therefore, a man goes round with a bell, and at certain places calls out, "Strangers, women, and children—out!" The number of prisoners, before the act of insolvency of 1797, was upwards of 600, about 200 of whom were excluded by the limitations of the sum, and time. After the Act of 1801 about 150 were left in prison. Many of those who had been a great number of years confined were excluded from benefit, on account of the limitation of the sum; and others, who were not within the term specified by the Act. Not more than three or four were remanded under the Act for fraud, etc. March 10th, 1802, the numbers within the walls were 315 and 57 within the rules; January 13th, 1804, within the walls and rules, 520.
>
> When a debtor is first committed to this prison, he is entitled to have what is called a Chummage, as soon as he has paid his fees. The Chummage is a ticket given him by the clerk of the papers, to go to such a room; and whether it be to a whole room, the half, or the third of a room, must entirely depend on the number of prisoners within the walls. But, as it is more convenient for persons, when they first come to this prison, to hire a bed for a week or two, there are always great numbers of distressed persons willing to hire out their beds, on being paid two or three shillings per night. Others, who are distressed, let their right to half a room at 5s. per week, and sleep in the tap-room, on the benches, in hammocks, or on mattresses. The clerk of the papers has the entire management and disposition of the rooms. He is assisted by the eldest turnkey, who goes round every Monday morning and receives the weekly rent of one shilling. The poor side of the prison now consists of sixteen rooms at the back of the building. The number seldom exceeds thirty.
>
> When once prisoners are admitted on the poor side, they become entitled to their share of all charities, bequests, gifts, and donations, a list of which ought to be put up in some conspicuous part of the prison, but which, for some reasons, is not complied with. Every person, as soon as he is admitted on this charity, must also take his turn to hold the begging-box at the door; which prevents many, who have lived in respectable situations, in the army and navy, respectable merchants, and tradesmen, who (sunk into misfortunes, and abandened by their former friends), rather than submit to this degradation, have shut themselves up for months in their rooms, and become so emaciated, from the want of wholesome and necessary food, as to lay the foundation of those disorders which have ended in their death.
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> The staircase and lobbies are in the most filthy state imaginable; and, in respect to the prisoners' rooms, some are very dirty, others tolerably clean; but, each preserving that degree of cleanliness which satisfies himself."

On the 18th of June 1779 a remarkable case was brought before the Court. A number of prisoners, it appeared, in defiance of the marshal's authority, had associated themselves together and established a Reign of Terror in the prison, flogging all those who refused obedience and extorting money. The ringleaders were a certain Captain Philips and a Mr. Chillingsworth; the former styled himself Marshal—the latter, Deputy. They were joined by about eighty of the other prisoners and issued precepts, orders, decrees, etc., against the persons and the property of the prisoners. It appeared further (*Annual Register* for 1799, p. 116):—

> "That there were only 140 rooms in the prison, and near 600 prisoners; that they were dispossessed of their rooms at the will and discretion of the above Court; that their property was also seized on and disposed of as that Court thought fit; that the actual marshal of the King's Bench had not visited the bench above three times in the last year; that the above Court consisted of prisoners, who had long been entitled

to their discharges; that they refused to go out because in that case they would be obliged to give up their property to their just creditors; that the Court, by its oppressions and extortions, had even raised the price of rooms from £50 to £70 per annum; that it claimed them by seniority, and let rooms out, not choosing to live in them on that account; that numbers of them had been long supersedable, or entitled to their discharges under insolvent Acts and the Lord's Act; and lastly, that such was the violence and enormities committed by them, that it was dangerous to oppose or refuse to obey, and therefore prayed the Court's interposition."

Observe that by long residence at the prison, by carrying on trades of various kinds, by practices such as the above, many of these prisoners had become possessed of property. If they took advantage of the Insolvent Acts, they would have to give up the property to their creditors; they had also got together a certain *clientèle* in the prison which they would also have to lose. Therefore, they had no desire to leave the place at all. Lord Mansfield, after consideration, ruled that all those who were entitled to take their discharge should be sent out; and if they were rearrested, they should lose their seniority. The judge, in fact, saw very clearly that if they kept their seniority many of the prisoners would be rearrested immediately, and so return. The decision of the Court seems to have settled the business. Captain Philips, however, was brought before Lord Mansfield and questioned. He declared that the so-called Court existed before his arrival at the prison; that he was elected "Lord Chief Justice" of the King's Bench by his fellow-prisoners; and that the Court did a great deal of good in the prison by enforcing order. Lord Mansfield, however, remarked that the self-created Court was illegal and oppressive; that he had discovered that there were more than a hundred prisoners in the King's Bench who ought to be discharged, but refused to go, in order to go on letting rooms, and for the convenience of smuggling; that one extensive seizure had been made in the prison only a few days before; and that as Captain Philips was in the prison on a charge of smuggling, with certain other criminal charges, he should be removed from a debtors' to a criminals' prison. This was done; and we hear no more of the "Lord Chief Justice" of the King's Bench.

The Marshalsea Prison, Southwark, was used for debtors, arrested for the lowest sums, anywhere within twelve miles of the palace, except in the City of London. Despite the vast area thus included, the occupants of the prison do not seem to have been numerous at any time. From 1800 to 1807, there was an average of forty-six prisoners—persons charged with contempt of His Majesty, the Courts of the Marshalsea, the Court of the Queen's Palace of Westminster, and the High Court of Admiralty—and also for Admiralty prisoners under sentence of Courts-martial. Smugglers were also brought here, and offenders against the revenue law.

The Court of the Marshalsea was a court held by the Marshal of England over the servants of the King's House. When we consider that with the archers of the King's Guard, these servants numbered many thousands, it will be understood that the office of marshal was no sinecure. Why the Marshalsea Prison was established in Southwark is not known. There is a good deal of confusion as to the sites of the three Southwark prisons, called respectively the Marshalsea, the White Lyon, and the King's Bench. Let us clear up the point by means of a little description. The White Lyon was a small prison, situated on the north of St. George's Church. It lay, I believe, hidden from the street by a tavern called the Black Bull—the site is now occupied by one of the shops—a cheesemonger's close to the church. Between Angel Alley, formerly called Old Bridewell Alley, and King's Bench Alley, stood the King's Bench Prison, with its gardens extending west to an open sewer, or stream. Farther north, between the Mermaid Inn, and Ax and Bottle Yard (now King Street), stood the Marshalsea also, with its garden extending like that of the King's Bench to the stream. In the year 1758 the King's Bench was removed to a larger and more commodious site opposite the church. In the year 1811 the site of the White Lyon and the inn called the Black Bull, was bought. Over the courts and houses lying at the back was constructed, at a cost of £8000, the New Marshalsea. It will be seen from the map that no part of the old King's Bench was covered by the New Marshalsea. The building described by Charles Dickens was entirely built in 1811. Dickens says: "Itself a close and confined prison for debtors, it contained within itself a much closer and more confined jail for smugglers, offenders against the revenue laws . . . were supposed to be incarcerated behind an iron plates door, closing up a second prison, consisting of a cell or two, and a blind alley seven yards and a half wide."

About the year 1880 I visited the place just before it was pulled down. The iron plates door, the "blind alley," the cell or two, were all there as he describes them. But the appearance of the two cells, one above the other, with their massive walls and doors, had become studded with broad nails and did not suggest a building of the year 1811, but one very much older, and I came away with the certainty that I had looked upon part of an older prison, which could only have been the White Lyon. Nothing is more likely than that portions of that prison found standing in 1811 should have been left and used for the new prison.

On the east of the "Clink" stood the chapel of the prison, a modern structure above a room used for a court, and on the west stood two terraces of modern houses that were the lodgings of the prisoners. In the court they played bowls for exercise. It was a dreary dismal place. My guide showed me "Mr. Dorritt's Room," in the firm belief of his reality.

Wilkinson (*London Illust.*, etc., vol. ii.) gives a picture of the old Marshalsea, taken in 1773, thirty years before its removal. With the exception of the "prison within a prison" it was exactly like its successor. The same rows of houses ending with the court and the chapel. It is therefore certain that the second Marshalsea was built in imitation of the first.

Why and when this prison was placed in Southwark does not appear. Stow mentioned that the marshal, in the year 1376, had his prisoners in the City, which occasioned a tumult. But in the year 1377, when there was another tumult, these prisoners were at Southwark. In the year 1381 the rebels of Kent broke open the prisons of the Marshalsea, and the King's Bench, and let loose the prisoners. In 1504 the prisoners broke out and many of them escaped. In 1592 there was a dangerous riot there which Stow describes at greater length than seems necessary.

The Marshalsea court and prison were abolished in the year 1849. We must carefully bear in mind that it was in the Old Marshalsea that the persons lived who have distinguished the place by their residence. There was Bishop Bonner, who was confined here during the reign of Edward VI., and again under Elizabeth, for about eleven years. It was here that he died, 5th September 1569; and it was in St. George's Churchyard that he was buried at midnight in order to escape the fury of the mob, it is said; but funerals were more commonly held at night, and one doubts whether the mob would have interfered with the coffin and corpse of the dead persecutor. Other occupants of the Marshalsea were Sir Christopher Brooke; Wotton, who wrote *The Shepherd's Hunting;* and Sir John Eliot (1625), Vice-Admiral of Devon. The Old Marshalsea is described by Neild, writing in the year 1808. It was governed by the Knight Marshal and his substitute; it had a paid chaplain who also did his duty by a substitute; there was a prison surgeon whose fees were a shilling from each prisoner on discharge. We have seen that the average number of debtors was no more than forty-seven; the post of surgeon to the Marshalsea can hardly have been lucrative. Neild describes the building as quite ruinous at his visit; the habitations of the debtors wretched in the extreme. . . . There was only one courtyard, so that though there were two or three rooms for women, they had to associate with the men in the day-time. There was no infirmary. A tap was in the prison, leased to a prisoner at £2 a week.

Some of the prisoners employed themselves in cutting pegs for brewers. The courtyard was cut in two, after this visit, by a wall across the middle of it with twenty new rooms, which made the prison more close and confined.

The character of Mr. Dorritt was perhaps suggested by the case of one Henry Allnutt. He was imprisoned here for many years; he succeeded at length to a large estate and was discharged. In recollection of his former sufferings he bequeathed the sum of £100 a year for the discharge of poor debtors, whose liabilities did not exceed £4. There were charities attached to this prison of about £280 a year, without counting gifts of beef and bread.

There is an account of a London prison written by Thomas Fowell Buxton in the year 1817. I hesitated for a time, so shocking and revolting a picture does it present, to quote from it. But history cannot afford to misrepresent things on account of their real character. The date, 1817, belongs to the eighteenth century inasmuch as prison reform was only as yet beginning. The prison described is the Borough Compter. It had been visited and described by Howard in 1783, whose account is not so minute as Buxton's; perhaps the condition of things had become worse instead of better—it certainly had not become better—in twenty years.

The prison belonged to the City of London and served for five parishes. It contained both felons and debtors; men and women. The felons' ward and yard contained the tried and the untried; boys and men; arrested and confined for all kinds of offences from forgery to assault. They had nothing to do; no work; no occupation; they therefore gambled all day long. Next to this place was a yard 19 feet square,—the only airing-place for debtors; men and women; vagrants; prostitutes; misdemeanants of all kinds—with their children. Alas poor children! In this yard Buxton says that thirty-eight debtors, with thirty women, and twenty children, were crowded all in a space of 19 feet square.

> "On my first visit the debtors were all collected together upstairs. This was their day-room, bedroom, workshop, kitchen, and chapel. On my second visit they spent the day and the night in the room below; at the third, both the room above and that below were filled. The length of each of these rooms, exclusive of a recess, in which were tables and the fireplace, is 20 feet. Its breadth is 3 feet, 6 inches for a passage, and 6 feet for the bed. In this space, 20 feet long and 6 wide, on eight straw beds, with sixteen rugs, and a piece of timber for a bolster, twenty prisoners had slept side by side the preceding night. I maintained that it was physically impossible; but the prisoners explained away the difficulty by saying, "they slept edgeways." Amongst these twenty was one in a very deplorable condition; he had been taken from a sick-bed and brought there; he had his mattress to himself, for none would share it; and indeed my senses convinced me that sleeping near him must be sufficiently offensive.
>
> I was struck with the appearance of one man, who seemed much dejected. He had seen better times, and was distressed to be placed in such a situation. He said he had slept next to the wall, and was literally unable to move, from the pressure. In the morning the stench and heat were so oppressive that he and everyone else on waking, rushed unclothed, as they must be, into the yard; and the turnkey told me that "the smell on the first opening of the door was enough to turn the stomach of a horse."

One thing was very striking: the "deplorable wretchedness" manifest in the faces of these unhappy people; wretchedness which increased with the length of their imprisonment, so that one might guess by a comparison of faces at the length of time any man had spent there. "I have seen," says Buxton, "many hospitals and infirmaries, but never one, to the best of my belief, in which the patients exhibited so much ill-health."

At his second visit there were five cases of fever in the prison; one of them was a boy. They would not open the windows because it would be bad for him; there were, however, two other prisoners who slept in the same room with him. These unhappy men, remember, were prisoners for sums of the most trifling kind: as a shilling, or a penny. In 1817, for instance, there was a boy, in the service of a corn-chandler, who was sentenced to pay a fine of 40s. and was imprisoned for not paying a penny toll.

There was no medical man; there was no infirmary. If a criminal was taken ill, there was no attempt at separation; if a debtor, he was separated by a blanket—what sort of separation would a blanket afford when twenty men are lying in a row in a room 19 feet long?

The women's ward was on the same floor as the men's, in the day-time the doors were open, and the men freely went in and out. "Am I not warranted," Buxton says, "in saying that the regulations of this prison encourage licentiousness?"

> "Imagine an innocent girl, who had hitherto been shielded from even allusions to vice, brought to this prison, and placed at once within the view and within the range of this unbridled harlotry. Can her mind escape pollution? Can she shut her eyes and her ears to the scenes which are passing around her? Is not residence in this place (however innocent she may have been of the imputed crime) an eternal stain upon her character? The law is justly jealous of female reputation; but here, as if forgetful of its own principles, it robs the unprotected, and often innocent girl, of her fair name, exposes her virtue to temptation, and places before her eyes vice in its worst and most degrading realities."

The prison seems to have been entirely neglected by the authorities. The allowance of food was 14 oz. of bread a day, and 2 lbs. of "clods and stickings" of beef per week. Those who have only the prison allowance, here or elsewhere, gradually decline in health. Four women and four children had recently died in Newgate through the insufficiency of food. In Howard's time, however, there was no allowance of meat at all.

The prison was so crowded that those who would have followed some trade, as shoemaking, were prevented by want of room; and, in place of work, there were parties of men playing cards, one man reading a novel, and one man reading the Bible.

Buxton's account of this dreadful place concludes with the story of a vagrant who was arrested and thrown into this place at the last stage of disease, filth, and vermin. It is enough to know that such things were possible, and to imagine what would be the effect of admitting this poor wretch in a room full of prisoners, among whom he was to sleep.

Between the visit of Howard in 1783 and that of Buxton in 1817 occurred that of Neild in 1804. His account is worse, in some respects, than Buxton's. The allowance to one prisoner was in 1804 a twopenny loaf a day—that weighed 6 oz., whereas in 1783 it had weighed 21 oz.

Neild addressed the following letter to the Lord Mayor :—

"Men and women debtors have one small courtyard, about 19 feet square, and they appear to me at all times to associate together. They have nothing but the dirty boards to sleep upon. No bedding, nor even straw allowed. No fire, even in this cold and damp season. No medical assistance in sickness. No religious attentions whatever. The few remaining boards in the men-debtors' room (mentioned in my former report) are now taken away, as are the joists on which they were laid. The room is useless; the floor is earth. Neither mops, brooms, or pails are allowed to keep the prison clean. Soap and towels are not afforded to the prisoner; so that a man may, for a debt of one guinea, remain in this wretched place forty days, without once taking off his clothes, or washing his hands and face.

"Permit me now, my Lord, to submit to your consideration the allowance to this prison. It is a twopenny loaf a day: weight, 10th March 1801, 6 oz.! and 7th December 1804, 8 oz. This scanty provision, without any nutritious liquor, only water, is not sufficient to support the cravings of nature; and the prisoner at his discharge may be fit for an hospital, but he cannot be fit for labour. The county of Middlesex allows to prisoners of this description, in Cold Bath Fields, a loaf of bread of 1 lb. weight every day, a pint of gruel every morning, a quart of broth made of rice and oatmeal for dinner, and every other day 6 oz. of meat for dinner, instead of broth. They have a common room, with a fire-place, and a peck of coals per day; a sleeping-cell 7 feet by 5½, with plank bedsteads, straw in ticking beds, a blanket and a rug."

The eighteenth century has many terrible sights and shows: there is nothing more terrible, more sickening, more heartrending, than the pictures of its prisons; than the thought of innocent girls and boys thrust into the whirlpool of hell which they pleasantly called a House of Correction or a House of Reformation.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

THE CHURCH SERVICES, 1733

The following tables have been compiled from the *New Remarks of London*, collected and issued by the Company of Parish Clerks in the year 1733. Here are found notes on the value of the various livings, the hours of the services, the presence or the absence of the organ, the number of bells, the endowments of sermons, the schools, the number of persons in each parish, and the principal buildings.

To these notes I have appended another table showing the hours of daily or weekly services, another showing the times of celebrating the Holy Communion, and a third showing the lectures given in the various parish churches. These latter tables are taken from those drawn up by one Robert Midgeley in the year 1693. They also show (see last column) some of the important places in the parish.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Alban's, Wood Street, with	£170	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Played only on Sunday except 29th of May and Election of Trustee to Barber - Surgeons' W.	2	3rd Thursday in August before Companies of Barber - Surgeons.	School for 50 boys. School for 25 girls. (Clothed, taught, put out in apprentice and service.)	112	A workhouse and mission in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.
St. Olave's, Silver Street.							147	A meeting-house in Silver Street.
Allhallows, Barking.	£100	9 A.M. 7 P.M. daily.	An organ.	6		School for 20 boys.	319	The Custom-House.
Allhallows, Bread Street, with	£140	Thursday, 5 P.M.	Organ plays Sunday and Xmas day.	2	1. Every Thurs. 5 P.M. 2. July 25th (Spanish Armada). 3. Nov. 5th. 4. St. James's Day.		83½	
St. John the Evangelist.							24½	
Allhallows the Great.	£200	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Every 1st Thurs. 11 A.M.	School—30 boys. ,, —20 girls.	140	Plumbers' Hall. Joiners' Hall, Steelyard.
Allhallows the Less.							66	

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Mary-le-Bow.	£200	8 A.M. 5 P.M. } daily.	None.	8	1. Two in Aug. for Spanish Armada. 2. July 25th. 3. Good Friday. 4. Nov. 5th, 1 P.M. and 6 P.M.	St. Mark's Day—Dole of bread and 3d. in money to charity children. School—50 boys. ,, —30 girls	104	
St. Pancras, Soper Lane.							32	
Allhallows, Honey Lane.							20	Honey Lane Market.
Allhallows, Lombard St.	£110	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Organ.	2	Good Friday.	40 boys clothed and apprenticed.	120	Quakers' meeting-house.
Allhallows, Staining.	£100	11 A.M. 4 P.M. } daily.	?	7	1. St. Stephen's Day. 2. St. Luke's Day.	6 boys taught and apprenticed.	100	Ironmongers' Hall. Hudson's Bay Co.
Allhallows in London Wall.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	5		School—50 boys. ,, 30 girls. (Taught, clothed, and put out.)	300	Vestry without wall. Pulpit in the wall.
St. Alphage.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	?	6		School—50 boys. ,, 25 girls. (Clothed, taught, and put out.) Almshouses, 10 men and 10 women.	162	Sion College. Part of Plaisterers' Hall.
St. Mary Hill, with St. Andrew's Hubbard (no separate information).	£200	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. Sat. 3 P.M. Daily in Lent, 7 A.M. and 3 P.M.	Organ.	2	Every Thursday at 10 A.M		127	Turners' Hall, Billingsgate. A meeting-house.
St. Andrew's Undershaft, and St. Mary Axe (united 1565).	£250	6 A.M. or 7 A.M. and 6 P.M. } daily.	Fine organ.	6	1. Quarterly. 2. Sunday before Xmas Day. 3. Nov. 5th and one day in July. 4. 10 sermons endowed.	School—50 boys. ,, 30 girls.	210	East India Ho. Fletchers' Hall. Upholsterers' Hall. A meeting-house.
St. Andrew's Wardrobe, with	£140	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	Every Wed.	Free school—40 boys and 30 girls. Three almshouses.	193	King's Printing House. Scotch Hall.
St. Anne's.							384	
St. Ann's, Aldersgate, with	£140	W. F. & Holyday,	None.	1	New Year's Day.	Dole to widows. School—30 boys. ,, 20 girls.	144	Goldsmiths' Hall. Wax Chandlers' Hall.
St. John Zachary.							88	
St. Anthony or St. Antholin, with	£120	6 A.M. or 7 A.M. } daily.			Sermon any week day.		86	Skinners' Hall. Tallow Chandlers' Hall.
St. John Baptist.							78	

NAME OF THE CHURCH.	YEARLY VALUE.	SERVICES.	ORGAN.	BELLS.	SPECIAL OR "GIFT" SERMONS.	CHARITIES AND SCHOOLS.	NO. OF HOUSES.	OTHER NOTES.
St. Augustine.	£172	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	1. Ash Wed. 2. May 14th. 3. Aug. 1st.		66	St. Paul's Cathedral. St. Paul's School. Newgate Market.
St. Faith's.							118	
St. Bartholomew, Royal Exchange.	£400	7 P.M. daily.	None.	2	1. Tuesday 2. Wednesday. 3. Friday. 4. Last Sat in month.		118	Royal Exchange.
St. Benedict or St. Benet Fink.	£100 and £85 glebe	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	An organ.	2		Churchyard free burial-place for parishioners.	?	A French church.
St. Benedict, Gracechurch, with	£140	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	1 charity sermon.		52	
St. Leonard's, Eastcheap.							53½	
St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, with	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. Holyday and Sat. 3 P.M.	None.	2		School—20 boys. Almshouses — 6 widows.	121	Doctors' Commons (College Herald).
St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf.							79	
St. Stephen's, Walbrook, with	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Good Friday.	4 boys put out every year.	76	
St. Benet, Sherehog.							32	
St. George's, Botolph Lane, with	£180	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Small organ.	2	1. New Year's Day. 2. Do. afternoon. 3. Good Friday. 4. Nov. 5th. 5. Xmas Day, morning and afternoon.		48	Butchers' Hall.
St. Botolph, Billingsgate.							56	
Christ Church, Newgate St., with	£200	11 A.M. and 5 P.M. } daily.	Fine organ.	2	1. Xmas Day. 2. St. Stephen's Day. 3. First day in Lent. 4. Sunday after Ascension Day. 5. St. John Baptist. 6. St. Matthew. 7. Nov. 5th. 8. Nov. 7th.	School—50 boys. ,, 40 girls.	350	College of Physicians. Christ's Hospital. Prison of liberty of St.-Martin-le-Grand.
St. Leonard, Foster.							165	
St. Christopher.	£120	6 A.M. 6 P.M. } daily.	?	2	May 11th.		92	Part of Royal Exchange.
St. Clement, Eastcheap, with St. Martin Orgar.	£140	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Good organ.	1	1. Michaelmas. 2. Every Wed. 5 P.M.		132	Old Town and F. Church. 2 meeting-houses.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Dionis, Backchurch.	£120	8 A.M. 5 P.M. or 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. daily.	An organ.	10	Maunday Thurs.		120	
St. Dunstan in the East.	£200	W. F. & Holyday, 10.30 A.M.	Good organ.	8	Every Tuesday.		322	Clothworkers' Hall. A workhouse.
St. Edmund the King, with	£180	11 A.M. 7 P.M. daily.	An organ.	2	Last Sunday in month. Xmas Day on afternoon.		104	
St. Nicholas Acon.							50	
St. Ethelburga.	£70	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Nov. 5th. Evening lecture every Sunday.		120	
St. Margaret Pattens, with	£120	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	June 7th. Jan. 1st. Good Friday.		44	
St. Gabriel, Fenchurch							79½	
St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish St., with	£120	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2		School—30 boys. ,, 20 girls. An almshouse.	103	St. Paul's College. St. Paul's Chapter House.
St. Gregory by Paul.							300	
St. Helen's.	Tithes.	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	1st Sunday in Lent. June 27th. Every Tuesday. March 2nd. Oct. 3rd.	5 almshouses, Skinner. Judd's almshouse for 6 people. Little St. Helen's, 7 poor widows.	138	Gresham College. Leatherworkers' Hall.
St. James's, Duke Place.	£13 and perquisites.		None.	1	Maunday Thurs.		150	
St. James's, Garlickhithe.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Organ plays Sunday and Xmas Day.	1		School—50 boys.	40	
St. Katherine Coleman.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	4			180	Workhouse.
St. Katherine Cree Church.	£150	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Good organ.	5	Michaelmas Day. Nov. 16th (lion sermon) Nov. 5th.	School—40 boys.	300	Meeting-house in Ponbury Lane. Aldgate pump. Bricklayers' Hall. African Co. Hall. Jews' Synagogue. Meeting-house in Little Bury Street.
St. Lawrence, Jewry, with	£124	11 A.M. 7 P.M. daily.	Good organ.	8	Every Tuesday. ,, Thursday ,, Friday.	A school.	167	Guildhall. Blackwell Hall.
St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street.							70	

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Mary Abchurch, with		W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	None.	None.	100	
St. Lawrence Poultney.							79	Merchant Taylors' School.
St Magnus, with	£170	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Good organ.	10	1. Every Thurs. before 1st Sunday in month. 2. Xmas Day. 3. New Year's Day.		114	Bridgewater works. Nonsuch House. Chapel Street, London Bridge.
St. Margaret, New Fish St.							78	
St. Margaret, Lothbury.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	None.	None.	150	Founders' Hall. Scotch Kirk (over the Hall).
St. Mildred, Bread Street, with	£130	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	9 gift sermons in the year.	None.	54	Cordwainers' Hall.
St. Margaret Moyses.							46	
St. Olave's, Old Jewry, with	£120	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Every Wed.	Free school—25 boys. 2 almshouses for 9 widows of armourers and braziers.	60	
St. Martin, Ironmonger Lane.							40	
St. Martin, Ludgate Hill.	£160	11 A.M. 6 P.M. } daily.	An organ.	2	5 gift sermons in the year.	School—60 boys. ,, 50 girls.	179	Stationers' Hall, Ludgate. Ludgate Prison.
St. Martin Outwich.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	5	2 gift sermons.		40	Merchant Taylors' Hall.
St. Michael Royal, with	£140	W. & Sat. 11 A.M.	None.	1	Every Friday, 3 P.M.	13 almshouses for 13 decayed persons.	60	Cutlers' Hall. Skinners' Hall. Vintners' Hall. Joiners' Hall. Fishmongers' Hall. Innholders' Hall. Whittington College Workhouse.
St. Martin Vintry.			None.				140	
St. Mary, Aldermanbury.	£150	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Wed. before 1st Sunday.		135	Conduit. Brewers' Hall. Plaisterers' Hall.
St. Mary Aldermary, with	£150	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.		1	1 gift sermon.	2 almshouses. 4 salters.	97	
St. Thomas Apostle.							111	
St. Mary Bothaw and St. Swithin's.	£140	11 A.M. 5 P.M. } daily.	None.	1	Thursdays.		138	Salters' Hall. London Stone.

NAME OF THE CHURCH.	YEARLY VALUE.	SERVICES.	ORGAN.	BELLS.	SPECIAL OR "GIFT" SERMONS.	CHARITIES AND SCHOOLS.	NO. OF HOUSES.	OTHER NOTES.
St. Mildred in Poultry and St. Mary Colechurch.	£170	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	Wednesdays before 1st Sunday in month. November 17th.		230	Grocers' Hall. Miners' Hall. Poultry Compter.
St. Mary Somerset with St. Mary Mounthaw.	K.B. £10:10	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1		School—40 boys. ,, 20 girls.	168	Water mill.
St. Michael's, Wood Street, with St. Mary's, Staining Lane.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2			140	Haberdashers' Hall. Wood Street Compter. Wallmakers' Hall.
St. Mary Woolnoth, or St. Mary Woolchurch.	£152	10 A.M. 3 P.M. or 4 P.M. daily.	A pretty organ.	3	Prep., Friday before 1st Sunday.	None.	153	General Post Office. Stocks Market.
St. Matthew's, Friday Street, with St. Peter's, Cheapside.	£150	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	None.	None.	117	
St. Michael's Bassishaw.	£132:11	4 P.M. daily, W. & F. 11 A.M.	None.	2	From Michaelmas to Lady Day.	None.	141	Masons', Weavers', Coopers', and Girdlers' Hall.
St. Michael's, Cornhill.	£140	W. & F. 10 A.M.	An organ.	12	Every Holyday, 10 A.M. Every Sunday, 6 A.M.	None.	136	Part of Royal Exchange.
St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	2	8 gift sermons.		118	Fishmongers' Hall.
St. Michael's Queenhithe with Trinity Church.	£160	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. 5 P.M. daily.	?	3	None.	School—43 boys and girls.	225	
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, with St. Nicholas Olave.	£130	11 A.M. daily.	?	1	Every Thursday.	None.	104	
St. Olave's, Hart Street.	£200	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6	Every Thursday.	Almshouse, Crutched Friars Almshouse, Gunpowder's Alley.	205	Navy Office.
St. Peter's, Cornhill.	£110	11 A.M. 4 P.M. daily.	An organ.	1	4 gift sermons.		171	Leadenhall Market.
St. Peter Poor.	£130	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	An organ.	5	None.	6 almshouses.	140	Pay Office. Drapers' Hall. Gresham College. Pinners' Hall (meeting-house). Austin Friars. Dutch Church. Excise Office. South Sea Co.
St. Stephen's, Coleman Street.	£110	11 A.M. 6 P.M. daily.	None.	8	2 gift sermons.	6 almshouses for 6 poor couples.	461	Bedlam. Armourers' Hall. Braziers' Hall.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Vedast's with St. Michael Querne.	£160	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6	None.	None.	208	Saddlers' Hall.
St. Andrew's, Holborn.	£400	6 A.M. or 7 A.M. 11 A.M. 3 P.M. daily.	An organ.	8		School—80 boys. ,, 80 girls.	?	2 workhouses. Gray's Inn. Furnival's Inn. Staple's Inn. Barnard's Inn. Thavies' Inn. Lincoln's Inn.
St. Bartholomew the Great.	£50	11 A.M. daily, week before Sacrament 5 P.M.	An organ.	5	None.	School—50 boys. ,, 20 girls.	324	Pyepowder Court.
St. Bartholomew the Less.	£120	11 A.M. daily.	None.	3	None.	None.	143	St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
St. Botolph's, Aldersgate.	£200	11 A.M. 3 P.M. daily.	?	?	5 gift sermons.	School—50 boys. ,, 50 girls. 6 poor men. 4 poor widows.	700	
St. Botolph's, Aldgate.	£700	11 A.M. 7 P.M. daily.	An organ.	6	1 gift sermon.	1 school—50 boys. ,, 40 girls. Another—40 boys. ,, 30 girls.	2500	Workhouse.
St. Botolph Bishopsgate.	£300	11 A.M. 6 P.M. daily.	None.	6	3 gift sermons.	School—25 boys. ,, 25 girls. Almshouses for poor of parish. 3 almshouses for 3 widows.	1800	Workhouse.
Bridewell Precincts.	£100	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	?	?	None.	None.	91	Bridewell.
St. Bride's.	£120	11 A.M. 8 P.M. daily.	An organ.	12	2 gift sermons and Spital sermons.	School—50 boys. ,, 50 girls.	1400	Fleet Prison.
St. Dunstan's in the West.	£300	7 A.M. 3 P.M. daily.	An organ.	8	14 gift sermons.	Almshouses for 7 women. School—50 boys. ,, 40 girls.	858	Serjeants' Inn. Symond's Inn. Rolls Office. Six Clerks' Offices. Clifford's Inn.
St. George's, Southwark.	£70	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	An organ.	8	3 gift sermons.	School—50 boys. 22 almshouses.	740	King's Bench Prison. Marshalsea. County Gaol. Bridewell.
St. Giles's, Cripplegate.	£450	11 A.M. 8 P.M. daily.	An organ.	10	Every Sunday. Every Thursday. 6 in Lent. 1 All Saints.	School—150 boys. ,, 50 girls. French Hospital. 6 almshouses.	3010	Framework Knitters' Hall. Greenyard. Lorrimer's Hall. Dissenters' burial ground. Quakers' burial ground. 5 meeting-houses and Tabernacle. Workhouse in Moor Lane. Workhouse in Bunhill Fields.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Olave's, Southwark.	£300	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. and at 3 P.M.	Organ.	8		School—40 boys. ,, 60 girls Free school for parish. 20 almshouses.	3000	Borough Compter, Bridge House. Anabaptists' Dipping Place. Workhouse.
St. Saviour's, Southwark.	£350	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Organ.	10	May 20.	Free grammar school. Free English school. Free school for 50 girls. Free school for 80 boys. Cure's almshouses for 16 men and women. Other almshouses.	?	Town Hall.
St. Sepulchre.	£200	6 or 7 A.M. 3 or 4 P.M. } daily. Wed. and Fri. 11 A.M.			8 gift sermons.	Almshouses (Snow Hill) for 6 men; (Evan Alley) for 8 poor. School—50 boys. ,, 52 girls. ,, 30 boys. ,, 20 girls.	?	Workhouse.
St. Thomas, Southwark.	£60	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	?	?	Every 1st Sunday in month, also 4 quarterly.	School—30 boys. Almshouses.	130	
Holy Trinity, Minories.	£25	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	?	?	None.	None.	123	
St. Anne, Limehouse.	£230	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	None.	None.	1000	Lewisham Bridge. ,, Dock. Workhouse.
Christ Church, Surrey.	£120	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	8		School—30 boys. ,, 10 girls.	1000	Workhouse.
Christ Church, Spitalfields.	£300	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Organ.	1	Once a quarter. Lenten sermons. Prep. sermons.	School—30 boys. ,, 30 girls. Almshouses.	2190	Spitalfields Market meeting-house, 4 French churches, with Quakers' meeting-house. Workhouse. Friends' hospital.
St. Dunstan, Stepney.	£500	11 A.M. 6 P.M. } daily.	Organ.	6		Dole of bread. Free school—30 boys. Free school—20 boys. Free school—10 girls. Free school (Ratcliffe)—75 boys. Free school—25 girls. Many almshouses.	Between 500 and 600	3 meeting-houses. Bishop Bonner's Hall. Radcliffe Cross. Jews' burial-ground. Workhouse.
St. George's, Bloomsbury.	£400	11 A.M. 4 P.M. } daily.	None.	1		School—101 boys. ,, 101 girls.	900	Bedford House. Montague House. Bloomsbury Sq. Lincoln's Inn Fields.
St. George in the East.	£300	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1		School—50 boys. ,, 50 girls.	2000	Willesden Square. Danish Church. Jewish Church. 2 Anabaptist meeting-houses.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. George the Martyr, Queen Square.	?	11 A.M. } daily. 4 P.M. }	None.	1	2 sermons.	School—50 boys. ,, 40 girls.	666	Town Hall.
St. Giles-in-the-Fields.	£400	10 A.M. } daily. 3 P.M. }	Organ.	6		Charity school. Almshouse.	2000	Bloomsbury Sq. Workhouse.
St. James's, Clerkenwell Green.	£4:19:10	11 A.M. daily.	None.	?	Friday, preparatory sermon. 2 gift sermons.	School—60 boys. ,, 40 girls. Quaker school.	1900	Bridewell Prison. Bear garden. 2 Quaker meeting-houses.
St. John, Hackney.	£400	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	Organ.	6	5 gift sermons.	Free school—12 boys. Free school—70 boys. Free school—20 girls.	600	3 meeting-houses. Many boarding-schools.
St. John, Wapping.	£130	8 or 11 A.M. daily.			1 every week. Preparatory sermon. Good Friday.	Almshouses. School—40 boys. ,, 20 girls.	1600	Executive Dock. Hermitage Dock.
St. Katherine's by the Tower Hospital.		11 A.M. daily.	Organ.	2		Free school—35 boys. Free school—15 girls.	867	Workhouse.
St. Leonard, Shoreditch.	£350	11 A.M. daily.	None.	?	7 gift sermons.	Kingsland Road. School—50 boys. ,, 50 girls. Almshouses (many).	2500	The Holy Well, Hoxton Square. Agnes le Clair. Aske's Hospital.
St. Mary Islington.	£200	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6		School—26 boys. ,, 15 girls.	937	Conbury House, Chapel. Lockhouse. Workhouse.
St. Mary's, Lambeth.	£300	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. Saturday, 3 P.M.	Organ.	8	1st Wed. after Quarter day.	School—50 boys. ,, 14 girls. Almshouses.	?	Palace. King's Barge House. Carlisle House. Cuper Gardens. Lambeth Wells. Spring Gardens. Distilling House.
St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey.	£150	11 A.M. daily.	Organ.	8	5 gift sermons.	School—50 boys. ,, 50 ,, ,, 30 girls.	1900	
St. Mary Newington.	£80	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6	None.	8 almshouses.	700	
St. Mary Rotherhithe.	£400	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6	Thursday before 2nd Sunday in month.	Free school—8 children.	1500	Southsea Dock. Meeting-house. Workhouse.
St. Mary Whitechapel.	£300	W. & F. 11 A.M. Saturday, 3 P.M.	Organ.	?	1 gift sermon.	Free school—60 boys. Free school—40 girls. Almshouses.	3000 to 4000	Debtors' Prison.
St. Paul's, Shadwell.	£300	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	6		School—50 boys. ,, 50 girls. Almshouses. Dissenters' school—30 boys.	1800	Workhouse. Meeting-house.

Name of the Church.	Yearly Value.	Services.	Organ.	Bells.	Special or "Gift" Sermons.	Charities and Schools.	No. of Houses.	Other Notes.
St. Ann's, Westminster (Soho).	£300	6 & 11 A.M. 4 & 6 P.M. daily.	Organ.	2	2 gift sermons.	School—50 boys. ,, 30 girls.	1500	7 French churches, Soho Square.
St. Clement's Danes.	£600	11 A.M. 3 P.M. 8 P.M. daily.	?	?		School—70 boys. ,, 40 girls. Almshouses.	1752	Lyon's Inn. New Inn. Clement's Inn.
St. George's, Hanover Sq.	£300	Daily.	Organ.	1	None.	School—80 children.	1432	Hanover Square. Grosvenor Sq. Chelsea Waterworks.
St. James's, Westminster.	£500	6 & 11 A.M. 3 & 6 P.M. daily. Sunday 6, 7, & 10 A.M., 3 & 5 P.M.	Organ.	6	7 gift sermons, and every Thurs.	School—36 boys. ,, 40 ,, ,, 80 girls.	4300	St. James's Sq. General meeting-houses. Workhouse.
St. John's, Westminster.	£280	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.	None.	2			1600	
St. Margaret's, Westminster.	£400	W. F. & Holyday, 10 A.M. and 6 P.M.	Organ.	8	2 gift sermons.	Westminster school. Almonry school. Tothill Fields school. Greycoat school. Greencoat ,, Many almshouses.	2350	Abbey Courts. Houses of Parliament, etc.
St. Martin's-in-the-Field.	£600	6 or 7 A.M. 5 P.M. daily. W. F. & Holyday, 10 A.M.	Organ.	12		School at Hungerford Market. Tomson's free school.	5000	Horse Guards. Whitehall, etc.
St. Mary-le-Strand.	£225	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1	2 gift sermons.	School—20 boys. ,, 20 girls.	266	
Savoy.							76	
St. Paul's, Covent Garden.	£356	6 & 10 A.M. 3 & 6 P.M. daily.	Organ.	2		School—30 boys. ,, 20 girls.	600	
St. Peter's ad Vincula.	£60	W. F. & Holyday, 11 A.M.	None.	1			?	Tower.

THE HOURS OF DAILY PRAYER IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON

	M.	E.		M.	E.
Allhallows, Barking	8	0	Charterhouse, in summer	10	5
St. Andrew's, Holborn	6, 11	3	,, in winter	10	2
St. Andrew's, Leadenhall Street	6	0	Christchurch, in summer	11	5
St. Ann's, Westminster	11	4	,, in winter	11	3
St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0	St. Christopher, Threadneedle Street	6	6
St. Austin's, by St. Paul's School	0	6	St. Clement's Danes	10	3, 8
St. Bartholomew the Great	10	0	St. Dionis in Lime Street	8	5
,, ,, ,, Less	11	8	St. Dunstan's, Stepney	11	6
St. Benet, Gracechurch	11	3	,, ,, in winter	11	3
,, ,, on holydays	11	4	St. Dunstan's in the West	7, 10	3
St. Botolph, Aldersgate	10	3	St. Edmund, Lombard Street	11	7
,, ,, Aldgate	7	0	Ely House in Holborn	10	4
,, ,, ,, in winter	8	0	St. Giles-in-the-Fields	10	3
St. Bridget in Fleet Street	11	8	Bloomsbury Tabernacle	11	3

	M.	E.
Gray's Inn, vacations	11	3
,, ,, all other times	11	5
St. James's, Westminster	11	4
,, ,, Chapel	6, 11	4
,, ,, Clerkenwell	10	0
,, ,, ,, on Saturday	10	2
St. Katherine Tower	11	0
St. Lawrence Jewry	11	8
London House, Aldersgate Street	10	3
Lincoln's Inn	11	5
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields	6	5
,, ,, Ludgate	11	3
St. Mary, Aldermanbury	11	0
,, ,, Axe, Leadenhall Street	6	0
,, ,, le-Bow	8	5
,, ,, Magdalen, Old Fish Street	6	0
,, ,, Woolnoth Lamb	11	5
,, ,, Covent Garden	6, 10	3, 6
St. Peter's, Cornhill	11	4
St. Sepulchre by Newgate	7	3
St. Stephen's, Walbrook	11	5
St. Swithin's, London Stone	11	4
Temple Chapel	8	4
,, ,, in Term	7	5
Wapping Chapel	8	0
Westminster Abbey	6, 10	4
Whitehall Chapel	7, 11	5
Wednesdays and Fridays only.		
Allhallows in the Wall	11	0
St. Alphage, London Wall	11	0
St. Ann's, Aldersgate	11	0
St. Alban's, Wood Street	10	0
St. Benet, Paul's Wharf	11	0
St. Botolph, Bishopsgate	10	3
St. Dunstan's in the East	10	0
St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate	11	0
St. Foster's, Foster Lane	11	0
,, ,, every St. day	11	0
,, ,, every Saturday	0	4
St. Giles's, Cripplegate	10	0
St. James's, Garlick Hill	11	0
St. Margaret, Lothbury	10	0
,, ,, Westminster	10	0
Saturday only.		
St. Mary Hill	11	8
,, ,, every day in Lent	7	3
St. Mary le Savoy	10	0
St. Michael's, Wood Street	11	0
,, ,, every St. day	11	0
,, ,, every Saturday	0	4
St. Mildred's, Bread Street	11	4
St. Olave's, Hart Street	11	0
St. Peter Poor, Bread Street	11	0
St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street	9	4
St. Magnus, Fish Street Hill	10	0
St. Margaret Pattens	11	0
St. Mary Abchurch	11	4

THE HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER ADMINISTERED

	M.
Every Lord's Day	
Allhallows, Barking	12
St. Andrew's, Holborn	12
St. Giles's, Cripplegate	12
St. Foster's, Foster Lane	12
St. James's Chapel	8
St. Michael's, Wood Street	12
St. Peter's, Cornhill	12
St. Swithin's, London Stone	12
(*Except the first in the month*)	
St. Lawrence, near Guildhall	6
(*Except the second*)	
St. Martins-in-the-Fields	6
but on the first it is at	12
Every second and last Lord's Day of every Term	
Gray's Inn	12
Lincoln's Inn	12
Every first Lord's Day in the month	
St. Mary le Savoy	7, 12
Whitehall Chapel	7, 12
At all other Parish Churches (as also at Ely House, the Temple, and Westminster Abbey except St. James's, Westminster, where it is on the second Lord's Day)	12

THE LECTURES IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON ARE:—

	A.M.	P.M.
Every Lord's Day		
a. St. Michael's, Cornhill	6	0
b. St. Stephen's, Walbrook	0	5
Every first Lord's Day in the month		
St. Clement's Danes, Strand	0	5
St. Lawrence, by Guildhall	0	5
Whitehall Chapel	7	0
Every second in the month		
St. Bridget, near Fleet Street	0	5
St. Katherine Tower	0	5
Every third in the month		
St. Bartholomew, Smithfield	0	5
Wapping Chapel	0	5
Every last Lord's Day in the month		
Christ Church, Newgate Street	0	5
St. Edmund, Lombard Street	0	5
St. Olave's, in Southwark	0	5
St. Paul's, Covent Garden	0	6
Every Monday		
c. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
Every Tuesday		
d. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
e. St. Dunstan's in the East	10	4
f. St. Lawrence, by Guildhall	0	0
g. St. Swithin's, London Stone	0	4
From Michaelmas to Midsummer		
h. St. Bartholomew behind the Exchange	0	4
Every Wednesday		
i. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
k. St. Anne's, Blackfriars	0	3
From Michaelmas to Midsummer		
l. St. Olave's, Southwark	0	6
Every Thursday		
m. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
n. St. Bartholomew behind the Exchange	10	0
o. St. Giles's, Cripplegate	0	2
p. St. Mary Hill	10	0
q. St. Olave's, Hart Street	10	0
r. St. Nicholas Coleabbey, Old Fish Street	10	0
From Michaelmas to Midsummer		
s. Allhallows behind Bow Church	0	3
t. St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street	0	3
u. St. Sepulchre's, without Newgate	10	0
Every Friday		
w. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
Every Saturday		
x. St. Antholin's, Watling Street	6	0
In the week before the first Lord's Day in the month		
On Wednesday		
y. St. Mildred, Poultry	0	4
On Friday		
z. St. Giles's, Cripplegate	0	4
1. St. James's, Clerkenwell	10	0
2. St. Mary le Savoy	10	0
3. New Chapel, Westminster	0	4
On Saturday		
4. St. Bartholomew behind the Exchange	11	0
5. Cree Church, Leadenhall Street	0	5
On every first Thursday of the month		
6. Allhallows, Thames Street	10	0
7. St. Olave's, Hart Street	10	0
On every first Monday in the month except June, July, and December		
8. St. Mary-le-Bow St. M.-in-the-Fields } by turns	10	0
Every Saint's Day		
9. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields	10	0
* St. Peter's, Cornhill	10	0
† Westminster Abbey	9	0

Note that at those places where the Morning Prayers are very early, they are, in the depth of Winter, generally a little later than is here set down.

APPENDIX II

THE following is the list of chapels and meeting-houses of the several denominations within the City and suburbs licensed in the year 1738 (Maitland, ii.). First, the chapels under the Church of England :—

Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth.
Aske's Hospital Chapel, Hoxton.
Bancroft's Chapel, Mile End.
Banqueting House Chapel, Whitehall.
Berwick Street Chapel, Old Soho.
Bridewell Hospital Chapel.
Charterhouse Chapel.
College Almshouse Chapel, Deadman's Place.
Coopers' Almshouse Chapel, Ratcliff.
Dacre's Chapel, Westminster.
Drapers' Almshouse Chapel, Blackman Street.
Drapers' Almshouse Chapel, Newington Butts.
Duke Street Chapel, Westminster.
Ely House Chapel, Holborn Hill.
Fishmongers' Almshouse Chapel, Newington Butts.
Fleet Prison Chapel.
Gray's Inn Chapel, Gray's Inn.
Great Queen Street Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Gresham College Chapel, Bishopsgate Street.
Grosvenor's Square Chapel, Audley Street.
Guildhall Chapel, Guildhall Yard.
Guy's Hospital Chapel, Southwark.
Hill's Chapel, Rochester Row, Westminster.
Jefferies Hospital Chapel, Kingsland Road.
Kensington Palace Chapel.
King's Bench Prison Chapel, Southwark.
Kingsland Hospital Chapel, Kingsland.
King's Street Chapel, Oxford Street.
Knightsbridge Chapel, Knightsbridge.
Lamb's Chapel, Monkwell Street.
Lincoln's Inn Chapel, Chancery Lane.
Lock Hospital Chapel, Southwark.
Long-acre Chapel, Long-acre.
London House Chapel, Aldersgate Street.
London Workhouse Chapel.
Ludgate Prison Chapel.
Marshalsea Prison Chapel, Southwark.
Mayfair Chapel, Mayfair.
Mercers' Chapel, Cheapside.
New Chapel, Westminster.
Newgate Prison Chapel.
New Street Chapel, St. Giles-in-the-Fields.
Owen's Almshouse Chapel, Islington.
Oxenden Chapel, near the Haymarket.
Oxford Chapel, Mary-le-bone Fields.
Palmer's Hospital Chapel, Westminster.
Petticoat Lane Chapel, Westminster.
Poultry Compter Chapel.
Queen Square Chapel, Westminster.
Queen Street Chapel, Bloomsbury.
Ram's Chapel, Homerton, Hackney.
Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane.
Russel Court Chapel, Drury Lane.
St. James's Palace Chapel.
St. John's Chapel, Clerkenwell.
St. John's Chapel near Red Lion Street.
St. Martin's Almshouse Chapel, Hog Lane.
St. Thomas's Hospital Chapel, Southwark.
Sergeant-Inn Chapel, Chancery Lane.
Skinners' Almshouse Chapel, Mile End.
Somerset House Chapel.
Spring Garden Chapel, Charing Cross.
Staple's Inn Chapel, Holborn.
Trinity Almshouse Chapel, Mile End.
Vintners' Almshouse Chapel, Mile End.
Wheeler's Chapel, Spitalfields.
Whitechapel Prison Chapel.
Whittington's College Chapel, College Hill.
Wood Street Compter Chapel, Wood Street.

Number Total—69.

MEETING-HOUSES OF DIVERS DENOMINATIONS

Presbyterian Meetings

Bethnal Green Meeting.
Brooke House Meeting, Hoxton.
Church Street Meeting, Hoxton.
Crosby Square Meeting, Bishopsgate Street.
Crown Court Meeting, Russel Street.
Founders' Hall Meeting, Lothbury.
Gravel Lane Meeting, Houndsditch.
Great St. Thomas Apostle's Meeting.
Hanover Street Meeting, Long Acre.
King's Weigh-house Meeting, Little Eastcheap.
Leather Lane Meeting, Holborn.
Little Carter Lane Meeting.
Little St. Helen's Meeting, Bishopsgate Street.
Longditch Meeting, Westminster.
Maiden Lane Meeting, Deadman's Place.
Middlesex Court Meeting, Deadman's Place.
Middlesex Court Meeting, Bartholomew Close.
Mourning Lane Meeting, Hackney.
New Broad Street Meeting, London Wall.
Old Bailey Meeting.
Old Jewry Meeting, Poultry.
Parish Street Meeting, Horselydown.
Poor Jewry Lane Meeting, near Aldgate.
Rampant Lion Yard Meeting, Nightingale Lane.
Salters' Hall Meeting, Swithin's Lane,
Shakespear's Walk Meeting, Upper Shadwell.
Silver Street Meeting, Wood Street.
Swallow Street Meeting, Piccadilly.
Windsor Court Meeting, Monkwell Street.

Number Total—28.

Independent Meetings

Boar's Head Yard Meeting, Petticoat Lane.
Brickhill Lane Meeting, Thames Street.
Broad Street Meeting, near Old Gravel Lane.
Court Yard Meeting, Barnaby Street.
Deadman's Place Meeting, Southwark.
Hare Court Meeting, Aldersgate Street.
Jewin Street Meeting, Aldersgate Street.
Mare Street Meeting, Hackney.
Nevil's Alley Meeting, Fetter Lane.
New Broad Street Meeting, Moorfields.
New Court Meeting, Carey Street.
Orchard Meeting, Wapping.
Pav'd Alley Meeting, Lime Street.
Pavement Row Meeting, Moorfields.
Pinners' Hall Meeting, Broad Street.
Queen Street Meeting, Ratcliff.
Queen Street Meeting, Rotherhithe.
Redcross Street Meeting, Fore Street.
Ropemakers' Alley Meeting, Little Moorfields.
St. Michael's Lane Meeting, Cannon Street.
St. Saviour's Dockhead Meeting, Southwark.
Staining Lane Meeting, Maiden Lane.
Stepney Meeting, Stepney Fields.
Turners' Hall Meeting, Philpot Lane.
White Horse Yard Meeting, Duke's Place.
Zoar Street Meeting, Southwark.

Number Total—26.

Anabaptist Meetings

Angel Alley Meeting, Whitechapel.
Artillery Street Meeting, Spitalfields.
Beech Lane Meeting, near Whitecross Street.
Brewers' Hall Meeting, Addle Street.
Cherry Garden Lane Meeting, Rotherhithe.
Church Lane Meeting, Limehouse.
Collier's Rents Meeting, White Street, Southwark.
Devonshire Square Meeting, Bishopsgate Street.
Dipping Alley Meeting, Horselydown.
Eagle Street Meeting, Red Lion Street, Holborn.
Fair Street Meeting, Horselydown.
Flower de Luce Meeting, Tooley Street.
Glasshouse Meeting, Swallow Street.
Glasshouse Yard Meeting, Pickaxe Street.
Goat Yard Passage, Horselydown.
Johnson's Street Meeting, Old Gravel Lane.
Little Wild Street Meeting, Cripplegate.
Maze Pond Street Meeting, Southwark.
Maidenhead Court Meeting, Great Eastcheap.
Mill Yard Meeting, Rag Fair.
New Way Meeting in the Maze, Southwark.
Paul's Alley Meeting, Redcross Street.
Pennington's Street Meeting, Virginia Street.
Pepper Street Meeting, Southwark.
Rosemary Branch Meeting, Rosemary Lane.
Rotherhithe Meeting, Rotherhithe.
St. John's Court Meeting, Little Hart Street.
Sheer's Alley Meeting, White Street, Southwark.
Snowfields Meeting.
Union Yard Meeting, Horselydown Lane.
Vinegar Row Meeting, Shoreditch Fields.
White's Alley Meeting, Little Moorfields.

Number Total—33.

QUAKERS' MEETINGS

Brook Street Meeting, Ratcliff.
Ewer's Street Meeting, Southwark.
Fair Street Meeting, Horselydown.
Little Almonry Meeting, Westminster.
Peel Meeting, St. John's Lane.
Quaker Street Meeting, Spitalfields.
Sandy's Court Meeting, Houndsditch.
Savoy Meeting, in the Strand.
Wapping Meeting, Wapping.
Whitehart Yard Meeting, Gracechurch.
Workhouse Meeting, Clerkenwell.
Number Total—12.

In addition to these there were:—

French Ambassador's Chapel, Greek Street, Soho.
French Prophets' Meeting, Clerkenwell.
French Prophets' Meeting, Hatton Garden.
Imperial Ambassador's Chapel, Hanover Square.
Muggletonian Meeting, Barnaby Street.
Muggletonian Meeting, Oldstreet Square.
Nonjurors' Meeting, Aldersgate Street.
Nonjurors' Meeting, St. Giles.
Nonjurors' Meeting, Scroop's Court.
Oratory Meeting, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Popish Meeting, Butler's Alley, Grub Street.
Portuguese Ambasador's Chapel, Golden Square.
Sardinian Ambassador's Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Spanish Ambassador's Chapel, Ormond Street.
Venetian Ambassador's Chapel, Suffolk Street.
Number Total—15.

FRENCH CHAPELS

Black Eagle Street Chapel, Spitalfields.
Berwick Street Chapel, Old Soho.
Brown's Lane Chapel, Spitalfields.
Castle Street Chapel, Green Street.
Crispin's Street Chapel, Spitalfields.
Friery Chapel, Pallmall.
Hog Lane Chapel, Soho.
Little Chapel Street Chapel, Old Soho.
Little Rider's Court Chapel, Little Newport Street.
Mary-le-Bone Chapel, St. Mary-le-Bone.
Milk Alley Chapel, Wapping.
Orange Street Chapel, Hedge Lane.
Petticoat Lane Chapel.
St. John's Street Chapel, Swan Fields, Shoreditch.
St. Martin's Lane Chapel, Canon Street.
Savoy Chapel, in the Savoy.
Slaughter's Street Chapel, Swan Fields, Shoreditch.
Spring Garden Chapel, Charing Cross.
Threadneedle Street Chapel.
Three Crown Court Chapel, Spitalfields.
West Street Chapel, Soho.
Number Total—21.

GERMAN AND OTHER CHAPELS

Danish Chapel, Well Close Square.
Dutch Chapel, St. Augustin Friars.
Dutch Chapel, in the Savoy.
German Chapel, in St. James's Palace.
German Chapel, in the Savoy.
German Chapel in Trinity Lane.
Russian Chapel, Exeter Exchange Court, Strand.
Swedish Chapel, Princes Square, Ratcliff Highway.
Number Total—8.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUES

Bevis Markes Synagogue of Portuguese Jews.
Duke's Place Synagogue of German Jews.
Magpye Alley Synagogue of German Jews.

APPENDIX III

ALMSHOUSES

THE following is a list of City Almshouses in 1750:—

- St. Alban's, Wood Street.
- St. Alphage—
  - 10 Almshouses for 10 men and 10 women.
- St. Andrew Wardrobe—
  - 3 Almshouses.
- St. Benet at Paul's Wharf—
  - Almshouses for 6 poor widows.
- St. Mary Magdalen—
  - 1 Almshouse.
- St. Helen's—
  - 5 Almshouses for 5 decayed skinners and their wives.
  - 6 Almshouses for 6 poor people.
  - 7 Houses for 7 poor widows of the leathersellers.
- St. Olave's in the Jewry—
  - 2 Almshouses for 9 poor widows of armourers or braziers.
- St. Martin Vintry—
  - 13 Almshouses for decayed persons founded by Sir Richard Whittington.
- St. Mary Aldermary—
  - 2 Almshouses for 4 poor of the Salters' Company.
- St. Olave, Hart Street—
  - 15 Almshouses belonging to the Drapers' Company for as many poor men and women.
  - 10 Almshouses, the gift of Lord Banyan.
- St. Peter Poor Church in Broad Street—
  - 6 Almshouses, the gift of Sir Thomas Gresham.
- St. Stephen, Coleman Street—
  - 6 Almshouses built by Christopher Ayre for 6 poor couples of the parish.
- St. Botolph without Aldersgate—
  - £400 bequeathed by Christopher Tamworth, for the maintenance of 6 poor men and 4 poor widows.
- St. Botolph, Bishopsgate—
  - Almshouses in Lamb's Court for the poor of the parish.
  - 3 Almshouses for 3 poor widows.
- Bridewell—
  - Hospital for indigent persons.

St. George's, Southwark—
  22 Almshouses for the relief of indigent freemen of the Fishmongers' Company or their widows.
St. Giles's, Cripplegate—
  A French Hospital.
  6 Almshouses founded by Mr. Allen.
  Lorrimer's Almshouses.
St. Olave's, Southwark—
  20 Almshouses.
St. Saviour's, Southwark—
  Hospital for 16 poor men and women.
  2 more Hospitals.
  2 Rooms for 2 poor people.
St. Sepulchre's—
  Almshouses for 6 unmarried men.
St. Thomas, Southwark—
  Almshouses.
Christ Church in Surrey.
Christ Church in Spitalfields—
  Almshouses.
  Hospital.
St. Dunstan, Stepney—
  6 Almshouses for 6 decayed men of Bethnal Green.
  8 Almshouses for 8 poor widows of Drapers' Company.
  6 Almshouses for 6 widows of commanders of ships.
  12 Almshouses for 12 poor widows of the Skinner Co.
  Almshouses of the Corporation of Trinity House for 28 decayed commanders of ships, and widows of such.
  12 Almshouses for 12 decayed Vintners.
  12 Almshouses for as many poor men (past labour) of Stepney parish.
  10 Almshouses for 10 poor widows of mercers.
  Hospital for 6 poor coopers.
  7 Almshouses founded by Nicolas Gybson.
  Estate for the maintenance of 14 poor women.
St. Giles-in-the-Fields—
  Almshouses for 20 poor women.
St. John at Hackney—
  6 Almshouses for 6 poor widows.
  10 Almshouses for 10 poor widows.
  Almshouses for 6 poor men and their wives.
St. Katherine by the Tower.
St. Leonard, Shoreditch—
  A Hospital for 20 poor members of the Haberdashers' Company and 20 poor boys.
  6 Almshouses for the widows of 12 weavers.
  12 Almshouses for 12 poor widows of Shoreditch.
  8 Almshouses for 8 poor widows of the parish.
  6 Houses for 6 poor men.
  2 Almshouses built by Mr. Bearmore.
  6 Almshouses for decayed drapers and their wives.
  6 Almshouses for the parish.

- 14 Houses for 56 poor people.
- 6 Houses for decayed goldsmiths.

St. Mary at Lambeth—
- Almshouses.

St Mary Magdalen—
- Legacy for clothing 12 poor men and women once a year.

St. Mary at Newington—
- 8 Almshouses for the poor of the parish.
- 8 Almshouses for the Drapers' Company.

St. Mary in Whitechapel—
- 6 Almshouses for 12 poor widows of the parish.

St. Paul's, Shadwell—
- 5 Almshouses for the poor of the parish.

St. Clement's Danes—
- 6 Almshouses for 6 poor women.

St. Margaret, Westminster—
- Ann Dacre's Almshouses for 10 poor men and 10 poor women.
- George Witchers' Almshouses for 6 poor people.
- Tothill Fields' 12 Almshouses, 6 for men and 6 for women.
- 2 Almhouses for 2 decayed virtuous gentlewomen.

Norton Folgate—
- 6 Almshouses.

APPENDIX IV

TAXES AND INFERIOR OFFICES

THE following is a list of inferior offices in the City of London:—

Weigher of meat at Leadenhall Market, Bishopsgate.
Setter out of stalls at Leadenhall.
Clerk of Court of Requests and Beadle there.
Clerk of the City Works.
Porter of the Bridgehouse.
Weigher of meat at Newgate Market.
Common Serjeant.
Judge of the Sheriff's Court.
Town Clerk of Southwark.
Steward of Southwark.
Attorney in the Mayor's Court.
Clerk of the Assayers, Middle Temple.
Common Pleader.

Secondary:—

Common Cryer.
Keeper of Ludgate.
Keeper of the Compter.
Bailiff of Southwark.
Clerk of the Bridgehouse.
Attorney in the Sheriff's Court.
Clerk of the Chamber.
Clerk of the Compters.
Keeper of wood and coal for the poor at Leadenhall.
Common outcryer.
"Oter" Bailiff.
Common Hunt.
Keeper of the Session House, Old Bailey.
Upper Labourer in the Bridgehouse.
Prothonotary.
Clerk of the Court of Requests.
Keeper of the Guildhall.
Keeper of Moorfields.
Drawer of water at Dowgate.

The following is a list of Assessed Taxes for 1797:—

For every clock within or outside a house, 5s. a year.
For every gold watch kept or worn, 10s. a year.
For every silver watch kept or worn, 7s. 6d. a year.
Every maker of, or dealer in, clocks and watches, to pay 2s. 6d. a year for a licence.
For four-wheeled vehicles:—For the first, £8 a year. For the second, £9 a year, and £10 a year for every one after the first two.
For every two-wheeled vehicle (36 G. III. c. 14), £4 : 4s.
Carriages used as stage-coaches and posting carriages pay only £7 a year.
Taxed carts, two-wheeled and without cover or springs, to pay 12s. a year.
For keeping a hunting-dog or two or more dogs, 5s. a year for each.
For keeping one dog only, not being a hunting-dog, 3s. a year.
For every horse 10s., and for two horses £1.
When three, four, or five are kept, for each £2.
Where six are kept, for each £2 : 5s.
Horses for trade or agriculture paid 5s. each.

The House Tax was as follows:—

For a rent of £5 to £19, inclusive, sixpence in the pound.
For a rent of £20 to £39, inclusive, ninepence in the pound.
For a rent of £40 and upwards, a shilling in the pound.

But by 31 and 36 George III. the tax was increased by 20 per cent.

The Window Tax was as follows:—

Number of Windows.	Amount.
1 to 6	£0 4 0
7	0 12 2
8	0 17 6
9	1 2 6
10	1 8 4
11	1 14 0
12	2 6 0
13	2 7 10
14	2 16 6
15	3 4 6
16	3 12 0
17	4 0 0
18	4 7 6
19	4 15 0
20	5 4 8
21	5 14 0
22	6 3 6
23	6 13 8
24	7 5 0
25	7 16 0
26	7 18 0
27	8 0 0
28	8 2 0
29	8 4 0
30	£8 19 6
31	9 1 6
32	9 3 6
33	9 5 6
34	9 7 6
35	10 3 6
36	10 5 6
37	10 7 6
38	10 9 6
39	10 11 6
40	11 8 0
41	11 10 0
42	11 12 0
43	11 14 0
44	11 16 0
45	12 13 0
46	12 15 0
47	12 17 0
48	12 19 0
49	13 1 0
50	13 18 0
51	14 0 0
52	14 2 0
53	14 4 0

Number of Windows.	Amount.
54	£14 6 0
55	15 3 0
56	15 5 0
57	15 7 0
58	15 9 0
59	15 11 0
60	16 8 0
61	16 10 0
62	16 12 0
63	16 14 0
64	16 16 0
65	17 13 0
66	17 15 0
67	17 17 0
68	17 19 0
69	18 1 0
70	18 18 0
71	19 0 0
72	19 2 0
73	19 4 0
74	19 6 0
75	20 3 0
76	20 5 0
77	20 7 0
78	20 9 0
79	20 11 0
80	21 8 0
81	21 10 0
82	21 12 0
83	21 14 0
84	21 16 0
85	22 13 0
86	22 15 0
87	22 17 0
88	22 19 0
89	23 1 0
90	23 18 0
91	24 0 0
92	24 2 0
93	24 4 0
94	24 6 0
95	25 3 0
96	25 5 0
97	25 7 0
98	25 9 0
99	25 11 0
100	27 3 0
101	27 5 0
102	27 7 0
103	£27 9 0
104	27 11 0
105	27 13 0
106	27 15 0
107	27 17 0
108	27 19 0
109	28 1 0
110	29 13 0
111	29 15 0
112	29 17 0
113	29 19 0
114	30 1 0
115	30 3 0
116	30 5 0
117	30 7 0
118	30 9 0
119	30 11 0
120	32 3 0
121	32 5 0
122	32 7 0
123	32 9 0
124	32 11 0
125	32 13 0
126	32 15 0
127	32 17 0
128	32 19 0
129	33 1 0
130	34 13 0
131	34 15 0
132	34 17 0
133	34 19 0
134	35 1 0
135	35 3 0
136	35 5 0
137	35 7 0
138	35 9 0
139	35 11 0
140	37 3 0
141	37 5 0
142	37 7 0
143	37 9 0
144	37 11 0
145	37 13 0
146	37 15 0
147	37 17 0
148	37 19 0
149	38 1 0
150	39 13 0
151	39 15 0

Number of Windows.	Amount.
152	£39 17 0
153	39 19 0
154	40 1 0
155	40 3 0
156	40 5 0
157	40 7 0
158	40 9 0
159	40 11 0
160	42 8 0
161	42 10 0
162	42 12 0
163	42 14 0
164	42 16 0
165	42 18 0
166	43 0 0
167	£43 2 0
168	43 4 0
169	43 6 0
170	45 3 0
171	45 5 0
172	45 7 0
173	45 9 0
174	45 11 0
175	45 13 0
176	45 15 0
177	45 17 0
178	45 19 0
179	46 1 0
180	48 3 0

(Kearsley, pp. 17-24.)

Male servants were taxed as follows:—

For one, £1 : 5s. a year.
For two, £1 : 15s. each.
For three or four, £2 : 5s. each.
For five, six, or seven, £2 : 15s. each.
For eight to ten, £3 each.
For eleven or more, £4 each.
Bachelors who kept one or more male servants were to pay £1 : 5s. in addition for each.

Auctioneers residing within the Bills of Mortality had to pay £1 : 3s. a year licence.
Pawnbrokers, 5s. a year.
On the proceeds of auctions there was a tax of 6d. in the pound.
On Bills of Exchange:—

From £2 to £5 : 5s.—4d.
From £5 : 5s. to £36—8d.
From £30 to £50—1s.
From £50 to £100—1s. 4d.
From £100 to £200—2s.

Promissory Notes were taxed in the same way as Bills of Exchange.
Foreign Bills of Exchange were taxed:—

Under £100—8d.
Under £200 and over £100—1s.
Over £200—1s. 4d.

Bricks were taxed at 5s. for every 1000.
Plain tiles for every 1000—4s. 10d.
Pan ,, ,, —12s. 10d.
Paving tiles for every 100 not exceeding ten inches square, 2s. 5d.
Above that size, 4s. 10d.
Cider and perry, for every hogshead, 18s. 7d.
For every game licence, £3 : 3s. a year.
For a gamekeeper, £1 : 1s. a year.

For the use of hair powder, a yearly tax of one guinea.

For the retail of hats within the Bills of Mortality a woman was taxed at £2 a year.

There was a duty on every hat varying from 3d. on a hat sold at 4s. or under, to 2s. on every hat sold at 12s. and upwards.

Hawkers and petty chapmen had to take out a licence of £4 a year, or if they travelled with a horse, ass, or mule, £4 a year more.

Horse-dealers within the Bills of Mortality had to pay £20 a year licence.

Legacies were taxed on a scale :—

(1) Payable to wife, children, or grandchildren :—
When the amount did not exceed £20—2s. 6d.
When the amount was over £20 and did not exceed £100—5s.
When the amount was over £100—£1.

(2) Payable to a husband :—
When the amount did not exceed £26—5s.
When the amount was over £20 and less than £100—16s.
When the amount was £100 and more—£2.
And for every £100, an additional £1.

(3) Payable to collateral relations or strangers :—
When the amount was not over £20—5s.
For every £100—£2.

The retail of wine :—

(1) Foreign wine without a beer or spirit licence, £5 : 4s.
Foreign wine with a beer but not a spirit licence, £4 : 4s.
Foreign wine with a spirit licence as well, £2 : 4s.

(2) For the retail of British-made wine, £2 : 4s.
For the retail of spirits according to the rate on the house, from £4 : 14s. a year when the rate is under £15, to £7 : 2s. a year when the rate is £50 and upwards.
Every maltster was to take out a licence according to the amount of malt he made, varying at 5s. for no more than 50 quarters, to £3 for more than 550.
For every bushel of malt, 9¾d.

Vendors of medicines were to pay 20s. a year.

Paper was heavily taxed :—

For imported paper, 75 per cent.
For hanging paper made in Great Britain, per square yard, 1¼d.
For writing and drawing paper, 2½d. a lb.
For coloured paper, 1d. a lb.
For brown paper, ½d. a lb.

Imported books paid a duty of £1 : 3 : 4 for every cwt.

Pawnbrokers' licences within the Bills of Mortality were £10 a year.

Vendors of perfumery paid 1s. a year for licence.

For every packet of perfumery, according to its value, of under 8d. in price, one penny tax; if over 5s. in price, then 1s.

Postmasters and innkeepers who let out horses for hire paid 5s. a year.

Persons keeping a stage-coach paid 5s. a year for licence.

Receipts were taxed according to the amount acknowledged:—

From £2 to £20—2d.
From £20 to £50—4d.
From £50 to £100—6d.
From £100 to £500—1s.
From £500—2s.

Dealers in foreign spirits paid an excise licence of £5.

An immense list of the stamps used in London in the year 1797 is given in Kearsley's handbook. It occupies twenty-six pages. It includes all kinds of legal documents, writs, judgments, sentences, leases, wills, letters of administration, licences, etc.

Among them we find the following:—

Admission into any of the four Inns of Court.
Admission into any Inn of Chancery.
Admission into any Inn of attorney, proctor, notary, physician, or any officer of any court in Great Britain.
Advertisements in newspapers, 3s. each.
Advertisements in periodical pamphlets, 3s.
Almanacs, 8d.
Apprentices' indentures.
Cards, per pack, 2s.
Certificate of marriage, 5s.
Dice, 15s. a pair.
Newspapers, 3d. and 4d. according to the size.
Pardon of corporal punishment, crime, forfeiture, or offence, £12.
Racehorses. For every horse entered for a race, £2 : 2s.
Tea-dealers to pay 5s. 6d. a year licence.
Tobacco-dealers to pay 5s. a year licence.
Manufacturers of tobacco to pay according to the amount: namely, from 20,000 to 180,000 lbs., £3 to £15.

APPENDIX V

DISEASES

THE following figures have been taken to show the Diseases and Casualties of one year in London. It was the year 1770:—

Abortive and stillborn	696
Aged	1512
Ague	1
Apoplexy and suddenly	223
Asthma and phthisic	590
Bedridden	9
Bloody Flux	...
Bursten and rupture	12
Cancer	42
Canker	1
Chicken Pox	1
Childbed	172
Cholic, gripes, and twisting of the guts	48
Cold	7
Consumption	4809
Convulsions	6156
Cough and whooping-cough	249
Diabetes	1
Dropsy	1024
Evil	15
Fever, malignant fever, scarlet fever, spotted fever, and purples	2273
Fistula	9
Flux	8
French pox	65
Gout	91
Gravel, stone, and strangury	34
Grief	3
Headache	2
Headmouldshot, horshoehead, and water in the head	22
Imposthume	5
Inflammation	79
Itch	...
Jaundice	156
Leprosy	2
Lethargy	6
Livergrown	2
Lunatic	90
Measles	115
Miscarriage	6
Mortification	199
Palsy	69
Pleurisy	13
Quinsy	6
Rash	2
Rheumatism	4
Rickets	4
Rising of the Lights	...
Scurvy	3
Small-pox	1660
Sores and ulcers	24
Sore throat	22
St. Anthony's fire	...
Stoppage in the stomach	14
Surfeit	...
Swelling	1
Teeth	809
Thrush	69
Tympany	1
Vomiting and looseness	10
Worms	8
Bit by a mad dog	...
Broken limbs	2
Bruised	3
Burnt	9
Choaked	...
Drowned	138
Excessive drinking	11
Executed	8
Found dead	10
Killed by falls and several other accidents	76
Killed themselves	34
Murdered	5
Overlaid	8
Poisoned	2
Scalded	3

Shot	...
Stabbed	...
Starved	5
Suffocated	6

CHRISTENED

Males	8839
Females	8233
In all	17,072

BURIED

Males	10,921
Females	10,859
In all	21,780

Whereof have died

Under two years of age	7617
Between two and five	1830
Five and ten	818
Ten and twenty	844
Twenty and thirty	1671
Thirty and forty	1945
Forty and fifty	2094
Fifty and sixty	1751
Sixty and seventy	1469
Seventy and eighty	1210
Eighty and ninety	460
Ninety and a hundred	67
A hundred	1
A hundred and one	2
A hundred and three	...
A hundred and seven	1

APPENDIX VI

SIGNS OF TAVERNS

THE following is a list of the Taverns mentioned in the *Vade Mecum*, with the places to which they belonged when these are given :—

Justice, Mint.
Stone's End.
Nag's Head (St. George's Church)
Three Goats' Heads.
Coach and Horses, St. Margaret's Hill.
Magpye and Bear, Bridgefoot.
Harrow and Lamb, Mint.
Birdcage, on the Bridge.
Red Cross, opposite St. Magnus.
Three Tuns, Thames Street.
The Cannon, Mint.
Bull's Head, Leadenhall Street.
Magpye, Fenchurch St.
White Hart, Gracechurch Street.
White Lyon, Gracechurch Street.
George, St. Mary Axe.
The Crown, Duke's Place.
Queen's Head, Lime Street.
Fleur, Leadenhall Market.
Green Dragon.
Magpye, Whitechapel.
George, Rosemary Lane.
Blue Boar, Rosemary Lane.
Stars, Rosemary Lane.
Bear, Minories.
Red Gate, Minories.
Sieve, Minories.
Hanover Head, Minories.
Three Kings, Minories.
Queen Mary's Head, Minories.
Queen Mary, St. Katherine.
King John, Holywell Lane.
The Dog, Shoreditch.
The Helmet, Bishopsgate Street.
Flower Pot, Bishopsgate Street Without.
Marlborough Head, Bishopsgate Street Without.
Old Parr's Head, Bishopsgate Street Without.
King's Head, Hoxton Square.
Three Tuns, Cloak Lane.
George, Stocks Market.
White Horse, Castle Alley.
Angel, Ironmonger Lane.
Bird in Hand, Cheapside.
Three Crowns, Old Jewry
Bell, Catiator Street.
Sun in the Alley, King Street.
Dyal, Queen Street.
St. Paul, Lawrence Lane.
Cross Daggers, St. Lawrence Church.
Guy of Warwick, Milk Street.
Woolsack, Foster Lane.
Fountain, Cheapside.
St. Paul's Chapter House, Paternoster Row.
The White Horse, Carter Lane.
The King's Head, Ivy Lane.
The Bell, St. Martin le Grand.
The Peacock, Whitecross Street.
The Windmill, Goswell Street.
Star and Garter, Islington.
Dial, Goswell Street.
Anchor, Old Street.
Three Pigeons, Hatfield Street.
The Harrow, Greyfriars.
White Hart, Butchers' Hall Lane.
Swan, Newgate Street.
White Horse, Warwick Lane.
Feathers, Warwick Lane.
Cock, Ludgate.
Guy E. of Warwick, Warwick Lane.
Magpie and Stump, Newgate Street.
Coopers' Arms, Old Bailey.
Fortune of War, Pye Corner.
Golden Heart, Smithfield.
Bull Head, Ivy Lane.
King's Head, Newgate Street.
Crown, Newgate Street.
Semper Eadem, Holborn Hill.
Coach and Horses, Little Ormond Yard.
Hole in the Wall, Hatton Garden.
Brewer's Yard, Cheek Lane.
New England, Saffron Hill.
Black Horse, Cross Street.
Crowns, Cross Street.
Lust and Crown, Cross Street.
Two Brewers, (?).
Coopers' Arms, Peters Street.
Three Queens, Clerkenwell Green.
Crown, Clerkenwell Close.
Cherry Tree, Clerkenwell Close.

Sir John, Turnmill Street.
Cross Keys, Turnmill Street.
Dragon, (?)
Boar's Head, Fleet Street.
Sun, Cripplegate.
Golden Hind, Redcross Street.
Three Tuns, Redcross Street.
Swan, Shoe Lane.
Sugar Loaf, Chancery Lane.
Rose and Crown, Little Britain.
Globe, St. Andrew's Church.
Glove, Bartlett's Buildings.
Anchor, Castle Yard.
Swan and Cap, Lincoln's Inn.
Queen's Head, Middle Row.
Dolphin, Lamb's Conduit Passage.
White Horse, Green Street.
Ship, Little Turnstile.
Raven, Fetter Lane.
Three Tuns, Fetter Lane.
Fish, Strand Lane.
Horse-Shoe and Anchor, Dutchy Lane.
The Two Muskets, Bloomsbury.
King's Head, Monmouth Street.
Crown, Little Drury.
Rose and Crown, Long Acre.
Sun and Apple Tree, White Hart Yard.
Serpent, Covent Garden.
Crown and Rolly, Chancery Lane.
White Lion, Brick Lane.
King Charles's Head, Chiswell Street.
Jack of Nunbury, Chiswell Street.
Five Bells, Little Moor Fields.
Last Old Bedlam.
Horns, Moor Lane.
Bull's Horns, Moor Lane.
Eagle and Child, Moor Lane.
White Horse, Moor Lane.
Bull, Hart Street.
Sun in Splendour, Cripplegate.
Magpye, Cripplegate.
Plough, Fore Street.
Cevil, Wood Street.
King's Head, Bishopsgate Street.
The Red Rose, Bridewell Alley.
Golden Lyon, St. George's Church, Southwark.
King's Head, St. George's Church, Southwark.
Rose and Crown, St. George's Church, Southwark.
Horseshoe, St. George's Church, Southwark.
The Horn, St. George's Church, Westminster.
White Lion, Bird Cage Alley, Southwark.
King's Head, Spittle Fields.
Star and Garter, Islington.
The Dial, Goswell St.
The Prison, Ironmonger Lane.
Globe, Queen Street, Cheapside.
Swan, St. Ann's Lane.
Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Churchyard.
Sun in Splendour, Carter Lane.
Bell, Carter Lane.
Cock, Amen Corner.
Bull's Head, Smithfield.
Prince of Wales's Feathers, Hick's Hall.
Harp and Pillars, Chancery Lane.
Three Morrice Dancers, St. Martin's le Grand.
King's Head and Glove, Leather Lane.
Cock Liquor, Pond Street.
Bell, Bow Lane.
Lock and Key, Smithfield.
Cock and Fountain, White Friars.
King's Head, Shoe Lane.
Elephant and Castle, High Holborn
Crown, Hatton Garden.

CHRONICLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

1700–1837

For reasons already explained, I consider that the ideas of the eighteenth century continued to obtain well into the nineteenth. I have therefore continued the "eighteenth century" in this Chronicle so as to include the first thirty-six years of the nineteenth.

1701. Louis XIV. proclaimed Pretender King of Great Britain and Ireland. City's loyal address on that subject.

1702. *March 3rd.*—King William III. died. Address of City to successor. Queen Anne dined in City. Thanksgiving for victories.

1703. City Watch regulated, 583 men. Defoe in pillory.
Nov. 26th.—The Great Storm. Old Buckingham House built.

1708. May Fair put down for a while. Bartholomew Fair restricted to three days.

1709. 12,000 Palatines arrive.
April 21st.—First number of *Tatler* appeared.
Nov. 5th.—Sacheverel's famous sermon.

1710. *Feb. 27th.*—Sacheverel tried in Westminster Hall. St. Paul's completed. South Sea Company formed.

1711. Act for fifty new churches to be built.
March 11th.—First number of *Spectator* published.

1712. *Nov. 15th.*—Duel between Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. An Academy of Arts opened by Sir James Thornhill.

1714. *Aug. 1st.*—Death of Queen Anne. George I. proclaimed.
Sept. 20th—George I. entered in magnificence.

1715. *Jan. 20th.*—Public thanksgiving. Address on report of Jacobite rising. Address of City merchants on suppression of rebellion. Act for lighting City. Westminster Clock Tower taken down. Maypole in Strand taken down. Gay's *Trivia* published.

1719. Westminster Hospital founded.

1720. South Sea Scheme. First edition of *Strype and Stow.*

1721. Tumult of the weavers on account of the postponement of the Bill for the encouragement of the woollen and silken manufacture of the country. They tore calico gowns off the backs of women; they crowded the avenues to the House of Lords demanding justice; they threatened to demolish the house of a French weaver and to rifle that of the East India Company. Order restored by trained bands and by the Guard.

1722. The City warned by the Government that another attempt was on foot to raise a rebellion, and admonished to preserve vigilance. The City replied loyally. All Papists and reputed Papists were ordered to leave London and Westminister, and to get beyond ten miles of either.

1723. Sir Christopher Wren died. Chelsea Waterworks founded.

1724. It was enacted that all rain-water should run down the sides of houses in pipes.

1725. Bill for regulating elections in London. Ferment in the City, it being supposed that the Bill was aimed at their privileges and liberties.

1726. A mutiny in Newgate not put down until the convicts were fired upon from above. The Sheriff, in exhorting them to submit, caught the gaol-fever and died.

1727. Accession of George II. Address of the City, 16th June. Banquet of the City to the King and Queen on Lord Mayor's Day.

1728. It is noted that the violence and audacity of the mob were so great at this time that they formed a design to rob the Queen in St. Paul's Churchyard, and would have done so, but were employed in robbing an Alderman at the time of her passing, so that she escaped.

1729. The Grand Jury (12th February) made four presentments to the Court of King's Bench. The first against Infidelity: the second against Gin-shops: the third against Beggars: the fourth against Masquerades.

On 21st Feb. the merchants of London trading in tobacco represented to the House of Commons the great depredations, wrongs, and cruelties inflicted on British trade in America by the Spaniards.

1730. Serpentine River opened by Queen Caroline.

1731. On 31st December a very high tide flooded the south of London.

1732. A cold, accompanied by fever, raged for six weeks, especially among the old, so that the mortality rose in one week and was doubled. Parish Clerks' *Survey of London* published.

1733. Opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's Excise Scheme. Berkeley House, Piccadilly, pulled down. St. George's Hospital founded.

1735. The Precinct of Blackfriars put forward a claim to exemption from jurisdiction of the City. A case was heard, *City* v. *Daniel Watson*, a resident in the Precinct; result in favour of City. The Precinct was declared part of Ward of Farringdon Within, which sent two members to Common Council.

1736. The old contract for lighting the City reconsidered. Act against excessive consumption of spirits. No person allowed to sell less than two gallons of spirits without a licence. Scouring of the Fleet River. 1668-1673, the Ditch choked with mud and filth was cleaned out and turned into a canal, 2100 feet long, 40 feet broad, 5 feet deep; bounded on each side by a strong wall within which were vaults for storing coals. Wharves on each side, 35 feet wide, supported by wall and vaults at the cost of £27,777. It became once more choked. Therefore in 1736 one part of it, close to Fleet Bridge, was covered over. New Exchange, Strand, taken down.

1737. Stock Markets moved to Farringdon Street, and called Fleet Market.

1738. *Jan. 14th.*—King's Printing House, Blackfriars, burned. Here Bibles, Prayer Books, and Proclamations were issued. The site is now Printing House Square.

Feb. 4th.—Workmen began to clear away Stock Markets to make room for the Mansion House.

1738. *March 3rd.*—Merchants sent to House of Commons a petition complaining of depredations of the Spaniards.

Dec. 17th.—King granted licence for nominating Trustees for the erection of a Foundling Hospital. The Royal Charter was dated 17th October of the following year.

Dec. 20th.—James Buchanan condemned to be hanged for murder on the high seas. Was taken to Wapping and hanged, but cut down in five minutes by sailors, and carried out to sea.

1739. *Feb. 20th.*—Common Council met to consider the convention with Spain. Petitioned House of Commons against it. Walpole carried the convention by 262 against 235. Among those who voted for Government were 234 placemen, whose employment was worth £212,956 : 13 : 4.

Sept. 29th.—The City rejected Sir G. Champion as Lord Mayor for voting with the Government.

Oct. 22nd.—War proclaimed against Spain.

(?) *Oct. 29th.*—Foundation of Mathematical School in Grey Coat Hospital, Westminster.

1740. *Jan. 23rd.*—Riot at Drury Lane because two of the dancers were not present. Great frost throughout January.

March.—Admiral Vernon presented with freedom.

Nov. 12th.—William Dewell hanged for a rape and murder. Taken to Surgeons' Hall, where he recovered. Ordered to be transported for life.

1741. *Jan. 27th.*—Lord Tyrconnel asked leave to bring in a Bill for the better paving and cleansing of the streets of Westminster.

Feb. 10th.—Petition to House of Commons to prevent the pernicious habit of running wool to foreign ports. Middlesex Grand Jury presentment against the presence of soldiers at elections. In this year occurred an epidemic of fever, chiefly among the poorer sort and those who lived in towns and crowded places.

1742. *Jan. 5th.*—The Burgesses of Westminster drew up a paper of instructions for their members. They protested especially against the presence of placemen in Parliament, against standing armies, and against any extension of the Law of Excise.

Dec. 13th.—London Stone moved from its ancient site to that which it occupies at present.

1744. *Feb. 18th.*—Loyal addresses from various bodies on news of the Pretender's intended attempt. Banishment of Papists from the City and Westminster for ten miles round.

March 31st.—Proclamation of war with France.

April.—Presentment of Grand Jury against Gaming Houses, in which the actual names of offenders are published boldly. A combination of 1500 journeymen tailors and stay-makers to advance wages above the limit of Act of Parliament. Privy Council wrote to Duke of Newcastle. Address of Lord Mayor and Alderman to King on the confederation of rogues and robbers and murderers in streets, and their defiance of authority. An Act in consequence to improve the lighting of the City.

1745. *Jan. 22nd.*—Journeymen tailors petition Parliament on the hardship of being deprived of liberty to combine.

Sept. 5th.—News arrived of Pretender's landing. Loyal addresses.

Sept. 7th.—Proclamations against Papists.

Sept. 10th.—More loyal addresses from Lord Mayor and Corporation, clergy, Dissenting ministers, lawyers, etc. Militia mustered; Quakers offered warm clothing; City granted £1000 for the soldiers; people provided 12,000 pairs of breeches, 1200 shirts, 10,000 pairs of woollen stockings, and 1000 blankets; 12,000 woollen gloves; 9000 woollen spatterdashes.

Oct. 8th.—Lawyers formed a regiment. Train of artillery started for Finchley Common. Loyal congratulations after Culloden from City, Quakers, and merchants.

1746. *Aug. 18th.*—Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino executed on Tower Hill. And on 8th December Charles Ratcliffe.

1747. *April 9th.*—Lord Lovat beheaded. At this execution one of the scaffolds, containing 400 persons gathered together to see the sight, fell down. Twenty persons were killed, and a much greater number had their limbs broken. Lock Hospital opened.

1748. *March 25th.*—Great fire on Cornhill.

March 30th.—Mutiny in Newgate. Seven prisoners charged as smugglers rose against the turnkeys. Two got out.

Dec. 22nd.—Committee at Guildhall resolved to prosecute all hawkers and pedlars, even though they had licences.

1749. *March 2nd.*—Proclamation of peace. Addresses, rejoicings, fireworks.

July 1st.—Riot of sailors in Strand.

Aug. 27th.—Fire in Grocer's Alley: threatened to burn down the Poultry Compter—all the prisoners released. Nine of them were felons, of whom only one was taken. Of the fifty debtors forty went back again of their own accord.

1750.—The City considered the differences between masters and journeymen freemen. It was resolved that whenever the masters found it impossible to get journeymen who were freemen they might employ foreigners. The earthquake scare. Charter granted to a new company—the Society of the Free British Fishery.

Nov. 17th, 12 P.M.—Westminster Bridge opened at midnight by a procession of Westminster gentlemen, the chief artificers employed in the work, a great number of spectators preceded by trumpets, kettledrums, and with guns. The first stone was laid 19th January 1739, so that it was eleven years and nine months building.

May.—Two judges, the Lord Mayor, several of the jury, and sixty persons who were present in the Session House during a trial, die of gaol-fever.

Oct. 20th.—Increased rewards offered for apprehension and conviction of highwaymen.

1751. *Jan.*—A certain document called *Constitutional Queries earnestly recommended to the serious consideration of every true Briton*, was sent to all the principal persons in the kingdom, and left upon the table of every coffee-house in London and Westminster. It was brought before the two Houses and ordered to be burnt on the 25th of January, in New Palace Yard, by the common hangman, as a seditious and treasonable libel. This was done, and a reward of £1000 was offered for the discovery of the author; £200 for that of the printer; and £50 for that of the publisher. Riot of sailors.

Feb. 28th.—The Court of Guildhall fixed the wages of journeymen tailors at 2s. 6d. a day for the summer half-year, and 2s. a day for the winter, the day's hours being from six o'clock to seven. The men gained an hour by this law.

1752. Master hat-makers and master tailors petition to House of Commons for redress of their grievances, which were against their journeymen. Merchants of London petition against naturalisation of foreigners who come over here to trade. Parliament Street made.

1753. Linen-drapers petition for prohibition of cambrics. Sugar-dealers on the price of sugar. Bill for regulating licences.

April 16th.—Bill for naturalisation of the Jews. Bill passed the Lords. Sent down to the Commons. Petition of City merchants for it and against it. The Bill passed the House. The opposition, however, was so great that it was repealed six months later.

June 7th.—Archibald Cameron executed for high treason. Consideration of a new bridge to be built across the Thames at the Fleet Ditch. British Museum founded. Mansion House finished.

1755. *March 20th.*—Act vested Montague House in trustees for the occupation of the British Museum.

1756. Fear of invasion. Declaration of war. Popularity of war in the City.

1757. Freedom of City presented to William Pitt. Act for repairing London Bridge. Temporary bridge burned. New King's Bench Prison built.

1758. Apothecaries allowed to employ non-freemen. Address to Prince of Wales on attaining majority. Houses on London Bridge taken down.

1759. Holbein's Gate at Westminster taken down. Ten-pound notes first issued by Bank of England.

1760. Resolution to improve the City and suburbs of London. Execution of Earl Ferrers.

Oct. 25th.—Death of George II. Proclamation of King George III. The proclamation was read at Saville House, Charing Cross, Chancery Lane, Cheapside, and again at the Royal Exchange. The City carried two cases through the Courts and established their right to the tolls, not only in the markets, but in the avenues leading to them. Three City gates removed.

1761. Marriage of the King. Common Councilmen in honour of the event assumed gowns of blue Margarine silk. Loyal addresses.

June 24th.—More than 300 debtors released by Lord Mayor under Insolvent Debtors' Act. On Lord Mayor's Day, King and Queen were entertained by the City at Guildhall. Sale of City offices. Coal-meter's place sold for £4430. Remembrancer's for £2000.

Sept. 22nd.—Coronation of King.

1762. An Act of Parliament passed for removing the posts and signs, and for repaving the streets. Lady Fair, Southwark, abolished. St. Bartholomew's Fair forbidden to have interludes and shows.

July 5th.—Final decision of the long pending case whether Dissenters were liable to serve office of Sheriff. It was decided that they were not. Preliminaries of peace signed. Great discontent in the City.

1763. Increased discontent with the peace. Common Council refused an address of congratulation. Violence of attack on the Government by the *North Briton.* The mob carried the body of one Cornelius Sanders, executed for robbing one Mrs. White, Lamb Street, Spitalfields, of £50, to the door of the woman, laid it there, then wrecked the house.

June 4th.—King's birthday. Fireworks on Tower Hill. A railing gave way. Many fell 30 feet; six killed, fourteen died afterwards, large number bruised and hurt.

Feb. 29th.—John Wilkes arrested.

1764. Marriage of the King's sister, Augusta, with Prince of Brunswick-Luneburg. Loyal addresses. Act of Parliament to prevent fires.

April 9th.—Petition of silk-weavers in distress.

June 18th.—A company of 600 German Protestants were found lying in an open space behind Whitechapel Church, starving. They had been brought over on false pretences by a German officer, who abandoned them. They were relieved by the City and sent out to South Carolina. Houses first numbered.

1765. Corporation petitioned Parliament for relief from the heavy expenses of repairing London Bridge and for assistance in rebuilding Newgate. John Williams, for publishing the *North Briton*, No. 45, put in pillory before a crowd of 10,000 applauding him. Procession of Spitalfields weavers. The Fleet covered over as far as Ludgate Hill. Commissioners present a report on the paving of the City. It was very badly paved: irregular; frequently disturbed by water companies; deep channels in the middle and across; everything thrown into the street; washing of casks, etc., performed in the streets themselves; footways not raised above level, covered with mud and water. The path narrow; posts on one side; on the other encroachments of cellar flaps, showboards, doorsteps, etc. No names of streets put up.

1766. Act for the better paving of London. Very bad frost, 26th December, continued till 22nd January. Man and woman prosecuted for offering to sell a girl for £30. One thirty-sixth part of a share in New River Company sold for £4400. Rejoicings at the repeal of the American Stamp Act. City bells rang all day. Great banquet of Americans in Drapers' Hall. House-signs of London taken down.

1767. Act for the better care of parish children. They were to be sent into the country, supported voluntarily. Guardians to be appointed who were to nurse the children. Lock-up and crimps' houses found to be places of great villainy. Gresham College sold to Government as the Excise Office for £500 a year. Renewed riots of the weavers.

1768. Fighting among coalheavers. Wilkes riots. Dyers' Hall fell down. Riots of coalheavers and sailors.

Dec. 18th.—Institution of the Royal Academy of Arts.

1769. *Nov.*—Two weavers sentenced to be hanged. Discussion as to whether the King can, at his will, change the place of execution. First Royal Academy Exhibition.

1770. A dreadful record of fires early this year. Remonstrance of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London in Common Hall assembled. Establishment of Lloyd's as a society. Death of Chatterton. King's Printing House removed to New Street, Gough Square. Rosamond's Pond, St. James's Park, filled up. Foundation-stone of Newgate laid by Alderman Beckford.

1771. The case of John Wheble. Lord Mayor and House of Commons. Imprisonment and release of Lord Mayor and Oliver.

Oct. 16th.—John Wilkes and Frederick Bull addressed an order to the Keeper of Newgate, directing him in future to knock off the irons of prisoners before they were brought to the bar; and in future not to charge money for admission to the court of the Old Bailey.

1772. Great distress owing to price of provisions. Waggons loaded with meat were stopped and robbed by mobs; at the Spital sermon Lord Mayor's carriage-windows were broken.

April 27th.—The journeymen tailors brought forward questions of wages, obtained a rise of 6d. per day. It was noticed as a great thing that forty-three hours after the failure of a certain bank the fact was known in Edinburgh at 420 miles' distance. The news was therefore carried at the rate of 10 miles an hour.

Dec. 3rd.—A vagrant who had been sent on to his parish, but returned, was whipped all through Cornhill, and then sent back to his parish. The Lord Mayor took up a large number of vagrant boys and handed them over to the Marine Society. Punishment by pressure to those who refused to plead was abolished.

1773. The Livery met in Common Hall and passed an address praying for a redress of grievances. The King received it with a severe snub. The Court of Aldermen passed a resolution in favour of shorter Parliaments. The City presented a petition to the House of Commons against lotteries—fifty-three years too soon. The plundering of ships in the river received a temporary check by the breaking up of a gang, and by the exemplary punishment administered to two fellows caught robbing a ship. The crew tied them up to the shrouds, neck and heels, for four hours. Every half hour they gave each of them fifty lashes, taking them down at the end of the time more dead than alive.

1774. It was discovered that a merchant living in Lothbury was keeping in his house a negro as a slave; that the man had thus been kept for fourteen years, during which he had no wages. The man was released, and the Attorney-General prosecuted his master for fourteen years' wages. It was resolved that no two-wheeled cart drawn by men should be taken into the City. The Royal

Assent was given to three Bills: a Thames Navigation Bill; a Bill for licensing drovers; and a Building Act by which churchwardens of every parish were bound to provide ladders for use in case of fire. The London booksellers obtained a legal decision in favour of copyright. This decision, however, was reversed by the House of Lords. Fleet marriages declared null and void.

1777. Dispute between the City and Admiralty about right to impress men within the City. This year it was ordered that the 3rd Buffs or successors of the City trained bands should have the right of marching through London with drums beating and colours flying.

1778. The Common Council refused to join in a proposed subscription for raising men for the war, on the ground that "to give any countenance or to be in any way instrumental in continuing the present war with the Colonies will reflect discredit on humanity."

May 11th.—Lord Chatham died. Common Council voted £3000 for a statue to him.

Nov. 19th.—Common Council instructed their representatives to make strenuous efforts to prevent the loss of the Colonies "and the shame and distress of their unhappy country."

1779. *Aug. 5th.* City of London claimed a duty of 6d. a load on hay sold in Smithfield. The right was disputed and the case tried. Verdict for the City.

1780. Popular discontent with conduct of the Ministry, the encroachments on civil liberty, waste of public money. Sawbridge publicly charged Lord North with corrupting the Members of Parliament. Associations formed all over the country for the promotion of constitutional reform. Royal Academy Exhibition in Somerset House.

June 2nd–9th.—The Gordon Riots.

Oct. 2nd.—Retrenchment of expenses by the Common Council.

1781. *Nov.*—Trial of Alderman Kenneth, late Lord Mayor, for not using his authority to suppress the riots. Found guilty. Died before sentence was pronounced.

Dec.—Remonstrance of City and Westminster.

1782. The Guildhall Chapel was converted into a Court of Requests. The Common Council again declared its belief that unequal representation in Parliament was the cause of the American War. The position of things was becoming desperate. Great Britain was isolated; France, Spain, and Holland were against her as well as the Colonies. The trade of London had decreased by one-half. One hundred millions had been wasted for nothing. In February a motion was made for peace, and lost by one vote. In March the City petitioned the House "to interpose in such a manner as shall seem most effectual for preventing the continuance of the unfortunate war with America." The motion for peace was then carried. Lord North resigned; the Marquis of Rockingham came in; Rodney defeated the French fleet in the West Indies and saved Jamaica; we lost our Colonies, but we had beaten the French. With such consolation peace was arrived at with universal rejoicings. Fleet Prison rebuilt.

1783. Peace was not formally signed until the autumn. On 6th September it was proclaimed. The theatre in Barber-Surgeons' Hall was pulled down.

May 28th.—It was resolved that the procession to Tyburn should be discontinued.

1784. The Handel Festival.

Sept. 15th.—Lunardi ascended in a balloon from Artillery Ground; descended in a meadow five miles from Ware.

Dec. 13th.—Dr. Johnson died. Letters first sent by mail-coach on Palmer's plan.

1785. It is recorded that twenty persons were hanged outside Newgate on 2nd February and nineteen on

28th April. Christopher Atkinson, H.M. Victualling Contractor, put in pillory, Mark Lane, on 25th November. A new Session House built, Old Bailey. Lambeth Waterworks Company founded.

1786. *Feb. 7th.*—Great fire at Guildhall, in which the registers and books of admission of freemen were destroyed.

Aug. 19th.—Margaret Nicholson attempts the life of the King. Watermen's Hall on St. Mary-at-Hill erected.

1787. *March.*—First sailing of convict-ship to New South Wales from Spithead. Five bookbinders imprisoned for striking.

1788. *Jan. 1st.*—First number of *The Times*, then called *The Daily Universal Register*. Common Council petitioned House of Commons against the slave-trade and against the shop-tax. Common Council resolved that no persons should serve on any Corporation Committee who had defrauded in weights and measures: who had compounded with his creditors: or had not paid 20s. in the pound. On the branding of a woman before Newgate the Council petitioned the Government against the retention of this barbarous legislation. In this year, sixty-seven years before the thing was done, a writer named Delolme proposed to remove the live-cattle market from Smithfield to St. Pancras or Battlebridge.

1789. A great frost from 25th November 1788 to 13th January 1789. On the news of the King's recovery there were great rejoicings in the City. The King himself went in State to return thanks for his recovery. The shop-tax repealed.

June 17th.—Burning of the Opera House. Another attempt to repeal the Corporation and Test Acts failed.

1790. Arrest and trial of the "Monster," a man who stabbed ladies with a knife through their clothes. He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Milton's grave desecrated. Pennant's *London* published.

1791. *May 30th.*—Insurrection in King's Bench Prison. Wood Street Compter removed to Giltspur Street.

1792. *May 8th.*—Attempt to burn down the House of Commons. Political excitement, Corresponding Society, etc. Christopher Atkinson restored to his franchises.

May 5th.—Riot of footmen. Improvement of Westminster police. Seven police-courts established with magistrates salaried and having no interest in fees. Establishment of Loyal Associations. Tower prepared for defence. Bank double-guarded. Villages garrisoned. Company of militia always on duty. Meeting in favour of constitution.

Dec. 19th.—Paine tried and found guilty for publishing the 2nd part of the *Rights of Man*.

1793. *Feb. 1st.*—France declares war with Great Britain.

Feb. 16th.—Address of City to King. City offered a bounty of 50s. to every able seamen and 20s. to every landsman. Great distress in City. Number of bankruptcies. Many prosecutions for libel and sedition.

Dec. 2nd.—Great fire at Wapping. Post Office carriers provided with uniforms.

1794. Lord George Gordon died in Newgate.

June 1st.—Lord Howe's victory over French fleet.

July 23rd.—Great fire at Ratcliffe, 630 houses destroyed.

Aug.—Destruction by mob of crimping- and recruiting-houses.

Sept.—The Pop Gun Plot.

Oct. and Nov.—Political trials. Defeat of the Government. Five-pound notes first issued by Bank of England.

1795. *Jan.*—Richard Brothers locked up as a lunatic.
April 8th.—Marriage of Prince of Wales.
April 23rd.—Acquittal of Warren Hastings after a trial lasting 7 years and 2 months.
July.—More riots against crimping-houses.
Oct. 26th.—Attack on King, destruction of his coach. Addresses to the King on his escape. Trinity House rebuilt.

1797. *July 26th.*—John Quincy Adams, afterwards President of the United States, married Louisa Catherine Johnson at Allhallows Barking. Meetings to protest against the conduct of the war.
June 1st.—Mutiny of the Fleet.
Oct. 26th.—John Wilkes died, aged seventy-one; buried in Grosvenor Chapel.
Dec. 19th.—Procession of thanksgiving for victories to St. Paul's.

1798. *Feb. 9th.*—Voluntary subscription for service of the country.
May 24th.—Bill to accelerate the manning of ships carried through both Houses on same day, signed by King. Out of the discussion on this Bill arose the duel between William Pitt and Tierney on Putney Heath. Neither wounded.
June 3rd.—James O'Wigley arrested, tried, and executed for high treason, in connection with the French.
Oct. 2nd.—News of the battle of the Nile. River police established. Grocers' Company Hall rebuilt.

1799. *June 4th.*—Review of Volunteers.
June 21st.—Another inspection. Pump set up in Cornhill over the deep well discovered in front of the Royal Exchange. Great distress among the people. Old Hall of St. Helen's pulled down. St. Helen's Place on the site.

1800. Bakers prohibited to sell bread till it had been twenty-four hours out of the oven. Royal College of Surgeons incorporated.
Dec. 3rd.—King issued proclamation exhorting all persons to use utmost economy in bread and flour.

1801. Execution of John Wall (28th January), formerly Governor of Goree, for flogging one Armstrong to death in 1782. Peace proclaimed 29th April. Great rejoicings.

1803. *Jan. 10th.*—Despard, with nine others, sentenced to be executed. Three of them pardoned. Ranelagh Gardens closed.
May 16th.—War declared with France. General levy of Volunteers; 27,079 in London alone.

1804. *May 22nd.*—Spanish dollars re-stamped, issued as 5s. pieces.
March 7th.—Fatal duel in which Lord Camelford was killed by Mr. Best in fields of Holland House.

1805. *Jan. 30th.*—London Docks opened.
March.—Foundation-stone of East India Docks.
Nov. 16th.—News of battle of Trafalgar.

1806. *Jan. 8th.*—Funeral of Lord Nelson.
Aug. 4th.—East India Docks opened. West Middlesex Waterworks Company founded.

1807. Gas exhibited in Pall Mall. London Institution incorporated.

1808. *Sept. 20th.*—Covent Garden Theatre destroyed by fire.
Dec. 9th.—Meeting of merchants to defray expenses of clothing for Spanish Army—£50,000.

1810. *Feb. 19th.*—Sir Francis Burdett sent to the Tower.
June.—Cobbett sentenced to two years in Newgate, and to pay £1000 to the King.

1811. *Jan. 18th.*—Mr. Lyon Levy, a diamond-merchant, threw himself from the top of the Monument. Pillory of six criminals exposed to a hail of missiles.
Dec. 25th.—Robbery of plate at St. Paul's Cathedral.

1812. *April 28th.*—Remonstrance of Lord Mayor and City on the abuses of the time.

1813. *April 17th.*—City address to Caroline, Princess of Wales. This year vaccine inoculation approved by College of Surgeons. Regent Street commenced.
July 15th.—Address to Prince Regent in congratulation of victory of Vittoria. New prison of Whitecross Street built.

1814. Began with eight days' fall of snow. Then twelve weeks' frost. Thames frozen over.
Feb. 2nd.—Ice gave way. First steamboat seen on Thames. Peace with France. Arrival of Czar of Russia and King of Prussia.

1816. *Jan. 18th.*—Day of Thanksgiving for peace.
May 2nd.—Marriage of Princess Charlotte.

1817. *Jan. 28th.*—Riots on opening Parliament.
Jan. 31st.—New silver coinage—£1,125,630 in half-crowns; £2,455,566 in shillings; £657,162 in sixpences.
June 18th.—Opening of Waterloo Bridge. City of London Gas Light and Coke Company founded.
Nov. 5th.—Death of Princess Charlotte.
Nov. 17th.—Death of Queen Charlotte, aged seventy-five.

1818. Poultry Compter taken down. Prisoners removed to Whitecross Street.

1819. *Nov. 23rd.*—Houses of Parliament assembled. The Government proceeded to bring in a Bill for the destruction of the national liberties. The publication of a libel, seditious or blasphemous, was punishable, on a second conviction, by fine, imprisonment, banishment, or transportation. A stamp-duty was also imposed, as in the case of newspapers. As regards public meetings, it was enacted that seven householders at least should sign a requisition for a public meeting; and that it should be illegal except for residents in the place to attend the meeting. As regards danger from insurrection, secret arming and drilling were forbidden, and magistrates had authority to seize arms.

1820. *Jan. 21st.*—Death of the Duke of Kent.
Jan. 29th.—Death of the King.
May 1st.—Execution of the Cato Street conspirators.
June 3rd.—Arrival in London of Queen Caroline. Cabs came in.

1821. *May 1st.*—Thistlewood and his fellow-conspirators executed.
June 2nd.—Freedom of City presented to Brougham, Denham, and Lushington, for their defence of the Queen.
June 19th.—Coronation banquet.
Aug. 7th.—Death of Queen Caroline.

1822. *Jan. 29th.*—Mutiny of convicts in Newgate. Prosecutions for selling "blasphemous" productions. St. James's Park lit with gas.

1823. London now completely fitted with gas. There were 215 miles of gas-lit streets.

1824. *March 15th.*—First pile of New London Bridge driven in.
July 10th.—Brunel engaged to construct the Thames Tunnel. National Gallery opened.

1825. *April 25th.*—Duke of York laid foundation of the new hall of Christ's Hospital. First meeting for the foundation of University College.

June 15th.—First stone of London Bridge laid by the Lord Mayor, John Garratt. In this year a livery was granted to the Woolmen's Company and another to the Basket-makers'. Zoological Gardens founded.

1826. *Oct. 18th.*—Last State lottery.

Nov. 20th.—Farringdon Market opened. Almost the last vestige of the Grey Friars monastery was removed.

1827. *May 8th.*—A meeting to protest against the Corporation and Test Acts.

Oct.—Trial of Rev. Robert Taylor, a Deist, for blasphemy. Found guilty and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Removal of turnpikes. Commencement of University College.

1828. *Jan. 2nd.*—Drowning of six men by flooding of the Thames Tunnel.

March 4th.—Court of Aldermen decided that persons born of Jewish parents, but baptized as Christians, were eligible for the freedom of the City.

June.—Opening of the Guildhall Library.

Oct. 25th.—Opening of St. Katherine's Docks.

1829. *Feb.*—Common Council petitioned for abolition of death penalty for forgery, and for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities.

June.—Rioting of Spitalfields weavers.

July 4th.—First omnibus from Bank to Yorkshire Stingo, New Road; twenty-two passengers inside, nine outside—fare 1s. The New Police introduced in the Metropolis.

Sept. 23rd.—New General Post Office opened; 131 houses displaced to make room for it. "Old Bethlehem," which covered part of the churchyard of Bethlehem Hospital and of the House of St. Mary, Bethlehem, was widened, built over, and rechristened Liverpool Street. The City Canal, through the Isle of Dogs, having proved a failure, was given to the West India Dock Company. King's College opened.

1830. *April.*—A horse-market established at Smithfield every Thursday.

June 22nd.—The last punishment by pillory in London. The sufferer was one Peter Bossy, for perjury.

June 26th.—George the Fourth died. The usual loyal addresses were presented to his successor.

Nov. 8th, 9th, 10th.—Riots in the City.

Dec. 6th.—The libel against the Roman Catholics on the Monument was ordered to be removed.

Dec. 10th.—Act to allow persons to take oaths according to their religion.

1831. *April.*—Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, removed to make approaches to the Bridge.

Aug. 1st.—London Bridge opened by the King and Queen.

1832. Grant of £3000 compensation to tradesmen whose businesses had been injured by change of approaches to the Bridge. Cholera in the City—February to October.

June 4th.—Reform Bill passed the House of Lords. City police remodelled. First cemetery, that of Kensal Green, laid out.

1833. *April.*—Epidemic of influenza.

July 18th.—Royal Commission to inquire into Municipal Corporations.

1834. Invention of hansom cabs. Common Council resolved to petition King for charter to London University for granting degrees.

Aug. 13th.—Act for establishing City of London School.

1835. Improvement in postal service. Six deliveries and six collections daily in London. A large number of public works in progress.

1836. *Feb. 1st.*—Issue of fourpenny-pieces. Number of Aldgate citizens petitioned against railways.

March 17th.—Common Council petitioned against flogging in the army. Greenwich railway opened.

May 31st.—Council expressed regret at the rejection by the House of Lords of a measure for the improvement of Irish municipal government. Committee, appointed in March 1834 to consider the whole question of Corporation Reform, dismissed 13th October. The Common Council voted £500 for the Polish refugees.

1837. *Jan.*—Influenza in many places.

Feb. 2nd.—City of London School, Milk Street, opened by Lord Mayor.

April.—A petition agreed to by Common Council in favour of equalisation of the land-tax.

June 20th.—King died. Lord Mayor and Aldermen attended on Princess Victoria and joined in the signature of the Declaration of her Accession.

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